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## BEGGAR BOY.

Joseph Robinson, del. & sculp. London.



*The Hot Well, Bristol.*

GENTLEMAN'S  
*Pocket*  
MAGAZINE  
1829.



*Pont y Pool, Monmouthshire.*



**THE**  
**GENTLEMAN'S**  
**POCKET MAGAZINE;**  
  
**AND**  
  
**ALBUM**  
  
**OF**  
  
**LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.**

**BY THE EDITOR OF**  
**"The Ladies' Pocket Magazine."**

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**1829.**

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**JOSEPH ROBINS,**  
**BRIDE-COURT, BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.**

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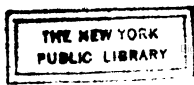
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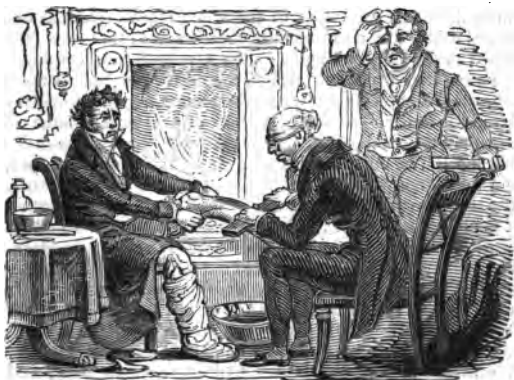
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# THE GENTLEMAN'S POCKET MAGAZINE.

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## BOW LEGS STRAIGHTENED.

BY SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

A person in this metropolis happened to have bow-shins. A part of his duties was, to teach ladies to draw and paint, and in the prosecution of this branch of his profession, he found his bow-shins, as he himself declared to me, a very great evil. He felt that his merits were less fairly appreciated, and his instructions less kindly received, by reason of the convexity of his shins ; in short, that his bow-shins stood between him and his preferment. Under this impression, he went to a very noted person in this town, and shewing him his bone, said to him, " Pray, sir, do you think you can make my legs straight ! " " Sir," said the doctor, " I think

I can: if you will take a lodging in my neighbourhood: I think I can scrape down your shins, and make them as straight as any man's."

A lodging was taken, the father of the patient assisted in the operation, and all three of them, the father, the son, and the doctor, took a turn in scraping down the convex shins. A great deal of rasping was required; an incision of very considerable extent was made in the shin, the integument was turned aside, and an instrument which was at that time contained in the surgeon's case, called a rougee, was employed to scrape the shin-bone. When the doctor was tired of rasping, the father took a spell, and the patient—in his turn—relieved his father. At last the shell of the bone became so thin that the doctor said they must proceed no further with that leg. The other leg was then rasped in a similar manner, and thus large wounds were produced in both the shin-bones. The surfaces granulated very kindly, and very little exfoliation of the bones took place; but unluckily the granulations would form a bone, so that up jumped the bones of the shin again. The doctor, however, was resolved not to be defeated, and accordingly put a layer of arsenic over the whole surface. It was in consequence of the effects of this application that I saw the patient. The arsenic was absorbed into the system, and he became paralytic in his arms and lower extremities. A great number of exfoliations took place in his legs; and he shewed me a large box, in which the exfoliated portions of bones were contained. I recommended him to go into the country, and he went to Bath, where he stayed for some time, and got rid of his paralysis.

The case made a good deal of noise in town; and there were some surgeons who expressed a strong wish to prosecute the doctor. I recommended them, however, not to take any steps until I had seen the patient himself; and when he next came to me, I asked him whether he thought his legs improved, and whether he would again undergo the same operations, at a similar hazard of his life, to have his legs made a little straighter? He replied that he would, and under these circumstances I was of opinion, that as the young man was content, it was a folly to think of prosecuting the doctor. The patient, in this case, appeared to be as great a fool as the doctor of whom he consulted, and deserved to be punished for

his folly. I have no wish to injure individuals, and I shall not, therefore, mention the name of the operator.

Some time has elapsed since the case occurred, and the transaction is now almost buried in oblivion. One of the parties is since dead; not the person, however, who underwent the operation, for he still lives, and is proud of his improved legs.

## A VISION,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARP OF INNISFAIL."

'Twas the first hour of eve, and sleep  
Melted upon my soul, in deep  
And dreamy quiet; calm and still  
Played the wild breeze o'er vale and hill:  
Purple and golden clouds on high,  
Hung varied wreaths around the sky;  
And fading on the sunset air,  
Sank, in a roseate glory, there.  
Sleep was upon me, and I seemed  
To be in a land of blissful day,  
Where, all the heart most bright has deemed,  
Scattered about in lustre lay:—  
The beautiful of earth and sea,  
And all that best and rarest be.  
The myrtle's scent and song's rich sound,  
Wasted their wealth of pleasure round;  
And bowers of every leafy kind  
Were placed to woo the wanton wind:  
And streams, that run in silver play,  
Telling soft music as they went  
With waters blue, which seemed to stray,  
Like rills, from heaven's own fountains sent:  
And girls, with eyes that languished down  
Upon the heart they wished their own;  
And smiles, to lure their giddy slave,  
Who, to those smiles, his freedom gave.  
All these around me, seemed to be  
Flung to this earth to dazzle me.



Happy and bounding beat my heart,  
 Seeking to play it's own sweet part ;  
 And a deep tide of passion came  
 Rushing and thrilling o'er my frame ;  
 As though the mines of earth had given  
 All that could turn this earth to heaven.  
 Dreamy I lay, in flowers and joy,

    Encurtain'd by Eve's heaven of roses,  
 Which garland the last gleam of sky,  
 That night's descending veil discloses ;  
 I felt as *then* the heart might prove  
 All the sweet fear and hope of love,  
 And in it's fond delirium lie,  
 Drinking existence from a gentle eye.  
 The dream passed on, and as I caught  
 It's hues upon my soul, methought  
 That Rosa stood beside me—bright,—  
 My own heart's child of love and light !

With her voluptuous eyes and lips,  
 Shading the crowd in their eclipse.  
 Brightening my soul, as angels do  
 In converse with earth's sinless few,  
 Her dark full hair, in Nature's braid,  
 Exquisitely o'er her bosom strayed.  
 And the loose robe, carelessly flung  
 O'er her fine limbs, in beauty hung,  
 Swelling and falling in the air,  
 That wantoned with all graces there.  
 She stood beside me, and the days

    Of our first hopes came gathering fast  
 Upon my brain, in a wild maze

    Of wildering thoughts, too wild to last.  
 Again I pressed those lips, which oft  
 Had dwelt on mine, when warm and soft  
 They breathed love ; when they had wasted

    Their odours on no heart but mine,  
 Nor other lip had ever tasted

    The draught, whose dregs were then divine :  
 Again, all innocent and true,  
 She looked as young and playful too ;

As when, at eve, we've wandered o'er  
 The green groves of our own lake's shore,  
 When, gazing on her, I would speak  
 All tales, that blushed her pretty cheek ;  
 For though she loved to hear the tale,  
 She'd droop her head, look bright and pale,  
 Or beam a conscious glance, and then  
 Look fond, yet doubtingly again.

These images of pleasure came  
 O'er me, with their reflective flame ;—  
 Those dreams of boyhood, and the showers  
 Of hope ; that sprinkled life with flowers,  
 When Rosa's cheek and Rosa's lyre,  
 Were all that youth and love desire !

It seemed to me, as even now  
 The glow of faith was on her brow ;  
 And she was fond and beaming yet,  
 As when, in early years, we met.  
 But it is past ; that dream is gone,  
 And I am still alone—alone.

Sleep took it's skyward course away,  
 And gave me to the world and day ;  
 I waked unto the sun's fresh glare,  
 I waked,—but Rosa was not there !

*London.*

D. S. L.

## THE GAMBLER'S COURTEZANS.

The following narrative of an adventure in the house of a celebrated courtesan in Paris, known under the name of the Countess de Grasse, a Neapolitan by birth, may be relied on as facts. It may serve as another warning, to the many already on record, to those whose thoughtless and dissipated habits lead them into scenes of gaming and of vice that too often brings them not only to destruction but to death. The intended victim of the Countess thus narrates the diabolical affair.

I was returning home, one evening, after having passed it at a gaming house, where I had won 400 louis, which sum was paid me in gold. It was just midnight. The streets were silent ;

but some persons were passing occasionally. I was hastening home with my treasure : I had just arrived at the turning of the street, called the Quatre-fils, when I saw a beautiful girl approach me. She was dressed in a manner elegant and becoming ; her fine light hair was dishevelled on her shoulders, and the shawl around her neck was thrown negligently open, as if to let me see the palpitation of her delightful bosom. She was in tears, and her sobs almost suffocated her voice. She stopped me. " What is the matter, madam," said I. She appeared unable to speak and flung herself into my arms ; then, after a short time, she answered, with great agitation, " Ah ! sir, whoever you are have pity on the most unfortunate of girls."

" Who are you ?" said I.

" A lost and ruined girl. My mother has abandoned me,—driven me from her house, and will never see me again. Alas ! sir, what will become of the unfortunate Pauline !"

" What will become of you ?" said I with great warmth, seizing her beautiful soft hand ; " why you shall return to the bosom of your family ; I will conduct you to your house, and I will undertake to effect a reconciliation."

" Oh, no, never : my mother will never see me ; she detests, she abhors me, because I could not overcome my aversion to a husband she destined for me."

My heart was deeply affected at this recital ; and to see so fine, so charming a woman, so deplorably circumstanced, I was near entertaining a violent passion, which I felt almost when I first saw her. What young man could resist so much beauty, and sweetness. Love, without doubt, was concealed in her fine blue eyes, when they presented themselves to my view. The subject penetrated deeply to the bottom of my heart.

" Courage, dear interesting girl," said I, " I will not desert you. Permit me to dry your tears ;—come leave the matter to me ; I will answer for your reconciliation."

Pauline seemed sensible of the lively interest I manifested for her ; but she persisted in her refusal, declaring she would ever avoid the house of her mother, for to enter it would be an anticipation of the infernal regions. In the meantime, listening to this reasoning, I went forward with her ; and whilst I was in the greatest anxiety, offering her every conso-

lation, we arrived at the entrance of a little street. She again threw herself into my arms.

"Pray, sir," said she, "let us escape; it is here that my mother lives."

"Here, my amiable Pauline," said I, "so much the better: let us go on with firmness: I will make your peace. Remember, a mother is always a mother; she will be kind to you. Pretend only that you will consent to whatever she desires. Let us gain time, and by degrees we will contrive that you shall not be sacrificed to a man you cannot love."

At last, after a long debate, half by force, half by persuasion, I decided. I rapped at the door she pointed at: an old domestic opened it. Perceiving Pauline he refused to admit her.

"Begone, disobedient child," said he in a tone sufficient to excite tears, "begone! your respectable mother will never see you again, and you may die of despair and mortification."

"Jaques," cried Pauline with great vehemence "here is a gentleman who comes to make my peace; I will do whatever my mother desires."

"Alas! sir," replied the perfidious door-keeper, "if you knew what a good amiable woman is Madame the Countess de Grasse!"

"Let us in, let us in, my dear Jaques," cried I, "and assist me to restore this amiable girl to the arms of her mother; Pauline will ever be grateful to you."

"Yes," said he, "but what will Madame say to our young lady, to see her return with a stranger, a person unknown, and a man too?"

I instantly announced my name, and offered to give full satisfaction who I was. Scarcely had my name escaped my lips, when this wicked wretch, raising his hands to heaven, cried out, pretending to know me, "what! is it you, sir?"

"How do you know me?" said I with astonishment; "you never saw me before."

"It is true sir," he replied, "I never did see you before, but Madame the Countess has not concealed from me the praises which she has daily heard of you in the society where she goes. Come in, come in," continued he with great apparent

satisfaction ; “ you are most fortunate, Madame Pauline : I will now answer for your reconciliation.”

All this time he did not allow me an opportunity to reply. He permitted us to enter, and we walked through three small court yards, communicating with each other by a long corridor perfectly elegant. We arrived at last in a little garden, at the bottom of which was a small house. By the great number of lights which appeared, I supposed there was much company. After passing through many apartments, splendidly furnished, we were introduced into a small parlour, decorated with great elegance. Jaques said he would attend in a moment, when he saw Madame the Countess, to prepare her for the interview. I remained with Pauline, who, with that air of mildness and candour which so well becomes virtue, acknowledged to me her gratitude. I was far from entertaining an idea of the perfidy of her soul, which, under fair appearances, concealed so much baseness and wickedness. Who could have thought it of a young female, so charming and beautiful, endowed with all the gifts of nature, that she could be so base, so cruel !—

At length after a quarter of an hour, the door opened, and I saw, advancing towards me, a female of a majestic and imposing deportment. She gave me her hand most gracefully, and pointed to me to sit near her on a sofa. Mildness and goodness were pictured in her countenance.

“ I prize highly,” said she, “ the occasion which procures me the honor of your acquaintance. For a long period I have heard you spoken of so favorable, that——”

Here Pauline, without waiting for her mother to conclude, fell at the Countess's feet, imploring the return of her tenderness, and promising to do whatever she should desire. The Countess without continuing her conversation with me, embraced Pauline with ecstasy.

“ Go, my Pauline,” said she, “ I forgive you ; you have returned under the most fortunate auspices. I cannot, however, suddenly forget all the uneasiness and anxiety you have caused me. Go, my child ; tell all to Julia ; and repair the disorder of your dress. We shall retire to the supper-room.”

“ Do you remember the rough blunt Monsieur Richmond ?”

said the Countess to me, "It is him, sir, I destined as the husband of my Pauline. I will submit it then to you, who knew him, to judge what would have been the good fortune of Pauline?"

Pauline had disappeared, and I had not been able to say one single word. The wicked Countess did not permit me to open my mouth, and, at the same time, asked the question and gave the answer.

"Will you," said she, "do me the pleasure to sup with me?"

I refused. She, however, insisted on it. I said it was absolutely necessary I should retire; that I was content and happy since I had accomplished my object, which was to reconcile the mother with her daughter. She would not, however, accept of any excuse. I alledged a thousand reasons; she would not listen to one of them. Jaques then appeared, and said the Countess was wanted in the next room on business of importance.

"I shall leave you," said she, "for an instant, I will return in one minute."

As soon as the Countess disappeared the door closed, and I remained alone; Ten minutes elapsed, and thus, left solitary, I occupied myself in admiring the splendor of the apartment. I was attracted in examining a table, which was a curious kind of cabinet. I then took a wax candle, and walked on my tiptoes. I staggered, and, lest I should fall, leaned against the door: it opened with little difficulty. I saw a range of apartments: I yielded to curiosity. I entered, and traversed three or four little chambers, furnished handsomely, but not expensively.

I believed I was at the end of my research, when I perceived at the corner of this last apartment a door; it was closed. I turned round the spring of the lock: my hand met a small button; I pressed it down, and the door opened.—Merciful God! what a horrid spectacle presented itself to my view!—a man naked stretched upon a mattas! I approached, and looked at him. I scarcely could believe my eyes: his head was cut off, and by his side lay a large and heavy scymeter, still covered with blood! I started back with horror. I was staggered whether I should not endeavour to escape.

At length I returned to the saloon I had lately left. Every thing was in the same order; the Countess had not yet returned. I listened attentively; the silence of the dead surrounded me. I believe I intended, if possible, to escape. I listened; I could do nothing but sigh, and at length became desponding. I did not know what to decide on, or what plan to adopt, when suddenly my ears became assailed with the mournful cries of an owl at some distance.

I was reduced to despair by the kind of annihilation in which I was about to be plunged;—a courage preternatural, which inspired a desire to live, and the horror of a violent death, seized all my senses. I ceased to tremble. I decided to place my fate at once in the hands of Providence. I opened, without noise, the door by which Jaques had introduced me; I then proceeded forward at all risk. I arrived, I do not know how, at the street door: I approached the lodge of the infernal door-keeper; Jaques cried out;—"Who goes there?"

"Open the door Jaques," said I.

"What, is it you?" said he, and in a terrific tone of voice added, "you are to remain here for supper!"

"Pardon me," said I, "I will return. Madame the Countess has insisted I should sup with her, and I am just going to pay for a hackney coach, in which I brought Madame Pauline here."

Jaques seated in his lodge, though looking attentively at me, fortunately, from the weak light of his lamp, did not discover my embarrassment.

"Sir," said he, after a pause, "you may return, I will go and pay the coachman myself!"

New horror seized me; I thought I saw my fate decided. I was about to return, unable to make any answer, when I heard a loud rapping at the street door. Jaques listened; the rapping was repeated. One plan alone for my escape then occurred; when the door was opened I placed myself behind in a dark corner. I saw two men of terrific appearance enter; they were half drunk, and stumbling against Jaques, knocked the lamp out of his hand. The door was instantly closed.

"Observe, our comrade is outside;" said one of the men to Jaques, "you have shut the door on him."

Availing myself of this moment of darkness and confusion,

I slipt on one side, and went out at the same moment the third of my intended assassins entered.

"Who goes there?" cried this villain in a tremendous voice.

I made no answer but began to run; and it was a quarter after three past midnight before I entered my own house. I cannot describe the conflicting sensations I experienced, when I reflected calmly on this occurrence, and became possessed of reason.

This wicked Countess was really descended from an illustrious family in Naples. She had secret agents in the different gambling houses, who narrowly watched every person who was successful in gambling. If an individual was fortunate, and won much money, one of these spies followed him, perhaps offered him a carriage to conduct him home; or a young female would meet him designedly, though apparently by chance, and, using every artifice, propose to retire to her house. If she prevailed, she brought her victim to the house of the Countess, under vain pretexts. It was certain to be his grave.

I trust that this terrible adventure may serve as an example to men, too confident in themselves; to men without experience, who so thoughtlessly frequent improper houses, without reflection, until they are suddenly surprised, and fall into the hands of females, barbarous and atrocious, who abuse all the charms given by nature to adorn them, and whose sole enjoyment is to destroy the men who unfortunately listen to their seductive arts.

Tired, fatigued, and exhausted, sleep did not interpose to prevent my melancholy reflections. The next day I arose early in the morning, and hastened with rapidity to the police. I made my report: they took my name and threatened vengeance. They recommended me to keep the affair an inviolable secret. This I promised: and, on the very same day, all the persons in this abominable house were arrested; but I always regretted they were not made public examples. However, political reasons, and other circumstances, I was informed by the police establishment, had some control over this affair; and whatever punishment was inflicted on these horrid people remained buried in profound secrecy.

It may not be uninteresting to here give a description of the



Countess de Grasse, and her daughter Pauline. The Countess was about fifty years of age. She was a beautiful brunette, had fine lively sparkling eyes, a noble carriage, and majestic deportment. She appeared perfectly familiar with the usages of high life, and was a distinguished person in some fashionable circles where gambling was carried on. It was impossible for one who did not know her, to discover, under her dissimulation and artifice, the perversity of her soul.

Pauline was a lovely girl, shaped like her mother ; she was beautifully fair, and about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Her light blue eyes expressed desire and voluptuousness, and there was an archness in her manner, that unveiled the lasciviousness of her soul to those who had leisure to observe her attentively. She was a most seducing creature, and was friendly and polite ;—her fine bosom was enchanting—she affected an air of modesty and mildness, and abounded in fine sentiments ; but an attentive observer could easily discover her dissimulation.

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## THE LAST OF THE CONSTANTINES.

BY THE LATE THOMAS FURLONG,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOOM OF DERENZIE," &c.

In ancient times, when on for Salem's wall,  
The avenger came at heaven's mysterious call ;  
Portents and signs arose on every eye,  
Marks were on earth, and meteors in the sky ;  
Dreams scar'd the old, and visions struck the young,  
And every tomb or temple found a tongue :  
The dead walk'd forth, the living heard the call,  
And if they fell, they fell forewarn'd of all.

Not such the signs that in her hour of gloom,  
Came to foretell Byzantium of her doom :  
Not such the marks that warn'd her of her fate,  
When the besieger thunder'd at her gate ;  
When every dreary morn's returning light,  
Gave but the crescent glittering in her sight ;

When, from her towers, in grief she mark'd below,  
Myriads of warriors, and in each a foe ;  
Hordes from all realms in wild barbaric pride,  
Loading the lands and swarming on the tide.

Still, though no deep mysterious sign was given,  
To speak the anger or the care of heaven ;  
Though no dread symbol stood expos'd in air,  
To lend the last, the firmness of despair ;  
Even though no spectre, from its gloom beneath,  
Stalk'd forth to teach them the contempt of death.

Yet was there one, who in this hour of grief,  
Gaz'd round all, reckless, hopeless of relief ;  
Ere the first straggler at the breach gave way,  
Untold, he trac'd the hurrying of decay ;  
Unwarn'd, he felt that ruin hover'd nigh,—  
That strife was vain—and he had but to die ;  
That the long glories of his race were past,  
But his it was to guard them to the last.  
This thought—this trial—this sad task was thine,  
Injur'd, unaided, martyr'd Conatantine.

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## A DUEL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. JOUY. BY W. JERDAN, ESQ.

Men, who are really reasonable, subject even their prejudices to rule.—*Montesquieu.*

A M. D. Bréant, an old officer, was constantly declaiming against the folly of duelling. A person took it into his head, in order to ascertain the sincerity of his philosophy, to inform him one day, that his son had just received a very serious insult, for which he had the *courage not* to demand satisfaction. M. Bréant immediately gave the lie in form to him who had invented this story, and was with the greatest difficulty prevented from fighting him. This inconsistency, of which I can recite examples still more recent, is the necessary result of the discordancy existing in this point between manners, morality, and the law. Of all the prejudices now

in direct opposition to the established law, the point of honor is, perhaps, the most ancient, and, I am afraid to say it, that which is the most difficult to be overcome, because it is in some way identified with the national character. Of what importance is it in reality, that the law forbids, under pain of death, that which honor commands under pain of shame, in a war-like nation, where education makes cowardice a crime, and contempt a dreadful punishment.

God forbid that I should wish to become the apologist of a barbarous custom, "*of a ferocious prejudice, which places all virtue on the point of the sword*;" but leaving the application to it of all the odious names with which moralists have endeavoured to degrade it, I am of opinion, that in the actual state of our society, it is much easier to attack the principle than to avoid its consequences. On this subject, people are willing to think generally with Rousseau, provided they are allowed to act on particular occasions like M. Bréant. Let us, then, acknowledge, that however blameable the practice of duelling may be, it finds a sort of excuse in the delicacy of the sentiments which it supposes to exist, a pretext in the decency and the politeness which it maintains in the world, and a powerful ally in the public opinion which protects it against the punishment of the law. Sanvol, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, does not trace the origin of this sanguinary custom farther back than to Gondebaud, king of the Burgundians, who, he says, sanctioned the practice of the law *Gombette*. Other historians attribute its invention to the Franks, our paternal ancestors; but it is certain, that it was peculiar to this nation, as we see in the *Life of Louis le Debonnaire*, where, it is said, that Bernard demanded to clear himself of the crime imputed to him, by an appeal to arms, *more francis solito*. Once introduced into France, this custom was not slow in naturalizing itself. Chivalry, which adopted it, made it a fundamental principle of honor, and notwithstanding the severest laws, it could never be entirely extirpated. The ordinances of our kings have had no effect but to add disobedience to the crime they were intended to prevent; and the most illustrious blood has flowed on the scaffold in vain. It is even very remarkable that duels have never been more frequent than they were at those periods when they were most rigorously proscribed. The edict of Henry II. against duelling, issued

in 1547, after the last authorized combat, between Jarnac and La Châtaigneraye, gave, as it were, the character of fashion to that custom which was no longer resorted to as a judicial process. Under the reign of Henry III. this frenzy, in defiance of the severity of the laws, was carried so far, that in allusion to the honors which had been paid by the king in the church of St. Paul, to Caylus and Maugiron, (killed in duel, by D'Entragues and Riberac,) it was customary to say, "*I shall have him sculptured in marble,*" to express "*I shall kill him in a duel.*" Henry the Fourth is reproached with having displayed too much indulgence towards this species of crime; but it has not been remarked, that in his time the examples of it were much less frequent than during the two reigns between which his was placed. Duellists, under Louis XIII. were pursued with all the severity of the law, and an idea may be formed of their number, by an extract of the chancery registers, from which it appears that more than a thousand pardons were granted by Louis XIV. during the first twenty years of his reign.

The famous declaration of 1679, which, for a moment, seemed to abate the duelling frenzy, only served to change the field of battle, which was then removed to the frontiers.

Duels, still more frequent under the reign of Louis XV, became then less fatal; the point of honor obtained its regulating code, in which injuries were divided into two classes, and no longer required the same kind of satisfaction. It was settled that they should continue to fight for nothing, but that they should only kill each other for something, and then was invented that *mezzo termine*, that combat for first blood, in which, says Rousseau, "*Affectation is mixed with cruelty, and men are only slain by chance.*" It is on the subject of the last description of combats, that the author of *Eloisa* exclaims with that eloquent indignation, which dictated to him, perhaps, the finest pages that have ever been written in any language. "*The first blood! Great God! and what wilt thou do with that blood, ferocious monster?—Wilt thou drink it?*"

At that period, for the least word, a man was obliged to draw; but it frequently happened, that a single crossing of the swords was considered a sufficient satisfaction for a slight offence. This ridiculous mania did not escape dramatic authors, and supplied Fagan with one of the best scenes of his

“*Originaux*,” and with the highly comic part of *Bretenville*.

Up to that time, the sword had been the only weapon allowed in duels: the obligation of wearing it constantly, imposed, at the same time, that of knowing how to use it; and the certainty of being skilful to defend their lives, made men less careful of exposing them. The alteration which took place in dress, under the reign of Louis XVI. probably contributed to introduce the use of pistols in duels; a mode of fighting, which, by-the-bye, has nothing noble—nothing French in it; in which courage cannot supply the want of skill, and in which you are compelled to kill a defenceless adversary, or to suffer yourself to be killed in the same manner. This anti-chivalric custom now begins to be out of fashion.

For about two centuries *witnesses* have taken the place of *seconds*. This is at least one step towards reason and equity; for if it is inhuman to fight to avenge your own injury, it were certainly most absurd to fight to avenge the injury of another, against a person who had neither offended you nor your friend. Witnesses, in our days, regulate the mode and the conditions of the fight, and in no case will they allow the adversaries to meet with unequal arms. They were less scrupulous in the time of Henry III. since it is ascertained that in the duel between Caylus and D’Entragues, the first was killed, because he fought only with a sword; while the other fought with a sword and a dagger: on Caylus’s observing the inequality, D’Entragues, who, however, was considered a man of honor, replied drily, “You have then committed a great fault to leave your dagger at home, for we are to fight, and not to discuss our weapons.” At that period, it appears that the offended had even the singular privilege of imposing upon his adversary any condition to which he chose to submit himself: this at least is the inference which may be drawn from a fact, related by Brantome. He speaks of having witnessed a duel between a gentleman of very small stature, and a very tall Gascon sergeant: the first regulated the conditions of the duel in such a manner, that they were obliged to fight with a collar round the neck, armed with points, which compelled them to hold up their heads very high. “This mode,” says Brantome, “had been invented very prettily by the little one, who could raise his head against his tall adversary, and mark

him at his ease, which the other could not do against him, without bending and piercing his own throat. In this manner the short combatant dispatched the Gascon very easily with two thrusts of his sword." In our days, the short one would pass for a murderer, if he could find a tall man fool enough, or a fool tall enough, to accept of such conditions.

This dissertation, into which I have almost unconsciously fallen, is only an introduction—perhaps rather too long, to the adventure which I have now to relate. One day last week, as I was breakfasting with a Bavarian in one of the *Cafes*, on the Bouvelart, near some young men, who were making a more substantial repast, I heard one of them, called Alfred, receiving the congratulations of his friends, on a marriage which he was on the eve of contracting with a lovely girl, to whom he was passionately attached. It would be difficult to say how a quarrel began between that young man and one of his friends, as I only paid attention to it, when it had grown so serious as to give me some anxiety respecting the manner in which it might terminate. I only know, that the question was originally how far a woman may love a man who wears a wig. Alfred had uttered some witticisms on the occasion, which one of his friends was foolish enough to apply to himself; these witticisms had been replied to by other repartees—ill-nature had intruded, and, as it always happens, he who remained first without an answer, was the first to get angry. The sneer with which Alfred repulsed the attack of his adversary, caused the latter to lose all patience, and some words escaped from him, the consequences of which I easily foresaw. I availed myself of the authority of my age, and my former profession, to interfere as a mediator in this quarrel. I insisted on the extremely trivial nature of the cause.—I extenuated as much as possible the meaning, and especially the intent, of the offensive terms, which one of the adversaries had used; and it is probable that I should have succeeded in reconciling them, had there not been present several people, who, without having had any other duels on their hands, than those in which they acted as seconds, find the means of acquiring cheap reputation for bravery. I still know some bravos of that kind, on the watch for every dispute, and ready to carry every challenge; not a single pistol shot has been fired—not a single sword-thrust made in Paris for these last twenty

years, of which they cannot give an account. No one knows better than these the laws and formalities of duels; they spend their lives in the fencing-rooms of Le Sage and Peignat, on the way to, and in the alleys of, the woods of Boulogne, and Vincennes; and firmly believe, they have fought as often as they have seen others fight.

Desponding at the fruitlessness of my efforts, and the small success of my mediation, I saw with real grief those young men, who, an hour before were inseparable friends, depart, after having appointed a meeting at noon at the barrier of the *Champs Elysees*. I conceived for the one who was called Alfred, and who was not better known to me than the rest, that sympathetic interest to which we often surrender ourselves, without inquiring into the cause; he appeared to be the youngest—loving, and beloved; his life seemed to belong, as it were, to two families. But there still, perhaps, remained some means of preventing the misfortune, of which I had a sad presentiment. I walked pensively towards the place of meeting, and chanced to encounter in the great alley of the *Champs Elysees*, an officer of the chasseurs of the guard, whom I am in the habit of meeting at his relation's, Madame de R\*\*\*\*, and who is not more distinguished for the nobleness of his disposition, than for the renown of his valor. As I concluded my relation of the circumstances attending the approaching duel to the captain, we saw two carriages, in which the adversaries and their seconds were seated, arrive one after the other. The captain was on horse-back; at my request he followed the carriages, which took the road to the wood of Boulogne, having promised to give me an account of all that should happen. I had not much time to make long reflections on the strength of a tyrannical prejudice, which silences humanity, justice, and reason—which compels two friends to murder each other, and which allows judges (when an appeal is made to the authority of the laws,) to condemn a criminal, whose conduct they approve, and would imitate in a similar case. At the moment that I reached the gate of the wood of Boulogne, I saw Captain S—hastily approaching, and read in his countenance the fatal news which he had to communicate. He gave his horse to the care of a boy on the green, and leading me into a neighbouring alley, related to me in a few words the cruel catas-

trophe, of which he had been a spectator. "The carriages," said he, "having stopped near *La Muette*, the four persons which they contained, alighted, and glided precipitately into the wood. I followed them, and, having given my name, begged permission to interfere in a quarrel, with some of the particulars of which I was already acquainted. "You are welcome, Captain," answered the younger of the two adversaries, "but spare us humiliating explanations at this moment, which could have no other result in any case, than to delay an encounter which is unavoidable." Despairing of ultimate success, I endeavoured in my quality of witness, to alter something in the forms of the duel; we settled that only one shot should be fired on each side; that they should be placed at the distance of twenty paces, and that they should fire together on a given signal: I myself loaded Alfred's pistol, and made him take the lowest part of the ground, which is of advantage in a pistol fight; I also advised him to moderate his impetuosity, which gave his adversary a decided superiority over him. All the arrangements being made, the antagonists on their ground, the pistols in their hands and cocked, the signal was given,—they fired—and the unfortunate young man, for whom you and I had so much interested ourselves, fell, mortally wounded." The grief which this fatal event excited in my heart, was the deepest which I have experienced for a long while, and I could not check my tears when the carriage passed me, which contained the remains of that unhappy youth, now to be carried back to his father, who at that very moment was employed in preparing for the celebration of his nuptials.

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## TO AN AUTHOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FABIAN PILLET.

When I call'd you a blockhead, I candidly own,  
It was hastily done, for I could not have shown  
Such proof as would warrant conviction;  
But thanks to the anger my boldness has rais'd,  
You're an author become, and now, fortune be prais'd!  
I've proof that defies contradiction.



## MEDITATIONS ON MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE.

Man is a fallen God, who ne'er forgets  
 His native heaven ; whether in bitterness  
 He ponders o'er his lost felicity,  
 Or filled with boundless hopes, his bosom pants  
 With dreams of future glory. Fall'n or faulty,  
 Man is the mighty riddle—on the earth  
 A slave, immur'd within the senses prison,  
 He feels he has a soul that's born for freedom—  
 He pants for happiness, and he is wretched—  
 He would search all things, and his eye is weak ;  
 He would love through eternity, and what  
 He loves is frail, and perishes—alas !  
 All mortal men resemble Eden's exile ;  
 When God had banish'd him the happy garden,  
 At the forbidden gate he sets him down,  
 And at the fatal boundary wildly gaz'd—  
 He heard the river of immortal life  
 Flowing ; he heard the angels' happy song ;—  
 Th' harmonious sigh of everlasting love ;  
 And, with a desp'rate effort, tore himself  
 From those sweet sounds, to listen to the echo  
 Of his own sighs, and count his falling tears.

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## TO A FLOWER,

FROM THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI,

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

[Grütli was the field on which the three Swiss patriots  
 used to hold their nightly meetings in the days of William  
 Tell.]

Whence art thou, flower ? from holy ground  
 Where freedom's foot hath been !  
 Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound,  
 Ne'er shook that solemn scene.





**SAILOR**

Flower of a noble field ! thy birth  
Was not where spears have cross'd,  
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth,  
'Midst banners won and lost :

But where the sunny hues and showers  
Unto thy cup were given,  
There met high hearts at midnight hours,  
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd that man should roam  
Through every Alpine dell,  
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,  
The shaft of William Tell.

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## SEAMEN ASHORE.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

The first object of the seaman on landing is to spend his money : but his first sensation is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going ; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the rolling chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always, to us, this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor,—and he feels it himself: he lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long, to be gathered into a heavy pigtail ; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe—on a white stocking and a natty shoe, issuing lightly out of the blue flowing trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve, aloof ; his hands, half open, look as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud in appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket.

Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes—which he bought for gold—he puts some tobacco in his mouth,

not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter : and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane, or whanghee, twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys every thing that he comes athwart, nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch (two if he has money enough,) gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet, and his mother and sisters ; dozens of ' superfine ! best men's cotton stockings,' dozens of superfine ' best women's cotton ditto,' best good check for shirts—though he has too much already—infinite needles and thread, to sew his trowsers with some day, a footman's laced hat, bear's grease to make his hair grow—by way of joke—several sticks, all sorts of Jews' articles, a flute—which he cannot play, and never intends—a leg of mutton which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the Ship makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole ;—in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is every thing but medicine gratis ; and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the Ship, with oceans of flip and grog ; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half a crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nance, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings : and, finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her ; which the old lady appropriates in part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef ;—calls out for the fiddlers and Rule Britannia ;—pelts Tom Sikes in the pit ;—and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white night-cap.

When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback ; and, among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride ;—" only," says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, " they have saddle boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft ; and



SAILOR'S LASS.



shovels like for stirrups." He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the *Negurs'* dance, and the monkeys pelt you with cocoa-nuts ; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut, and made him a Peer of the Realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trowsers."

He has a sister at a 'school for young ladies,' who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance ; and whose confusion he completes, by slipping four-pence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper about him." His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does, telling him, however, that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb no higher than the window locker. He tells his mother that she would be a duchess in Parnaboo ; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says they are only sorry he is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantle-piece is filled by him with shells and sharks' teeth ; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and God bless yous, and home-made gingerbread.

His officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste. The moment he lands, he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance ; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day ; and, calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening, regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an under tone ; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his honor will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant lieutenant says to himself, "This fellow knows what's what, by his face ;" and so he proves it by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister, with an air of triumph,, "There, Poll, there's something for you ;—only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty, if it is worth a dollar. She turns pale.— "Twenty what, my dear George ? why, you haven't given



twelve dollars for it, I hope?" "Not I, by the lord." "That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that altogether it is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen—what! why it's real India, en't it?—why, the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon—" here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster—"I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas."—"Twelve *guineas*!" exclaims the sister; and then drawing forth "why, my dear George!" is proceeding to show him what the articles would have cost at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and choose for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some mess-mates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West Indian beauties and tables.

At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality; and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and, ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages,) expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the men again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience: yet he will believe, nevertheless, in the 'true love' of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance as he pleases. It is not that he wants feeling, but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to

be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be irritated by sickness ; partly, because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity ; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honor or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt, that it teaches him this feeling for that of others : besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself ; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to every body else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection ;—such as, “ in case—at such times as—so to speak—as it were—at least—at any rate.”—He seldom uses sea-terms, but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life ; as, for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks you if you never mean to walk the deck again ; or, if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book.

He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less than any other man in the busy world ; for he is so compelled to make his home every where, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether ; and charity, while it diffuses new affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the officer is superannuated, or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an

Otaheitan beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punch-bowl;—has his summer-house castellated, and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the *Britannia*, or the *Lovely Nancy*, for a statue in the garden, where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

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## THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

In the commencement of the year 1800, I sailed in a small brig from Canton towards Otaheite, to procure a cargo of sandal wood; intending to return from thence to China. Before the voyage was completed we were assailed by violent storms; our vessel was so seriously injured, that the captain deemed it expedient to bear away for the Navigator's Islands, that he might there repair the injury. When this was accomplished, we proceeded to our destination without further delay.

I had before heard much of the beauty of the Navigator's Islands, but all that I had heard was more than realized by what I saw during our detention there. I spent my leisure hours in exploring them, and at times I felt that it would be an advantageous exchange to relinquish the world, with all its allurements and disappointments, and spend the remainder of my days, beneath the blue sky and the forests of palm and orange trees of this delightful region.

Almost in the centre of this group there is a small island, distinguished beyond the others for the beauty of its situation. Along its eastern beach, there is a bay that seems completely enclosed by verdant hills, and by a high promontory, which jutting out from the mouth, apparently excludes its waters from those of the ocean. Ascending this promontory, on the one hand you may look back upon the glades, woods, and rising grounds that imbosom the bay as it lies beneath, reflecting the surrounding scenery from its motionless surface: and on the other side you may contemplate the dark expanse of the ocean. To the south-east the eye wanders without a limit over 'the waste of waters,' but

towards the north, the island Māoona rises with its wild and cragged precipices and its distant range of gradually swelling mountains, which form an inexpressibly beautiful and extensive landscape. This is a faint outline of the appearance of the scene. Many a long and painful year has elapsed since I first enjoyed it, as the dawn of day revealed it to my gaze ; but the lapse of time will never efface it from my memory.

The promontory that almost separates this secluded cove from the deep sea, is indeed a delightful place. But it possessed a charm far above that of mere natural beauty, for I knew it to be the scene of a tale that I had listened to with deep interest, several years before, during my stay at Manila. And now that I have awakened it in my mind, I may venture to relate it, in hope that for a short time yet it may be preserved from oblivion.

Thirty, or forty years before my visit to the Pacific, a large Spanish ship sailing from Valparaiso to Manila, when midway on the voyage, struck a rock concealed under the surface of the sea. Shattered by the concussion, it was with difficulty the crew kept her afloat until she reached Pola, the westernmost of the Navigator's Islands. She approached to this island in the night, and falling in with a strong easterly current, was drifted along and dashed with violence against a sand bar, about a league from land. From that bar she never was removed. The crew escaped to shore in the boats, bearing with them their arms and most of the useful articles in the ship.

A young Spanish officer, Don Julian de Esmerada, who, accompanied his still more youthful bride, was proceeding to Manila, to take command of a regiment stationed there, was on board the vessel at the time of her wreck. The fate of these two individuals constitutes the only subject of my narrative.

From the earliest dawning of reason, the predominant feeling in the bosom of Julian de Esmerada, had been an affection for her who was now his wife, Isabel de Monteros. During her infancy she had been left alone in the world. Before she had completed the first year of her age, her mother died. Almost immediately after, her father was accused of treason, hurried to the scaffold, and his possessions confiscated. With his dying breath, he commended his child to the care of

Don Rodriguez de Esmerada, the only one who remained friendly to him in his adversity. Don Rodriguez conducted the young orphan to his residence, in the vale of Altiero near Alcala ; in this retired valley she passed all her childhood.

Julian, the second son of Don Rodriguez, was constantly her companion. He was about two years older than she. Often when they were children, would they clamber together over the rocky hills that formed the northern boundary of the valley, or wander to a deep dell, overhung with oak trees and wild vines. There they intrusted to each other their hopes and fears, their innocent joys and childish troubles. As time passed, and matured her infantine beauty and vivacity into womanly loveliness, this early attachment strengthened into deep affection. The warm feelings of Isabel were concentrated on Julian. Those upon whom her natural attachments should have rested, were in the tomb. She had friends, it is true, but there was only one on whom she could rely as her friend and guardian through the vicissitudes of life. Julian loved her with an ardent and enduring passion ; such as time could not weaken nor wear away ; her image was blended with all his waking thoughts, and all his sleeping visions.

But dear as they were to each other they were doomed for a time to separate. Both were poor ; for Don Rodriguez, though a man of rank, and possessed of much influence, was limited in his estate, and all that he had, was destined to descend upon his eldest son. Julian, after completing his education at home, was at an early age obliged to determine upon a profession. He adopted that of arms, as the most congenial to his chivalric spirit. After entering the military service of his country, he was employed in several perilous expeditions against the Barbary powers, and served two or three bloody campaigns against the English, in the West India islands. His signal bravery and honorable deportment rendered him worthy of the rapid promotion which the interest of his family procured for him. He had scarcely attained his twenty-third year, when he was appointed to the command of a regiment, and ordered to join it at Manilla. He hastened to the vale of Altiero. The emoluments of his new rank, together with his share of several rich prizes taken from the Algerines, removed the only obstacle that interfered with the

dearest wish of his soul. In less than a month he left the valley for the last time, but not alone as heretofore, for Isabel now accompanied him as his wife. They embarked at Cadiz for Valparaiso, and sailed from thence toward Manilla. The Spanish vessels took this circuitous course to avoid the English cruisers, which then swarmed in the direct route from Spain to the East Indies. The accidents that cast Julian and his young wife upon the Navigator's Island, whilst pursuing their second voyage, have already been related.

The shipwrecked crew escaped securely to land, bearing with them, as I have already said, many useful articles. At first they held little or no communion with the islanders, but remained in a rude fortification which they threw up near the place where they were wrecked, and commenced constructing, from the ruins of their ship, a small bark, in which they hoped to pursue their course to Manilla. By degrees they became familiar with the natives, and took part in their quarrels. Some of them were killed; the construction of the vessel was retarded; but, upon the whole, by means of their fire arms and superior knowledge, they maintained an ascendancy over the savages, and were even favorably regarded by some of the most powerful chieftains, whom they assisted in war.

Twelve months had glided by since the wreck. During that time little or no change occurred in their situation. Two thirds of the surviving Spaniards were scattered through the different islands. Julian, with his wife, most of the officers of the ship, and ten or twelve of the best disposed sailors, had established themselves along the borders of the bay, which I before attempted to describe. They lived there unmolested; depending for sustenance upon the fruits which an everlasting spring produced from the uncultivated earth. The new vessel had been abandoned to them, and as they gradually proceeded in its construction, they were cheered with the prospect of again visiting their native land.

Often would the restless memory of Julian and Isabel revert to their Andalusian valley, which they sometimes felt was lost for ever. In a remote island, removed from intercourse with civilized mankind, they could not prevent dark thoughts of the future, from casting an occasional gloom over their present tranquillity. But these painful emotions were

transient. Their residence was one of the most delightful in the group. It consisted of a house, situated about two hundred yards from the bay, and formed of the close wicker work with which the inhabitants of those regions construct their habitations. Behind the house rose a succession of low wooded mountains. A verdant strip of land extended in front to the border of a small river, which, after falling in romantic cascades amidst the hill, crossed the plain at their base, and mingled with the salt waters of the calm retired cove. Around the house, and on the rising ground above it, there grew a forest of palm, cocoa, and bread fruit trees, so arranged by the hand of nature, as to form a fine blending of alternate light and shade. The glassy surface of the bay, and the dark promontory beyond, were visible between these clusters of trees. Amidst these shades the young Spaniards lived undisturbed by the islanders. Their devotion to each other was too deep to languish even in this prolonged retirement. Ordinary passion exhausts itself when possessed of the object loved; their affection had become part of their being; it was an unquenchable flame, that could not lose its warmth or purity.

When the evening sun had gone down behind the hills of the islands, they often directed their steps to the promontory, and from it looked around upon the scene. They watched the cliffs of the distant Maona until night overshadowed them. The deep channel of the sea, running rapidly between the two islands, shone with a broad reflection of light that gleamed along its central waters long after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. Sometimes awaking before sunrise, they revisited this favorite spot, to stand near the cluster of palm trees, and await the approach of day. Long before the luminary appeared, the exhalations of night were gathered to the summits of the hills, both in their own island and in Maona. As the prospect cleared away, the glories of a Polynesian sunrise burst upon the view. The mist ascended from the ocean, and in its ascent glowed with the richest crimson and gold. Generally there were a few light clouds towards the east, but as the sun arose, and eclipsed the rosy tints in his excessive brightness, they disappeared, as though they were exhaled into an invisible vapour. Ever when contemplating such a scene, an occasional sigh would burst from the bosom

of Isabel. She had seen many a sunrise, beautiful as these, amidst the vales of her native Spain. More than once she threw herself into the arms of Julian, and wept, as early recollections came too vividly before her. But his voice of consolation never failed to bring back serenity to her expressive and beautiful features, and tranquillity to her agitated heart.

The islanders frequently visited the small settlement of the Spaniards. Some went thither in the hope of stealing such implements as they might by chance find lying about; others influenced by insatiable curiosity, the most universal feeling amongst savages. There was, however, one who was under the dominion of feelings very different from these, whenever his canoe doubled the rocky cape and glided over the quiet bay towards the Spanish village.

His name was Vavao. He was a chief of the island of Pola. Had his lot been cast in a land where education and civilization could have taught him to regulate his feelings, his character might have possessed distinguished excellence. But, destitute of such advantages, his mind ran to waste. A life of thirty years had almost extinguished his better feelings, but without destroying his energy, his patience, or his courage. His breast was the lurking place of pride, selfishness, and every species of irrepressible passion, which glanced in his looks and seemed to animate each motion of his muscular and well-proportioned limbs.

Since the wreck of the Spaniards, one strong passion had absorbed his soul. He had seen Isabel. Not frequently it is true, but sufficiently often to have his rugged nature subdued by the intelligent flashes of her dark eye, and the grace of her movements. Even his fierce heart felt the influence of her beauty: violent in love, as in every thing else, he resolved that sooner or later she should be his. He foresaw the dangers that must intervene before his intentions could be accomplished. But he had undertaken many enterprises more arduous, and had always been successful. Although Julian was for ever near his wife, though she was surrounded by armed friends, he did not despair. Impelled by a savage and violent love, he had sufficient strength to conceal his feelings, so that no one, not even their object, suspected them. He patiently frequented the village, bringing mats, and other rude manufactures to exchange for the knives and looking-glasses



of the Spaniards; awaiting till something should occur to favor the completion of his schemes.

All his hopes were blasted when, on an autumnal evening, a Spanish frigate anchored off the island where Julian and his companions dwelt, and sent a boat on shore to search for water, and bargain with the natives for fresh provisions. The lieutenant who commanded in the boat, directed his course to to where he saw a number of persons collected on the shore. His surprise was great, when, on drawing near, he was saluted in his own language. On landing, he was received by a crowd, consisting of the shipwrecked Europeans, together with many islanders who were there assembled. When the joy of the former had subsided, they explained their situation to the officer. He, in return, informed them that the frigate was bound to Acapulco, and assured them that his commander would convey them there. He then returned to the ship. On the following day, the captain himself landed, and confirmed the offers of his lieutenant. As he intended to stay for a few days at the island, the shipwrecked Spaniards preferred remaining in their commodious insular dwellings, until the day of departure.

Language cannot describe the passions that overwhelmed Vavao, when he heard of these events. Incessantly agitated by his gloomy spirit, he hid in the depth of the forest, and mentally resolved every expedient that could avert the consummation of his misery. It was evident that stratagem would no longer avail. Force must be attempted. He determined, on the following night, to invade the Spanish habitations and force Isabel away. When this resolution was taken, his emotions were tranquillized; he proceeded deliberately to form his arrangement.

The Spaniards were known to be constantly on their guard. Their fire-arms and discipline made them terrible in conflict to the savages. It was necessary for Vavao to act alone, for he knew not one who would co-operate with him. Blood thirsty as the islanders were, they would not expose themselves to such perils without adequate inducement. For these reasons he had always avoided any forcible attempts to gain his ends. Now he could delay no longer: the last hour when an attempt could be made had arrived. Confiding in himself, and completely armed, the next day at noon he embarked alone for

the bay. As the sun was setting, he drew his canoe up on the outside of the promontory, and concealed it under a few low bushes.

The last glow of evening had vanished, and as the hour of midnight drew near, the moon rose from the ocean, and illuminated every island with its indistinct light. Late as it was, Isabel, with her Julian, was taking a farewell walk on that eminence which they so much delighted to frequent. The ensuing day was to see them safe with friends of their own religion and country. They walked slowly along, without interchanging a word, at irregular intervals stopping, as if to look upon the place they were soon to relinquish for ever. Behind them, an impenetrable darkness rested upon the bay and the dwellings, for the moonlight was prevented by the hills and trees from reaching there. Maona lay before them like a dark cloud upon the silver surface of the sea. The frigate could not be seen, for she was anchored beyond a point of land that ran out a little distance to the south. The two who were on the promontory fixed their eyes on the silent scene, but their thoughts were wandering away. Julian recalled his youthful anticipations of power and glory. He cherished an idea that he was still destined to impart to his Isabel, the rank and influence to which his spirit had so often aspired. These imaginations came warmly upon him, and his heart beat with delight when he felt that his exile was soon to terminate. Isabel had her thoughts, but they were far different from these. The night winds passed by her unheeded, for there was at her heart a feeling more chilling than they. She knew not why, but a strong and indefinable dread of impending evil weighed heavily on her soul. She would have felt regret, at leaving that island, where she had passed so many happy and unhappy hours, were it not for this fearful, this unaccountable anticipation. She cast a troubled glance at the moon-lit sea, and then resolved to request Julian to return homeward. Before she could speak the stillness of the night was interrupted by a rustling among the leaves. It was a bird that had started from an orange tree. After fluttering a few moments it flew towards a distant hill. Isabel continued silent and tried to subdue her painful feelings. Again she heard, or thought she heard, the same

noise, but much fainter, amidst the bushes. She clung involuntarily more closely to the arm of Julian, and turned her eyes upon his face. He was looking at a bright star, that, undimmed by the moonlight, had just arisen from the sea. Then both were startled, for they distinctly heard the splashing of oars upon the ocean. Julian grasped his sword, but soon withdrew his hand, for he recognised the long, regular dashes of European rowers; completely different from the short, quick noise of the paddles used by the islanders. A few moments after, they could discover a boat coming from the direction of the frigate towards them. Isabel felt relieved from her fears, and was so much occupied watching the approach of the boat, that she heeded not another rustling in the leaves, still louder than before. Had she taken the alarm it would have been useless, for, in another instant, an arrow, shot from behind the nearest palm tree, struck against the forehead of Julian; with a low moan he sunk to the earth. Isabel stood for a moment as if stupified, and then, with a shriek of agony, sunk senseless on the body. Vavao now rushed from his place of concealment, and, catching the scarcely breathing Isabel to his arms, hurried down the promontory to his canoe. He had hardly departed when Julian revived: the dart had glanced from his head, and though the shock had at first deprived him of sensation, he immediately recovered. In an instant he knew his loss; he saw the white robes of Isabel, and heard the noise of the bushes as Vavao broke through them in his descent. When Vavao came to his canoe, he found that the retiring tide had left it high upon the land. Scarcely was it afloat with himself and the still lifeless body of Isabel on board, when Julian reached the margin of the sea. Collecting all his strength in a desperate effort, he sprung to the canoe. He was met by the arm of Vavao, who, catching him before he could recover himself, stabbed him twice in the breast, then lifting the unfortunate Spaniard, dashed him bloody upon the beach.

The Spanish boat was now within a hundred yards of them. Vavao turned his canoe to escape, and, notwithstanding the vigorous attempts of the sailors to overtake him, he soon left them far behind. The Spaniards fired several shots at him, but before long they lost sight of his light skiff. After

an ineffectual chase, they returned to where Julian lay, mortally wounded, on the shore, and before sunrise they arrived at the village.

Vavao was never seen nor heard of again. It was supposed that in his precipitate flight, he had unwarily struck his canoe against a coral reef that partly surrounds the islands. On the morning after these transactions, a savage who had been fishing, and was conveying his spoil to sell to the Spanish crew, saw a shattered and overturned canoe floating on the ocean, and not far from it, on the reef, was the body of Isabel. In hopes of obtaining a reward, he drew it from the rock, and conveyed it to the dwellings of her friends.

Julian did not expire till the evening following that on which he had received his wounds. After he had been brought to the village, the surgeon of the frigate restored him to sensation and to suffering; for whilst the fate of Isabel was uncertain, his anguish of mind almost drove him to frenzy. When he was told that her lifeless body had been found, he became calm; the wildness of his eye disappeared; a gentle smile rested on his features. He conversed with his friends and related the particulars of his walk on the promontory. The chaplain of the ship administered to him the rites prescribed by his church for dying men. When these were completed, he closed his eyes and seemed absorbed in silent devotion. In a few minute he died.

After a few days the frigate departed; but not until Julian and Isabel were buried in one grave under the palm trees, near the place where the last moments of their lives were spent. No noise, except the wild screams of the sea-bird, is ever heard on that solitary promontory. Those who sleep there are now entirely forgotten by the islanders, and indeed, by almost every one else; for few will preserve a remembrance of those who were undistinguished as the individuals whose life and death I have recorded.

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### EPIGRAM. FROM MARTIAL.

BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

Proud Paul as a poet would wish to be thought,  
And calls verses his own that his money has bought;  
Paul's right, and the fact I'm sure's easily shown,  
For what a man pays for is surely his own.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

BY FREDERICK TYRRELL, ESQ.

O well I remember the days of my youth,  
When life seem'd a pathway strew'd over with flowers,  
But time has awaken'd my eyes to the truth,  
And care's the companion alone of my hours.  
The dream of my boyhood has vanish'd away,  
Its scenes of enchantment are clos'd from my sight;  
And the brilliance and rapture of life's early day  
Are buried in manhood's oblivious night.

In boyhood my heart bounded wildly and free,  
I knew not the meaning of sorrow or care;  
I knew not how chang'd soon my nature would be,  
When time should ordain me life's troubles to share;  
There's a freshness in youth which in manhood is lost,  
And which year after year can never regain,  
And as our frail bark on life's ocean is tost,  
All friendship seems false, and hope even seems vain.

When a child I could give my last penny away,  
If a poor ragged beggar but came in my sight;  
But now I could meet such each hour of the day  
Without one emotion of pain or delight:  
'Tis in youth that pure charity dwells unalloy'd,  
In life, 'tis a mere ostentatious display,  
For the kindlier feelings of life are destroy'd,  
As time journeys onward and adds day to day.

But they're gone!—yes, the days of my youth are now gone,  
And all the illusions that brighten'd its path;  
The sun has long set that so brilliantly shone,  
Yet life has remaining some pleasures and worth.  
Grant, Heaven, that still this poor remnant of life,  
In honor and righteousness so may be past,  
That, when there's an end of this frail mortal strife,  
I still may find favor from THEE at the last.

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## THE BENSHEE.

A TALE OF IRISH SUPERSTITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF IRISH LIFE," &c.

On the right-hand side of the little by-road which conducts the traveller from the famous bog of Monela to the northern range of the Sliew-bloom mountains, stands the uninhabited mansion of a gentleman named Fitzpatrick, who has, if we believe the neighbouring peasantry, a better apology than many of his countrymen for being an absentee. The history of his family, as related by the country people, develops the superstitious notion respecting that harbinger of death—the *Benshee*.

The Fitzpatricks of Ossory and the Ormonds of Kilkenny, were, for centuries, deadly foes. More than one of the illustrious house of Butler were prisoners \* of their implacable enemies; and, in the reign of Charles the First, the celebrated

\* There is an old painting in Trinity College, Dublin, representing the treacherous capture of a Duke of Ormond by the chieftain of Leix, the friend of the Fitzpatricks:

Duke of Ormond completely destroyed the power of the Fitzpatricks, and annexed Durrow, their patrimony, to his own possessions, since which time that district, though nearly surrounded by the Queen's County, forms part of the county of Kilkenny.

Some ages previous to this period, one of the Butlers having overrun Lower Ossory, and, as usual, having slaughtered most of the inhabitants, the heir of the house of Fitzpatrick found refuge in the castle of O'More, the chieftain of Leix. The chivalrous spirit of the times inculcated such elevated notions of honor, that friendship and unlimited confidence were synonymous; while the man who was admitted a guest never had his actions regarded with suspicion. Treachery was out of the question; for justice was then so summary, that life was the immediate forfeit of an unworthy action. No wonder, then, that O'More took no precaution to prevent any improper intimacy between Fitzpatrick and his only daughter—a lady who possessed, in an eminent degree, all those charms which superadd to the attractions of youth and beauty. The consequence of parental neglect on this occasion was fatal; and, as the story goes, continues yet to blast the happiness of the descendants of one of the party.

The chieftain's lovely daughter naturally attracted the attention of her father's guest, who was about her own age; and, as no restraint was placed upon their interviews, they soon learned to feel mutual happiness in each other's company. They were indiscreet; and, to their horror, discovered that a knowledge of their criminal conduct must soon take place, as the daughter of the chieftain was pregnant. There remained for them no expectation of pardon; for they knew with O'More nothing could palliate their crime, and that the lives of both must fall a sacrifice to his wounded honor, unless they escaped from his wrath. Under these circumstances, the lovers agreed to fly from Leix, and appointed an evening to meet at a lonely well, to arrange for their departure.

The unhappy lady was punctual; but Fitzpatrick was perfidious; he met her at the well, and, while in the act of caressing her, plunged a dagger into her heart! She fell a corpse; her blood tinged the water of the spring, and the faithless lover returned undiscovered to the castle. The chieftain lamented the fate of his child, but never suspected his

guest ; and the heir of Ossory, for a time, encountered no reproof but that of his own guilty conscience.

In a short time Fitzpatrick was restored by O'More to his possessions in Ossory, where he married, and had a numerous offspring. For twenty years he carried in his bosom the assassin's secret, and the memory of his lovely victim had nearly been forgotten, when, one night, as himself and his *kerns*, during an intestine war, were encamped not far from the fatal spot where he had committed murder, the awful and solemn cry of a benshee was heard to proceed from the well.

The guilty chieftain started ; but, as if impelled by some supernatural power, he walked towards the spring, and distinctly saw the victim of his treachery, in her ordinary dress of white, sitting beneath the tree that shaded the well, and wringing her hands as if in an agony of grief. He had scarcely gazed on her, when she arose, redoubled her cries, and seemed to approach the place where he stood. At this moment his fears appeared to have overcome him ; and, as he exclaimed, " Pardon, oh ! pardon your murderer ! " the apparition gave a hoarse scream, and vanished, like a shadow of the moon, down the valley, still keeping up the cry of the benshee, which was distinctly heard for several minutes. It had scarcely ceased when the sentinel gave the alarm of a sudden attack, and the O'Mores in an instant were in the camp of the Fitzpatricks. The battle was long and bloody ; but, ere the morning sun arose, the heroes of Leix prevailed, and the chieftain of Ossory fell beneath the weapon of his old protector's son, confessing, ere he died, that his was the fatal hand by which the sister of the conqueror was slain.

From this time the cry of the benshee was regularly heard at the fatal well, previous to the dissolution of any of the descendants of Fitzpatrick ; and, in time, it became so notorious, that the spring acquired the appellation of the " Benshee's Well," a name which it yet retains.

No matter whether a Fitzpatrick died in war or peace, abroad or at home, the cry that foretold the sad event was to be heard at the fountain where the apparition was first seen, and where the chieftain's daughter had been so treacherously assassinated by her lover. From this circumstance it was inferred that the Benshee was nothing more nor less than the murdered lady, on whom had been imposed the melancholy



duty of announcing to the descendants of her deceiver the fearful intelligence of their approaching destiny.

In one of the revolutions which this part of the country underwent, this branch of the Fitzpatricks were expelled from Ossory, and settled in the district of O'More, where their descendant, better than half a century ago, erected the mansion which is yet standing. This gentleman, as a necessary requisite to the retention of his property, had embraced the reformed religion ; and as a protestant is, in some measure, a negative papist, he determined to disbelieve the superstitious, as well as the religious creed of his ancestors ; but in nothing was he more positive than in the non-appearance of the Benshee. In vain the old retainers of his family alleged their having repeatedly heard the cry, and instanced the case of his father, who had expired in London on the very night it was last heard in Ireland. Still he was incredulous, and dared those who believed in the apparition to tell him when next the Benshee should be heard ; for, if she remained the usual time at the well, he would have an opportunity of seeing and hearing her, the distance not being quite a quarter of a mile.

Years rolled on, and no Benshee was heard, when Fitzpatrick became confirmed in his incredulity, forgetful that none of his family had, during all this time, needed such a monitor. At length a favourite daughter fell suddenly ill, and the alarmed father fled himself, at twelve o'clock at night, for a physician. Returning with the doctor, he heard a sad and solemn cry proceed from the direction of the well, and, thinking it a trick of some one to mock his incredulity, he hastened home, seized his pistols, and hurried alone to the fountain. Cautiously casting his eyes through an aperture of the shade that protected the water during the day from the sunbeams, he saw a female figure, dressed in white, sitting on the bank, and uttering a most melancholy cry. Enraged at what he thought an attempt to terrify himself, and possibly accelerate the death of his child, he cocked his pistol, aimed at the object, and fired. A scream of superhuman force and horror, that nearly froze the blood in his veins, instantly burst upon him : and, as he turned to fly, the figure of the Benshee, all covered with blood, crossed his path, and continued, at intervals, to intercept him as he ran. When he reached home he rushed into his daughter's room, and on his entrance

the sick girl screamed out, "See, see! oh see that beautiful lady, all covered with blood!" "Where, oh! where?" demanded the father? "In the window, sir," replied the poor creature,— "oh! no, she's gone."

From that moment the patient, in spite of the doctor's skill, continued to grow worse; and next day, about twelve o'clock, she expired. On that evening, about twilight, as the afflicted father was pacing up and down one of the walks in his garden that overlooked the avenue, he was surprised at hearing a noise as if a coach and horses were coming up to the house. Casting his eyes over the edge, he distinctly saw six black headless horses, driven by a headless coachman, drawing a hearse, which regularly stopped before the hall door, and to his amazement a coffin was brought out and placed upon it, when instantly the bloody figure of the Benshee mounted upon the pall, and the hearse drove off.

When he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment he ran into the house, where, finding the corpse as he had left it, he began to suspect that his eyes had deceived him. "By no means," said his lady; "that hearse follows my father's family; I saw it myself when one of my uncles died, and you know it's quite as *natural* as the Benshee'—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Fitzpatrick, "there she is, outside of the window, bloody, and vindictive-looking as when I shot her! She recedes—she's gone; Heaven forefend from me her wrath; for I am sure she bodes me evil!"

His apprehensions were but too just; for next day another of his children died; and he could not stir from home any night after dark without encountering the appalling figure of the Benshee. She crossed his path, whether he rode or walked—was alone, or in company; till, at length, in the hope of avoiding her, he quitted the country, and passed over into England, where he soon after died.

The enraged Benshee, whose kind offices were so badly requited, was never heard to lament the approaching death of a Fitzpatrick after the night she had been fired at. In fact, her services in that way appeared to cease, as she has only since been known as the persecutor of those over whose existence she would, if properly treated, have continued to watch.

About twenty years ago the mansion of Fitzpatrick was

visited by the owner, with the intention of residing in it ; when, on the night of his arrival, the dreadful cry of the infuriated Benshee assailed the house, and continued to do so nightly until it was once more deserted ; since which time it has been totally uninhabited.

Such is the strange relation which is familiar in the mouths of the peasantry in that part of the country where the incidents are supposed to have taken place. But the idea here given of a Benshee is by no means without exceptions ; for, in some parts of the country, the apparition is described as an old man, and, in others, an old woman, who announce their doleful news from the ashes' corner, or from under the staircase. In general, however, the Benshee is understood to be like a beautiful young woman, who utters her melancholy cry, sometimes once, and sometimes twice, before death, near to a spring, a river, or a lake. Whether she is the friend or enemy of the family to which she is attached is not distinctly understood.

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### THINK OF ME.

Oh ! think of me when thou'rt away,  
In other scenes more blythe and gay,  
Than greet thee on this barren moor,  
Where nought but dark'ning tempests lower.

E'en where thy bark shall proudly ride  
Upon the green-hu'd ocean's tide,  
And, shouldst thou reach another clime,  
Remember her thou'rt left behind.

And if misfortunes round thee rise,  
Or if beset with enemies,  
My prayers to heaven shall then ascend,  
And mercies in return descend.

Then think of me when far away,  
In winter's gloom, and summer's day ;  
And, shouldst thou fairer beauties see,  
Forget not, oh ! forget not me.

D. M. L.

## COBUS YERKS.

A NEW YORK STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE DUTCH SENTINEL;" "THE SPANISH GIRL;" "THE EVE OF ST. JOHN," &c.

Little Cobus Yerk—his name was Jacob, but being a Dutchman, if not a double Dutchman, it was rendered in English, Cobus—little Cobus, I say, lived on the banks of Sawmill River, where it winds close under the brow of the Raven Rock, an enormous precipice jutting out of the side of the famous Buttermilk Hill, of which the reader has doubtless often heard. It was a rude romantic spot, distant from the high road, which, however, could be seen winding up the hill about three miles off. His nearest neighbours were at the same distance, and he seldom saw company except at night, when the fox and the weasel sometimes beat up his quarters, and caused a horrid cackling among the poultry.

One Tuesday, in the month of November, 1793, Cobus had gone in his waggon to the little market town, on the river, from whence the boats plied weekly to New York, with the produce of the neighbouring farmers. It was then a pestilent little place for running races, pitching quoits, and wrestling for gin slings; but I must do it the credit to say, that it is now a very orderly town, sober, and quiet, save when Parson Mathias, who calls himself a son of thunder, is praying in secret, so as to be heard across the river. It so happened that of all the days in the year, this was the very day a rumour had got into town, that I myself—the veritable writer of this true story—had been poisoned by a dish of souchong tea, which was bought a great bargain of a country merchant. There was not a stroke of work done in the village that day. The shoemaker abandoned his awl—the tailor his goose—the hatter his bowstring—and the forge of the blacksmith was cool from dawn till nightfall. Silent was the sonorous harmony of the big spinning wheel. Silent the village song, and silent the fiddle of Master Timothy Canty, who passed his livelong time in playing tuneful measures, and catching bugs and butterflies. I must say something of Tim, before I go on with my tale.

Master Timothy was first seen in the village one foggy

morning after a dizzying, warm, showery night, when he was detected in a garret, at the extremity of the suburbs, and it was the general supposition that he had rained down in company with a store of little toads that were seen hopping about, as is usual after a shower. Around his garret were disposed a number of unframed pictures, painted on glass, as in the olden time, representing the Four Seasons, the old King of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in their sharp-pointed cocked hats; the fat, bald-pated Marquis of Granby, the beautiful Constantia Phillips, and divers others, not forgetting the renowned Kitty Fisher, who I honestly confess was my favourite among them all. The whole village poured into the garret to gaze at these chef-d'œuvres, and it is my confirmed opinion, which I shall carry to the grave, that neither the gallery of Florence, Dresden, nor the Louvre, was ever visited by so many real amateurs. Besides the pictures, there was a great many other curiosities, at least curiosities to the simple villagers, who were always sure of being welcomed by Master Tim with a jest, and a tune.

Master Tim, as they came to call him when they got to be a little acquainted, was a rare fellow, such as seldom rains down any where, much less in a country village. He was of "Merry England," as they call it—*lucus a non lucendo*—at least so he said, and I believe, although he belied his nativity, by being the merriest rogue in the world, even when the fog was at the thickest. In truth, he was ever in a good humour, unless it might be when a rare bug or gorgeous butterfly, that he had followed through thick and thin, escaped his net at last. Then, to be sure, he was apt to call the recreant all the "damned vagabonds" he could think of. He was a middle sized man, whose person decreased regularly, from the crown of his head to the—I was going to say—sole of his foot; but it was only to the commencement of the foot, to speak by the card. The top of his head was broad and flat, and so was his forehead, which took up at least two-thirds of his face, that tapered off suddenly to a chin, as sharp as the point of a triangle. His forehead was, indeed, a large field, diversified like the country into which he had rained down, with singular varieties of hill and dale, rayin and water-course. It had as many points as a periwinkle. The brow projected exuberantly, though not heavily, over a pair

of rascally little cross-firing twinkling eyes, that, as the country people said, looked at least nine ways for Sunday. His teeth were white enough, but no two of them were fellows. But his head would have turned the brains of a phrenologist, in exploring the mysteries of its development; it was shaped somewhat like Stony-Point—which every body knows as the scene of a gallant exploit of Pennsylvania Wayne—and had as many abruptnesses and quizzical protuberances to brag about. At the upper extremity of his forehead, as he assured us, he carried his money, in the shape of a piece of silver, three inches long and two wide, inserted there, in consequence of a fracture he got by falling down a precipice in hot chase of a “damned vagabond of a beetle,” as he was pleased to call him. Descending towards terra-firma, to wit, his feet, we find his body gradually diminishing to his legs, which were so thin, every body wondered how they could carry the great head; but, like Captain Wattle, each had a foot at the end of it, full as large as the Black Dwarf’s. It is so long ago, that I almost forget his costume. All I recollect is, that he never wore boots or pantaloons, but exhibited his spindles in all weathers, in worsted stockings, and his feet in shoes, gorgeously caparisoned in a pair of square silver buckles, the only pieces of finery he ever displayed.

In the merry months of spring and summer, and early in autumn Master Timothy was most of his time chasing bugs and butterflies about the fields, to the utter confusion of the people, who wondered what he could want with such trumpery. Being a genius and an idler by profession, I used to accompany him in these excursions, for he was fond of me, and called me vagabond oftener than he did any body else. He had a little net of green gauze, so constructed as to open and shut as occasion required, to entrap the small fry, and a box with a cork bottom, with which he impaled his prisoners with the true scientific barbarity of sticking a pin into them. Thus equipped, this Don Quixotte of bug-catchers, with myself, his faithful esquire, would sally out of a morning into the clovered meadows and flower dotted fields, over brook, through tangled copse and briery dell, in chase of these gentlemen commoners of nature. Ever and anon, as he came upon some little retired nook, where nature, like a modest virgin, shrouded her

beauties from the common view—a rocky glen, romantic cottage, rustic bridge, or brawling stream, he would take out his little port-folio, and pointing me to some conspicuous station to animate his little landscape, sketch it and me together, with a mingled taste and skill I have never since seen equalled. I figure in all his landscapes, although he often called me a vagabond, because he could not drill me into picturesque attitudes. But the finest sport for me, was to watch him creeping slyly after a humming-bird—the object of his most intense desires—half buried in the bliss of the dewy honeysuckle, and just as he was on the point of covering it with his net, to see the little vagrant flit away with a swiftness that made it invisible. It was an invaluable sight to see Master Timothy stand wiping his continent of a forehead, and blessing the bird for a “damned vagabond.” These were pleasant times, and at this moment I recall them, I hardly know why, with a melancholy, yet pleasing delight.

During the winter season, Master Timothy was usually employed in the day-time, painting pleasure sleighs, which at that period it was the fashion among the farmers to have as fine as fiddles. Timothy was a desperate hand at a true lover’s knot, a cipher, or a wreath of flowers—and as for a blazing sun—he painted one for the squire, that was seriously suspected of melting all the snow in ten miles round. He would go ten or a dozen miles to paint a sleigh, and always carried his materials on a board upon the top of his head ;—it was before the invention of high crowned hats. Destiny had decreed he should follow this trade, and nature had provided him a head on purpose ; it was as flat as a pancake. In the long winter evenings, it was his pleasure to sit by the fireside, and tell enormous stories to groups of horror-struck listeners. I never knew a man that had seen so many ghosts in his day, as Master Tim Canty. Peace to his ashes—he is dead, and if report is to be credited, is sometimes seen on moonlight nights in the church-yard, with his little green gauze net, chasing moths and beetles, as he was wont in past times.

But it is high time to return to my story ; for I honestly confess I never think of honest Tim that I don’t grow as garrulous as an old lady, talking about the revolution and the yagers. In all country villages I ever saw or heard of whenever anything strange, new, horrible, or delightful, happens,

or is supposed to have happened, all the male inhabitants, not to say female, make for the tavern as fast as possible, to hear the news, or tell the news, and get at the bottom of the affair. I don't deny that truth is sometimes to be found at the bottom of a well; but in these cases she is generally found at the bottom of the glass. Be this as it may—when Cobus Yerks looked into the village inn, just to say, how d'yedo, &c. to the landlady, he beheld a party of some ten or a dozen people, discussing the affair of my being poisoned, with sou-chong tea, which by this time had been extended to the whole family, not one of whom had been left alive, by the bloody-minded damsel, rumour.

Cobus could not resist the fascination of these horrors. He edged himself in among them, and, after a little while, they were joined by Master Timothy, who, on hearing of the catastrophe of his old fellow-labourer in bug-catching, had strode over a distance of seven miles to our house, to ascertain the truth of the story. He of course found it was a mistake, and had now returned with a nefarious design of frightening them all out of their wits, by a story of more than modern horrors. By this time it was the dusk of the evening, and Cobus had many miles to travel before he could reach home. He had been so fascinated by the story, and the additions every moment furnished by various new-comers, that he forgot the time till it began to grow quite dark; and then he was so horror-struck at what he had heard, that he grew fast to his chair in the chimney corner, where he had entrenched himself. It was at this moment Master Timothy came in with the design aforesaid.

The whole party gathered round to know if the story of the poisoning was true. Tim shook his head, and the shaking of such a head was awful. "What! all the family?" cried they with one voice. "Every soul of them," cried Tim, in a hollow voice. "Every soul of them, poor creatures; and not only they, but all the cattle, horses, pigs, ducks, chickens, cats, dogs, and guinea-hens, are poisoned." "What! with souchong tea?" No—with coloquintida." Coloquintida! the very name was enough to poison a whole generation of Christian people. "But the black bull-dog!" cried Timothy, in a sepulchral voice, that curdled the very marrow of their innermost bones. "What of the black bull-dog?"



quoth little Cobus. "Why, they do say that he came to life again after laying six hours stone dead, and ran away howling like a devil incarnate." "A devil incarnate!" quoth Cobus, who knew no more about the meaning of that fell word, than if it had been Greek: he only knew it was something very terrible. "Yes," replied Timothy, "and what's more, I saw where he jumped over the barn-yard gate, and there was the print of a cloven foot, as plain as the day light this blessed minute." It was as dark as pitch, but the comparison was considered proof positive. "A cloven foot!" quoth Cobus, who squeezed himself almost into the oven, while the thoughts of going home all alone in the dark, past the church-yard, the old grave at the cross-roads, and above all, the spot where John Ryer was hanged for shooting the sheriff, smote upon his heart, and beat it into a jelly—at least it shook like one. What if he should meet the big black dog, with his cloven foot, who howled like a devil incarnate! the thought was enough to wither the heart of a stone.

Cobus was a little knock-kneed, broad faced, and broad shouldered Dutchman, who believed all things past, present, and to come, concerning spooks, goblins, and devils, of all sorts and sizes, from a fairy to a giant. Tim Canty knew him of old, for he had once painted a sleigh for him, and frightened Cobus out of six night's sleep, by the story of a man he once saw murdered on Hounslow Heath. Tim followed up the story of the black dog, with several more, each more appalling than the other, till he fairly lifted Cobus's wits off the hinges, aided as he was by certain huge drafts upon a pewter mug, with which the little man reinforced his courage at short intervals. He was a true disciple of the doctrine that spirit and courage, that is to say, whiskey and valor, were synonymous.

It now began to wax late in the evening, and the company departed, not one by one, but in pairs, to their respective homes. The landlady, a bitter root of a woman, and more than a match for half the men in the village, began to grow sleepy, as it was now no longer worth her while to keep awake. Gradually all became quiet, within and without the house, except now and then the howling of a wandering cur, and the still more doleful moanings of the wind, accompanied by the hollow thumpings of the waves, as they dashed on the rocky shores of the river that ran hard by. Once, and once only,

the cat mewed in the garret, and almost caused Cobus to jump out of his skin. The landlady began to complain that it grew late, and she was very sleepy; but Cobus would take no hints, manfully keeping his post in the chimney corner, till at last the good woman threatened to call up her two negroes, and have him turned neck and heels out of doors. For a moment the fear of the big black dog with the cloven foot, was mastered by the fear of the two stout black men, and the spirit moved Cobus towards the door, lovingly hugging the stone jug, which he had taken care to have plentifully replenished with the creature. He sallied forth in those graceful curves, which are affirmed to constitute the true lines of beauty; and report says that he made a copious libation of the contents of the stone jug outside the door, ere the landlady, after assisting to untie his patient team, had tumbled him into his waggon. This was the last that was seen of Cobus Yerks.

That night his faithful, though not very obedient, little wife, whom he had wedded at Tappan, on the famous sea of that name, and who wore a cap trimmed with pink ribbons when she went to church on Sundays, fell asleep in her chair, as she sat anxiously watching his return. About midnight she waked; but she saw not her beloved Cobus, nor heard his voice calling upon her to open the door. But she heard the raven, or something very like it, screaming from the Raven Rock, the foxes barking about the house, the wind whistling and moaning among the rocks and trees of the mountain side, and a terrible commotion among the poultry, Cobus having taken the great house dog with him that day. Again she fell asleep, and waked not until the day was dawning: she opened the window, and looked forth upon as beautiful an autumnal morning, as ever blessed this blessed country. The yellow sun threw a golden lustre over the many-tinted woods, painted by the cunning hand of nature with a thousand varied dyes; the smoke of the neighbouring farm-houses rose straight upwards to heaven in the pure atmosphere, and the breath of the cattle mingled its warm vapour with the invisible clearness of the morning air. But what were all these beauties of delicious nature to the eye and the heart of the anxious wife, who saw that Cobus was not there?

She went forth to the neighbours to know if they had seen him, and they good naturedly sallied forth to seek him on the

road, that led from the village to his home ; but no traces of him could be found, and they were returning with bad news for his anxious wife, when they bethought themselves of turning into a by-road that led to a tavern, which used whilome to attract the affections of honest Cobus, and where he was sometimes wont to stop and wet his whistle.

They had not gone far, when they began to perceive traces of a lost traveller : first his broad-brimmed hat, which he had inherited through divers generations, and which he always wore when he went to the village, lay grovelling in the dirt, crushed out of all goodly shape, by the wheel of his waggon, which had passed over it. Next, they encountered the back board of the waggon, ornamented with C. Y. in a true lover's knot, painted by Tim Canty. in his best style ; and anon a little farther, a shoe that was identified as having belonged to our hero, by having upwards of three hundred hob-nails in the sole, for he was a saving little fellow, though he would wet his whistle sometimes, in spite of all his wife and the minister could say. Proceeding about a hundred yards further, to a sudden turn of the road, they encountered the waggon, or rather the fragments of it, scattered about and along in the highway, and the horses standing quietly against a fence, into which they had run the pole of the waggon.

But what was become of the unfortunate driver, no one could discover. At length, after searching some time, they found him lying in a tuft of blackberry briars, amidst the fragments of the stone jug, lifeless and motionless. His face was turned upwards, and streaked with streams of blood ; his clothes torn, bloody, and disfigured with dirt ; and his pipe, that he carried in the button-hole of his waistcoat, shivered all to nought. They made their way to the body, full of sad forebodings, and shook it, to see if any life remained ; but it was all in vain—there seemed neither sense nor motion there. " May be, after all," said one, " he is only in a swoond—here is a little drop of the spirits left in the bottom of the jug—let us hold it to his nose—it may bring him to life.

The experiment was tried, and, wonderful to tell, in a moment or two, Cobus opening his eyes, and smacking his lips with peculiar satisfaction, exclaimed—"Some o' that, boys !" A little shaking brought him to himself, when being asked to give an account of the disaster of his waggon and his stone

jug, he at first shook his head mysteriously, and demurred. Being, however, taken to the neighbouring tavern, and comforted a little with divers refreshments, he was again pressed for his story, when, assuming a face of awful mystification, he began as follows :—

“ You must know,” said Cobus, “ I started rather late from town, for I had been kept there by—by business ; and because you see, I was waiting for the moon to rise, that I might find my way home in the dark night. But it grew darker and darker, until you could not see your hand before your face, and at last I concluded to set out, considering that I was as sober as a deacon, and my horses could see their way blindfold. I had not gone quite round the corner, where John Ryer was hung for shooting Sheriff Smith, when I heard somebody coming pat, pat, pat, close behind my waggon. I looked back, but I could see nothing, it was so dark. By and by, I heard it again, louder and louder, and then I confess I began to be a little afeard ; so I whipt up my horses a quarter of a mile or so, and then let them walk on again.— I listened, and pat, pat, pat, went the noise again. I began to be a good deal frightened ; but, considering it could be nothing at all, I thought I might as well take a small dram, as the night was rather chilly, and I began to tremble a little with the cold. I took but a drop, as I am a living sinner, and then went on quite gaily—but pat, pat, pat, went the footsteps ten times louder and faster than ever ; and then !— then I looked back, and saw a pair of saucer eyes just at the tail of my waggon, as big and as bright as the mouths of a fiery furnace, dancing up and down in the air like two stage lamps in a rough road.

“ By Gosh, boys, but you may depend I was scared now ! I took another little dram, and then made the whip fly about the ears of old Pepper and Billy, who cantered away at a wonderful rate, considering. Presently bang ! something heavy jumped into the waggon, as if heaven and earth were coming together. I looked over my shoulder, and the great burning eyes were within half a yard of my back. The creature was so close that I felt its breath blowing upon me, and it smelt for all one, exactly like brimstone. I should have jumped out of the waggon, but, somehow or other, I could not stir, for I was bewitched as sure as you live. All I could

do was to bang away upon Pepper and Billy, who rattled along at a great rate up hill and down, over the rough roads, so that if I had not been bewitched, I must have tumbled out to a certainty. When I came to the bridge at old Mangham's, the black dog, for I could see something black and shaggy under the goggle eyes, all at once jumped up and seated himself close by me on the bench, snatched the whip and reins out of my hands like lightning—then looking me in the face and nodding, he whispered something in my ear, and lashed away upon Pepper and Billy, till they seemed to fly through the air. From that time I began to lose my wits by degrees, till at last the smell of brimstone overpowered me, and I remember nothing till you found me this morning in the briers."

Here little Cobus concluded his story, which he repeated with several variations and additions to his wife, when he got home. That good woman, who, on most occasions, took the liberty of lecturing her good man, whenever he used to be belated in his excursions to the village, was so struck with this adventure, that she omitted her usual exhortation, and ever afterwards viewed him as one ennobled by supernatural communication, submitting to him as her veritable lord and master. Some people, who pretend to be so wise that they won't believe the evidence of their senses, when it contradicts their reason, affected to be incredulous, and hinted that the goggle eyes, and the brimstone breath, appertained to Cobus Yerks's great house-dog, which had certainly followed him that day to the village, and was found quietly reposing by his master, in the tuft of briers. But Cobus was ever exceeding wrath at this suggestion, and, being a sturdy little bruiser, had knocked down one or two of these unbelieving sinners, for venturing to assert that the contents of the stone jug were at the bottom of the whole business. After that, every body believed it, and it is now for ever incorporated with the marvellous legends of the renowned Buttermilk Hill.

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#### WRITTEN IN A NOBLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

With eyes of wonder these gay shelves behold,  
Poets all rags alive, now clad in gold ;  
In life and death one common fate they share,  
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

## SAINT OLAVE.

A MANKS LEGEND.

BY T. W. SHARPE, ESQ.

“Magnus, King of Norway, having committed sacrilège, by opening the grave of St. Olave, he was commanded by the spirit of the offended saint; to perform the voluntary penance of quitting the kingdom in thirty days. He resigned his crown, equipped a numerous fleet, collected a large body of troops, and quitted Norway at the time appointed. This prince having conquered many of the Western Isles, at length established himself in Man. Attempting afterwards the reduction of Ireland, he was surrounded by the natives, and slain, with the whole of his followers.”

Olave, of rocky Norway's saints, the holiest and the best,  
Entomb'd in tumuli enjoys a calm and peerless rest ;  
By all of heav'n's votaries in saintly rank renown'd,  
As high in blessedness, and chief in holy missal crown'd.

The dead, in holy, stilly peace, the sacred dead repose,  
Afar from earth's turmoil and grief, and all of sick'ning woes ;  
From racking pain, and withering pride, and avarice's care,  
Secure they rest in solitude, unaw'd by sin or fear.

To sack the gloomy sepulchre of lately living clay,  
From cheerful day and life remov'd, by dreaded death away,  
Is crime indeed of blackest hue, deserving exile's fate,  
From native climes ordain'd to feel, an outlaw's dreary state.

Could Norway's priest-despising chief, deem sacrilege a crime  
Fitting for absolution, or, dark penance of set time ?  
That daring such all-dreaded sin, he gazes on the grave,  
And tramples o'er the hallow'd dust of canoniz'd Olave.

Lone sepulchre in holy earth—sure wickedness so dire,  
Of holy man and sacred place, incenses heaven's ire ,  
Can less than ever banishment from Norway's ice-bound land,  
Stay sure revenge—pursuing fate—and justice awful hand.

Away he sails—the foaming seas as corsair now he laves,  
Dauntless—heroic—daring winds, and man-entombing waves,  
To visit other lands afar—to combat chiefs of fame,  
In battle-field to spread around the dread of Norway's name.

Lone Mona's sea-girt isle he dares with spear and flashing sword,

Usurping regal rule and right by power of private horde ;  
Yet vengeance drear, and dark desert of direst actions, crave  
A bloody death, a justice clear, a dark usurper's grave.

On Erin's lovely land he falls, awarded darksome doom,  
When, ruffian-like, he dar'd profane the saintly Olave's tomb ;  
He leaves his conquests, kingdoms, crowns, and all of earthly state,

To sleep in loneliness, and fill his dark predicted fate.

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### THE ADVENTURER.

The traveller who turns aside to pluck at every flower, or who sometimes hurries, and sometimes loiters, will find himself distanced at last by those who calmly pace on, and are neither diverted by difficulties, nor attracted by every casual appearance of temporary pleasure. This observation is fully verified by the restless disposition displayed in the character of the individual who forms the subject of the following sketch.

Will Ramble, on quitting his studies, at the age of eighteen, was taken into the counting-house of a West-Indian merchant. His relations augured well to his success in commerce, from his known talents and activity. In any situation he might have shone ; but he chose rather to dazzle for a moment, than to preserve a clear and steady light. He became master of all the routine of the counting-house in less than twelve months, and at the same time was tired of its employ.

Why, thought our hero, should he be longer confined to ledgers and waste-books ? here he had nothing more to learn. His solicitation to be permitted to take a trading voyage for the benefit of his employer, overcame both the merchant and his own relations. He was soon equipped, and set sail for the West Indies, in raptures at the idea of seeing the world. A storm, however, which he had to encounter before clearing the channel, gave him no very favourable opinion of the felicity of sailor's life ; but the storm vanished, and, with it, his sense of danger and uneasiness. The remainder of the voyage was

barren of occurrences. He landed in due time in the island of Jamaica, to which the vessel was bound; and in consequence of his eagerness to visit the new scenes which presented themselves, his hurry, and his neglect of proper precautions, he soon fell sick of the endemial fever of the West Indies, and with difficulty escaped the grave. Our adventurer now began to reflect on his imprudence, regretted his having left the counting-house to encounter needless dangers, and began to form resolutions of checking his natural propensity for change. The vow formed in illness, and under restraint, is seldom observed when health returns. Young Ramble felt all the vagaries of his natural disposition as soon as he recovered. He made himself speedily acquainted with the management of sugar plantations, and with the West-India trade in general; but, as he possessed a heart of melting benevolence, the task-master met with his unqualified detestation—the situation of the slave awakened his most indignant feelings.

He soon became disgusted with a traffic, in which blood was shed without pity, and whips were the reward of toil. He saw the ship freighted with pleasure, and bade adieu to these islands without regret. He had a pleasant voyage, returned full of information, and had obtained the credit of prudent and dexterous management; but he was sick of what he had seen; and for once, goodness of principle united with versatility of disposition to induce him to relinquish this branch of commerce, at least. But there were numerous other avenues to wealth in the mercantile profession. Had not our hero been tired of the whole, he might have selected parts that would have suited almost any taste, and gratified the principles of any mind.

For some time, however, he had set his heart on being a soldier. When his connexions found that his resolution in this respect could not be shaken, they procured a liberation from his original engagements, and purchased a pair of colors for him. He joined his regiment, which was quartered in the country, strutted in a laced coat and cockade, and thought himself the happiest fellow alive. So he was, for a few weeks; but here he found that he had little to learn, and less to practise, and his mind revolted at the idea of quiet; he found it necessary to be doing something, and in conformity to this principle, he exchanged into a regiment, just about to sail for the East Indies.



A new scene, and a new quarter of the globe, again pleased and attracted his fancy. He anticipated the greatest felicity from his new change; but fortune determined otherwise. The ship in which he had embarked was wrecked on the Maldivia Islands. He singly preserved life by swimming; but could save few of those accommodations that render it delightful. As he hated idleness, as much as he disliked any constant employ, he set about providing the means of subsistence with all possible diligence, ingratiated himself with the natives, and became a mighty favourite with their chief. Had not the thought of being cut off from polished society disturbed him, he might have been happy still. For a short space, he did not form any particular plan for effecting his deliverance. He, indeed, kept a good look-out for any ship that might pass; but such a chance was rare. At last he bethought himself of attempting something. He persuaded the Maldivians that he could teach them to build ships. The bait took—in a few weeks the first vessel was constructed;—she was strong, but of rude formation; and all were eager to see her launched, and to try her on the waves. Young Ramble selected the best mariners, as well as those who appeared friendly to his interest, to have the honor of this experiment. He had fortunately saved a compass, and other necessities, from the wreck; and had privately laid in a small stock of provisions. The vessel sailed to a miracle; all were delighted with this nautic excursion; and by degrees they lost sight of land. Now was the critical moment! his associates wished to return; he distributed some liquors among them, and made a feint to tack about; but the wind being pretty high, and blowing off the shore, this could not be effected. He veered on another tack with no better success, as he wished to be delivered. At length, no person, except himself, knew the direction of the shore they had left.

Night coming on, he steered by the compass, and kept his companions in good humour, by telling them there was no doubt of their landing next morning. In the mean while, he made the best of the wind and the time; and, as no one could presume to direct the course of the vessel but himself, all were fearful of interfering; and, on the third day, he providentially landed near Cape Comorin.

From thence our hero undertook a long journey to Fort St. George, where he was soon replaced in his rank, and sent

with a detachment against one of the country powers who had just revolted. Captain Ramble, as we shall now call him, behaved with abundant resolution, success crowned the endeavours of his country, and he was now rapidly rising in his new profession, when he once more became dissatisfied and disgusted with it, because he was confined to a garrison, while the range of the whole peninsula of India would scarcely have gratified his roving ambition.

As he had behaved with bravery, and evinced a fertility of resources on every emergency, he was allowed to sell out, though with concern for his loss; and the very next day he entered on board of a ship bound to China, with no other view than to ascertain whether the Chinese women have smaller feet than the Europeans, from nature or from art, and to drink tea, as he termed it, at the fountain head.

He had no sooner arrived in China, than he wished to survey the country; but he had nearly forfeited his life by the attempt. A country not to be seen, had no charms for Captain Ramble, and he returned in an India ship which was sailing for Europe, as wise as he went; but with a very unfavourable opinion of Chinese hospitality, though he ought to have done justice to its policy. On reaching the Cape of Good Hope, he determined to proceed no further till he had visited the Hottentots, and ascertained some facts in their formation and natural history.

It would be endless to enumerate all his adventures in this quarter of the globe. Sometimes he was reduced to the greatest distress and danger; but his ingenuity always brought him off. At last he landed in England, found his father was no more, and, in consequence, took possession of his patrimony.

It might have been supposed that his adventures would now have terminated, and that he would have been happy in the enjoyment of that quiet which fortune allowed him to possess. No such thing: he had never made the tour of Europe; and he was determined not to sit down as a country gentleman, till he had visited the continent. He soon reached Paris; here he began to display his usual activity; he could neither be idle, nor usefully employed. He began with uttering some speculative opinions, by the adoption of which, he conceived that the French government might be vastly improved.

and the country made one of the most desirable in the world. For these, he was speedily rewarded with a lodging in a French prison. After a close confinement of two years, he was liberated ; but the hardships he had undergone ruined his health, and he died at Paris, in a few weeks after he had recovered his liberty.

The heedless career of Will Ramble will, it is hoped, caution others against giving way to a roving and unsettled turn of mind. He might have been happy—he might have been honored in any situation, had he stuck to it ; but he rendered himself miserable by a romantic search after he did not know what.

Never, on slight grounds, relinquish the station in which you are first placed. If you once deviate from the track intended for you, it is no easy matter to recover it. It is, therefore, wise to oppose the first irregular sallies of the mind. The road of life will be easy, when once you have obtained mastery over yourself.

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## THE SILENT NIGHT.

BY J. A. SHEA.

'Tis night ! extends the moonlight sky

Her silver wings from east to west,  
And the bright rays of stars on high.

Like glances of the wondering blest,  
Look downward from their land of light  
Upon the calm—the silent night.

The silent night ! oh, time of bliss !

How sighs the soul, and throbs the heart,  
Through sunshine for an hour like this,

When thoughts of earthly cares depart !  
And bosoms, warm with love's delight,  
Mingle beneath the silent night.

For me, who have no lip of smiles,

Nor breast of love to meet or press,  
Enough to watch the starry isles,

And walk in moonlight loveliness :  
To wing my soul beyond their flight,  
And commune with the silent night.

## HOME HARVEST.

And Tom and Dick, and Bill and Joe,  
 And Humphrey with his flail,  
 And Tom kissed Betty —————

*Glee of Dame Durdon.*

I will not swear but that I may be sometimes very much abused at merry meetings—especially homely ones; but I am entirely positive that, at such, there would be no fun at all without me. The good-natured gibe, the innocent jest, would fail to drop glibly from the unmoistened lips; there would be no “excellent music,” no “flashes of merriment” ripping up the “ravelled sleeve of care,” no personifications of “laughter holding both his sides,” nothing that cures sorrow and kills grief, if Sir John Barleycorn did not hold his place at the feast-board, the worshipped tutelary saint of the holiday. It would, indeed, be a *dry-saw-dust* kind of make-believe without me.

It is not one of the least important improvements of our times, that I am again becoming popular and of exceeding estimation in the houses of the great. Under one of my aliases, or alii, if I may make for myself a plural, that of “Old October,” I am again petted in the steward’s room, and sent round in chrystal at the table of “my lord.” This is indeed as it should be, and the revolution thus effected in my favour is of more vital importance to the common-weal of Britain, than if all our boroughs were made pure, all our senators disinterested, all our lawyers honest, our poor-laws free from hardship, and our game-code free from objection. There is not a man that takes me by the hand but contributes his mite to the wealth of the nation, and the best commentary that a monarch can make upon his address to his parliament, when he pledges himself to support the trade and commerce of his country, is to grant me a presentation, and to imbibe my arguments, be they never so potent.

But it is at the unsophisticated board of our “country’s pride”—a “bold” and happy “peasantry,” that I am, perhaps, in my “tip-top” glory; and, even there, at no other time so glorious as at that jubilee of accomplished hopes and ardent labours, the “merry harvest home.” It is then that I embrace, overpower, almost kill my enthusiastic votaries

with kindness—it is then that I am the be-all and the end-all there—it is then that I move around without a parallel—then that I become Sir Oracle, and, dazzling with my clearness my enraptured votaries, it is then that I almost, nay often quite, induce them to *double* in idea the delights by which they are captivated and caught.

It was but a moon since—I believe they connect in idea these meetings with moons—that I, to use a plain but serviceable phrase, “played first fiddle” at a jolly harvest-home. It was held in a regular olden-style mansion, and what is as good, with the olden-style customs too. There was the master—“the founder of the feast,” as goes the *cue* ballad of the celebration; and there was the “mistress,” and there were their family, the “young farmer” being at the head of them, and the “bettermost” people of the parish. And thither, too, came “the halt and lame,” who once could shake a foot, and sport a toe—and the blithe and active, who would do so now—and thither flocked the bailiff, not he of writs and bonds, but he of ricks and herds—and the shepherd and the dairy-men, and their wives and their children, all came, even down to the little carter-boys and the pig-keepers—all came,

“For it was the peasant’s holiday,  
And made for to be merry.”

I was deemed of too much importance to become common during the demolition of veal-pies and rounds of beef, my younger brother, Mr. *Single X*, being more thought of just at that period: so I made myself useful in the metamorphosis of “a carver,” and laid the foundations of my train by feeding the bumpkins with something more substantial than flattery—secure in the knowledge (as was Nelson, when he broke the line at the Nile), that *my time would come*.

Need I now describe the feats of arms and appetite here displayed? Need I dilate of hopes no longer deferred, of expectations realized, of manœuvrings of the knife and fork, and they were the sabre and the pike, and the baron of beef the enemy to be annihilated; in short, dare I attempt the transfer of the whole lively eager scene, its clatter, and its clamours; the *Διὸς δὲ κλαγγή* of its exertions, to this record! My friends, I dare not, the thing is impossible; I must leave it

to your imaginations, with this special piece of gratuitous admonition. You that have heard and seen harvest-home merriments, go and see and hear them as oft as they occur again; and ye that have not, embrace the first opportunity of doing so, and dwell in ignorance no longer.

But the keen demands of appetite are allayed—the beef has yielded, the plum-puddings *are not*. The brown oaken clean-rubbed table is cleared of the broken-down salt-sellers and the wounded platters; the fragments are gathered up, and polished horns and clear drinking-cups are arranged around, like the satellites and tributary stars round one bright and glorious planet, whilst I in the midst, showing my crowned head above a portly throne, reign omnipotent, and in the hearts of my people, fearing no rebellion against my decrees, no treason against my authority. He of Plantagenet may boase his peculiarities, but it is I that “have no brother, am like no brother;” I only that am “myself alone.”

Then soon came also the evidences of my potency—the pleasant proofs of my winning ways: I mean the cheerful tale, and the hearty chaunt, and sly kissings, and squeezings of hands, and outpourings of honest protestations. Then came too the health of the “squire” and “madam,” and the rest of the “noble family,” till, at last, grown emboldened by the kind participation we lent to their merriment, they called upon the second son of our host, who was to be the future manager of the estate, for a song, after wishing him “good crops and fair seasons.” This young gentleman, for so he is every inch of him, had seen and mingled in good society, and, till recently, had been educated with little idea to an agricultural life; but he was a sportsman, and one that could drink his wine with Sir Harry, and his ale once or twice a year with his father’s labourers, and so he had the tact to suit his musical discourse to the temperament of its company, whilst its quality tickled their predilections. This is it:—

Come, fill high your glasses! There should not be one  
That would shrink from his post till our revels be done;  
In the morn over stubble and heather we’ll roam,  
But to-night, my companions, this, this is our home.  
Then fill the bright pewter, and crown the clean horn,  
And we’ll quaff to the health of old John Barleycorn.

I shall ne'er look about me at barn and at mow,  
But confess they are filled by the drops from your brow ;  
Nor see, rich in plenty, the smiles of my land,  
But own, next to God, they were raised by your hand ;  
And I ever would heal the fatigues of your horn,  
At eve with a bumper of John Barleycorn.

Oh ! the proud in their palace may revel in wealth,  
But ours, merry men, are the riches of health ;  
And whilst pomp scarce can hide the frail form and pale cheek,  
Our faces are glowing with Nature's own streak.  
And the viands of foplings we ever must scorn,  
When contrasted with those of hale John Barleycorn.

Then huzzah, brother farmers, we'll fill the cup yet,  
'Tis a home-harvest trophy we dare not forget.  
And as in the field we confess but one rule,  
Here, here, altogether we'll pull a strong pull ;  
Huzza, fellow-labourers, we've housed the rich corn,  
We'll now worship, we'll tipple, Sir John Barleycorn.

I flowed my delights—I overwhelmed the young squire, and the rest, with my gratitude, until I so insinuated myself into their good graces, that I really began to tremble lest the repeated and incessant drains upon my treasury, which in the shape of a portly barrel ornamented one corner of the kitchen, would not exhaust the ways and means of my four or five hours' empire. *Reels*, however, in which the performers soon become *naturally*, and spite of themselves, perfect, and other merry dances, acted as interludes between the comedy of *enough* and the farce of *too much* ; and I ultimately retired, conqueror of all, to our landlord's parlour, and drank a gigantic rummer of excellent punch to the next merry meeting, fortified and strengthened in my assurances, that not even at so desperate yet so glorious an engagement as an home-harvest, can friend or foe defeat or deny the omnipotence and majesty of

JOHN BARLEYCORN.







**TURNCOCK.** Digitized by Google

## THE TURNCOCK.

Most persons who perambulate the metropolis can bear testimony to the fidelity of the physiognomy, character, and costume of the New River Turncock, as delineated by George Cruikshank. The livery of his blue coat and shining hat, with N. R. painted on it, together with the implement of his profession, the turncock, carelessly thrown on his shoulder, renders him a very conspicuous public character : that he is an important one every person will acknowledge, for a cessation of his duties, for one day, puts a whole neighbourhood into an uproar, and sows the seeds of disaffection ; for then complaints of an ill supply of water pour in upon the board of directors, coupled with louder outcries against the impurities of the stream. Whilst on this head, perhaps we cannot do better than avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving publicity to the following statement, abridged from the Report of the Commissioners appointed by parliament to investigate the quality and salubrity of the water, and published in the Companion to the Almanack. The commissioners were, Dr. Roget, M. Brande, and Mr. Telford.

### QUALITY AND SALUBRITY OF THE WATER.

Assuming the supplies to be derived directly from the river, and to be subjected to no intermediate progress tending to purification, it is sufficiently obvious that the state of the weather will materially affect the purity of the water, which is sometimes comparatively pure and clear, and at others loaded with various matters in mechanical suspension, rendering it more or less coloured and turbid. In the latter state, when thrown into cisterns, &c., it is unfit for use ; but being allowed to rest, it forms a certain quantity of deposit, and becomes sufficiently clear for ordinary purposes. This deposit is the source of several evils : it renders the cisterns foul, and runs off into those pipes which issue from, or near the bottom of the reservoirs. By the agitation which accompanies every fresh influx of water, this deposit is constantly stirred up, and becomes a renewed source of contamination to the whole mass ; and although chiefly consistent of earthly substances in a state of minute division, it is apt also to con-

tain such proportion of organic matters, as will occasion a degree of putrefaction when collected in any quantity, especially in warm weather. Of this deposit more or less is always collected, especially where the service is direct from the river; and although some of the companies have reservoirs of such magnitude as to enable them to serve water partially purified by deposition, still the water is frequently supplied in a turbid state. In other cases the companies' reservoirs, however eminently useful in cases of fire, become objectionable in regard to the purity of the water, since the mud accumulates in them, and also proportionately in the main and branch pipes.

The greater number of complaints respecting the quality of the water have originated in the cause just alluded to. Some of the companies have attempted to obviate the difficulty by suffering the water to remain at rest for a sufficient time to become clear before the public are supplied. In some instances they have so far succeeded as materially to improve their service. When, however, from land-floods, or other causes, the river is very thick, they cannot allow due time for such subsidence; and even when most perfectly performed, the insects contained in the water, so far from being got rid of, become perhaps even more numerous. This is another just cause of complaint regarding the water, especially in hot seasons.

To obtain an effectual supply of clean water, free from insects and all suspended matters, the commissioners have taken into consideration various plans for filtering the River water through beds of sand and other materials: and find that it is possible to filter the whole supply at a limited expense, and with such rapidity as not to interfere with the regularity of service.

Insects and suspended impurities only, are separated by filtration. Whatever substances may be employed in the construction of filtering-beds, the purity of the water, as dependant upon matters held in a state of solution, cannot be improved by any practicable modification of the process. If, therefore, the water taken from the parts of the river whence the companies draw their supplies is contaminated by substances dissolved, or chemically combined, the most perfect system of filtering can effect only a partial purification.

When the river was at its average state, the Commissioners directed portions of water to be taken from different parts of it, at different times of the tide, and especially from those parts whence the companies draw their water, and also from situations higher up the river, where its quality could in no degree be influenced by the tide. To compare the state of the Thames water at London under different circumstances, they subsequently procured specimens from several parts of the river after an abundant fall of rain, and also others from places represented as particularly charged with impurities. A popular notion having prevailed that the water in the London Dock possessed peculiarly deleterious qualities, from an impregnation of copper, derived from the bottoms of ships, the Commissioners obtained portions of water from the dock taken at three different depths from the surface.

These specimens of water were analyzed by Dr. Bostock, "to ascertain how far the water of the Thames, contiguous to, or in the neighbourhood of London, is in a state proper for being employed in diet, and various other domestic purposes."

The general conclusion he deduces from the whole series of examinations, is expressed in the following passage of his Report:—

"It appears that the water of the Thames, when free from extraneous substances, is in a state of considerable purity, containing only a moderate quantity of saline contents, and those of a kind which cannot be supposed to render it unfit for domestic purposes, or to be injurious to the health. But as it approaches the metropolis it becomes loaded with a quantity of filth, which renders it disgusting to the senses, and improper to be employed in the preparation of food. The greatest part of this additional matter appears to be only mechanically suspended in it, and separates by mere rest. It requires, however, a considerable length of time to allow of the complete separation; while, on account of its peculiar texture, and comminuted state, it is disposed to be again diffused through the water by a slight degree of agitation, while the gradual accumulation of this matter in the reservoirs must obviously increase the unpleasant odour and flavour of the water, and promote its tendency to the putrid state."

Regarding the greatest part of the extraneous matter in the Thames, as mechanically mixed with it, a variety of incidental circumstances will affect its quantity in the same situation, and under the same circumstances of the tide ; but the observations are sufficiently uniform to warrant the Commissioners in concluding that the water is in the purest state at low tide, and the most loaded with extraneous matter at half ebb. It would appear, however, that a very considerable part, if not the whole of this extraneous matter, may be removed by filtration through sand, and still more effectually by a mixture of sand and charcoal.

The examination of the water taken from the London Dock showed that it did not contain the smallest appreciable quantity of copper.

From various inquiries respecting the state, purity, and general fitness for domestic use of Thames water, it appeared to be proved to the Commissioners, that the quality of water within the London district had suffered a gradual deterioration within the last ten years. This opinion is founded on the disappearance of fish from those parts of the river, and on the circumstance that the eels imported from Holland can now with great difficulty be kept alive in those parts of the Thames where they were formerly preserved in perfect health. Fishmongers in London also find it impossible to preserve live fish for any length of time in water taken from the same district.

The causes of these effects are perhaps principally to be traced to the increase of certain manufactories, amongst which those of coal-gas are the most prominent, polluting the river by their refuse ;—to the constant passage of steam-boats, by which the mud is stirred up, and to the peculiar nature of that mud, within the above-mentioned precincts. The great abundance with which water is supplied to the houses and manufactories of the metropolis, appears to be essentially connected with the augmented impurity of the river : for where refuse animal and vegetable matter of various descriptions used to be collected, and from time to time removed for the purposes of manure, it is now indiscriminately washed into the sewers, and conveyed into the Thames, and the sewers themselves are rendered much cleaner than formerly, by the quantity of water which runs to waste, and which has ren-

dered them less offensive, especially in those parts of the town where they used to be most liable to stagnation, and consequent putrescence. The water of the river is more polluted immediately after heavy rains, which force down the contents of the sewers, than after a continuance of dry weather, when its course is sluggish or altogether arrested. The great increase in the population of London and its suburbs on every side, must also be attended by a proportionate augmentation of extraneous matter carried into the Thames.

Other circumstances affect the fitness of the water, as now taken from the river for the supply of the town, such as the position of the suction pipes of the engines belonging to some of the companies, in regard to the mouths of the sewers, and the quantity of dead animals and offal thrown into the river in and about London.

Statements have been made respecting the insalubrity of the water as supplied by the companies. It is obvious that water receiving so large a proportion of foreign matter as the Thames, and so impure as to destroy fish, cannot, even when clarified by filtration, be pronounced entirely free from the suspicion of general insalubrity; nor does there appear any grounds for assuming the probability of any improvement in the state of the water drawn from the London district of the river.

Although the principal supply of water by the New River Company is not open to the same objectionable impregnations as that of the Thames, it is susceptible of much improvement. The occasional deficiency in quantity, which suggested the necessity of the engine at Broken Wharf, might be obviated by allowing a portion of that supply to be drawn from the River Lea, at Lea Bridge. But here the water is occasionally very muddy, receiving as it does the drainage of a considerable extent of country, in consequence of a right claimed by proprietors of adjacent lands, and which the company have at present no means of obviating; neither have they any power to prevent persons from bathing in their aqueduct.

The removal of these evils, together with the adoption of an extensive system of filtration, would materially contribute to the perfection of the New River supply. Great benefit would result if the inducement to bathe in the New River

were superseded by the establishment of public Baths ; and it was stated in evidence that the New River Company have voluntarily offered to furnish sufficient supplies of water for a purpose of such general utility.

The Commissioners thus conclude the report. :—

“ Taking into consideration the various circumstances to which we have now adverted, together with the details of evidence by which they are proved and illustrated, and also the facts derived from our own observation and experience, we are of opinion that the present state of the supply of water to the metropolis is susceptible of, and requires improvement. That many of the complaints respecting the quality of the water are well founded ; and that it ought to be derived from other sources than those now resorted to, and guarded by such restrictions as shall at all times ensure its cleanliness and purity.

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## RUINS OF HOLY PLACES. A SONNET.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

There is a spell in these hush'd cemetries,  
Entrancing, when the moon sleeps on her cloud ;  
And Fancy, in her rapt existence sees  
Cowl'd monks and vestals at their altar bow'd.  
And tho' the chapel has no sacred niche,  
Nor clear hozannas to the blue heaven swell,—  
Still, gushing amid flow'rs serene and rich,  
Moans the pure current of its sainted well !—  
But deep and beauteous is the oracle,  
Which, o'er these ruins, sheds its kindling ray :  
Yes, Virtue's radiance in her dust shall dwell,  
When helm and gonfalon have pass'd away ;  
And thoughts, like countless flow'rs upon the sod,  
Exalt the soul to holiness—and God !

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## THE UNCONSIDERED VOW.

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day,  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.—*Shakespeare.*

At middle watch of night,  
When sleep o'erhangs the world :  
Fell satan, in disguise,  
Stalks out upon the earth ;  
And laughs at human frailty,  
Himself the cause.—*J. H.*

"'Tis night, the demons issue from the earth ;  
To spend their time in evil—some in mirth."

In the year 1457, on one of those cold and dark nights, frequent in the gloomy month of November, Theodore Von Linderstein, a young student of Gottenburg, of good family and fortune, though unfortunately addicted to the baneful vice of gaming, issued from a tavern, not many yards from the university, which was the general resort of the students as well as the idlers of the city.

By his haggard look, and distorted countenance, it was evident he had been at his usual and favorite occupation ; by the same tokens, it was very clear he had been far from a successful player. In the madness of the moment, as he emerged from that receptacle of iniquity, the gaming house, he said, " May the fiend take me to the mouth of hell, if ever I throw dice, or touch a card again !" saying this, he drew his cloak around his shoulders, for the rain began to pour in torrents, accompanied by the distant sound of thunder, and livid flashes of lightning.

Every sound was hushed, and not a human soul was seen, as Theodore walked down the street leading to the university, whose large clock pointed to the hour of twelve, when, on a sudden, his ears were assailed by a continued peel of laughter ; he stopped—looked around—but saw no one. "'Tis strange," said he, " from whence this noise can proceed ; but they are happy, whilst I"—As he spoke, his eye was arrested by a light which came from an old and seemingly uninhabited dwelling, which had every appearance of having been unoccupied for some years ; he approached it for the purpose of procuring a shelter from the rain, which now increased ; finding the door was open, he entered, when, seated in a room, he discovered a little man, with a most remarkable



disgusting countenance, clothed in a suit of yellow leather, cut so as to fit the exact form of his body ; a single feather in his hat, and a long rapier, completed the habiliments of this singular personage, whose large mouth, extended by laughter, did not add any beauty to his unprepossessing appearance. He did not notice the approach of Theodore, who addressed him thus :—" Stranger, whose'er thou art, do not refuse an unfortunate wretch a shelter under your roof, whilst the rain continues ; but" he added, seeing the stranger made no answer, " if my presence pleases thee not, I will depart." The little man made no response, except by a long and hoarse laugh. Theodore's cheeks were flushed with anger, but, checking himself, he again addressed the stranger, who still continued laughing,—“ Judging by your humour that you will not refuse my boon, I remain, and, by the same reason, may I request to know the cause of your mirth.” He of the yellow coat and long sword, again laughed, when Theodore, not able to contain any longer his temper at this fresh insult, drew his sword.

“ This will check thy untimely mirth,” he said, making a pass at the little man, who now rose from his seat, and exhaling his long rapier, parried in that style which plainly showed that he was perfect master of fence. The combat was not long, for Von Lindenstien, blinded by rage, partly occasioned by his recent loss at the gaming table, as well as the insults of the stranger, was no match for the cool intrepidity of his antagonist, who, parrying a thrust made at him by Theodore, hit his sword out of his hand with such force, that the weapon striking against the wall, bounded out of the window.

The man in yellow now swelled to an enormous size, whilst, in a loud voice, he shouted, “ Thou art in my power,—but go—thy time is not yet come ; remember the words you uttered as you parted from the students at the gaming house—remember !” He had scarcely finished these mysterious words, when the house was filled with a noxious vapour, in which the stranger vanished. Theodore, now conscious that his late antagonist was the arch fiend himself, rushed with all the wildness of a maniac from the house, which instantly fell to the ground, and proceeded to his lodging.

The night following, Theodore was seen walking in the di-

rection of the rendezvous of the gamblers ;—he stopped before the door in hesitation. “ Was it a dream,” said he—“ the working of my imagination, or a reality ?” ‘ Thou art in my power ; remember the words you uttered as you left the students.’ Thus it spoke—could it be a shadow ?” At this moment he was interrupted by the approach of two of the students, who were of the last night’s party. “ Ah, Theodore,” said one, “ thou hast lost thy usual luck—had heavy losses last night ; but cheer up, man, by another throw, you may recover all ;” and, taking the unwilling Theodore by the arm, with the assistance of his companion, hurried him to the house.

The night was far advanced, when Theodore, by a succession of lucky throws, had more than regained that which he had lost the night preceding. In the hilarity occasioned by his fortune, he had forgot his vow, never to play again, when the great bell of the university tolled the hour of midnight ; suddenly a loud knocking at the door announced a visitor, and a man of a small stature, enveloped in a dark cloak, was ushered into the room where they were still playing : he spake not a word, but, to the astonishment of the gamblers, his form, which had before been remarkably small, now dilated to a superhuman and unnatural size. A universal shudder overcame the company, who had till then been all noise and rioting : silence reigned throughout—none could account for the mysterious visit of the still more mysterious stranger. Theodore, however, knew him, and his mission. The demon, —for he it was—approached Theodore, and said, “ Theodore Von Lindenstien, thou art mine—mine for ever.”—His victim, conscious of his inevitable fate, and overcome with the horrors of his situation, sunk, exhausted into the arms of the fiend, who bore him from the house.

From that night Theodore Von Lindenstien was never seen or heard of.

G. S——N S——H.

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### THE ALPINE ROBBER.

The mountain lifted in the noontide air—  
 Its summit, like a helm, bold, bright, and fair ;  
 Beneath it wound the wreath of forest oak ;  
 Down its rent side a sparkling torrent broke,

That, winding in a silvery, serpent trail,  
Gush'd through the heath and wild flowers, to the vale ;  
There lay at rest, its wild brief travel done,  
Pure as a sheet of steel, beneath the sun.

Beside the pool, beneath the thicket's shade,  
Were flung a bow, a lance, a Turkish blade,  
And round and round a female seem'd to creep,  
Like the sad watcher of some outlaw's sleep,  
Then pause, fling back the tresses of her hair,  
And strain, as if in agony, to hear.  
What sleeps beneath the rock ? The matted hair  
Shows the gaunt face of famine and despair ;  
He sleeps, but though his leaden eyelids close,  
His is the slumber that is not repose.  
Better the wildest waking agony,  
Than that deep groan, that struggling stifled cry ;  
And she, that by him drags her life away,  
Stands at his bidding, to be slain or slay.  
Alike, the fellow outcasts, crime and doom,  
That spot alike of both the den and tomb.  
Again she treads the robber's pillow round,  
Listens again—the world gives back no sound ;  
She gazes on the sleeper with a smile,  
But is that flush the hue of love, or guile ?  
She pauses—draws a poignard from her robe—  
Shall it her own, or that dark bosom probe ?  
She lifts the knife—But see, a sudden flash ;  
Shot comes on shot ; two bloodhounds downwards dash ;  
Loud winds the horn—not such the sounds that cheer  
The gallant chasers of the mountain deer ;  
Their chase is man, the bloodhounds stand at bay,  
Through copse and fen the hunters burst their way ;  
They reach the lake—the cave ; what find they there ?  
Ashes and blood, the human tiger's lair,  
The wreck of ancient spoil, the broken sword,  
The corslet that the robber's bullet bored.  
All else is gone, and, hark, upon the hill  
A shout, a laugh, that makes the senses thrill,  
There stands the robber at their utmost ken,  
Taunting their toils—their worthless prize his den !

POLLIO.



## DONALD O'BRIEN, THE OUTLAW.

A TALE OF IRELAND.

Unpriz'd are her sons till they've learned to betray ;  
 Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires ;  
 And the torch that should light them through dignity's way,  
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

*Moore*

On the banks of the clear yet rapid river Lee, in the midst of scenery truly sublime,—of craggy mountains, whose lofty summits cleave the skies in a thousand different, and, at the same time, beautiful shapes,—of rocky cliffs, whose immense height strikes the beholder with awe,—of mountain lakes, whose calm and unruffled surfaces are blackened by the shade of the surrounding craggs,—of scenery, in fine, which unites all that is grand and sublime with all that is picturesque and beautiful, stands the ancient castle of Carrigafoile. It has now fallen to ruin through neglect ; but still bears evident marks of having been inhabited at no distant period. The situation of the building is strikingly beautiful : it stands upon a peninsula formed by a bend of the river, whose impetuous current nearly surrounds it, leaving only a small isthmus which connects it with the main land, and which appears to have been strongly fortified. The banks of the river, to a consi-

derable distance on both sides, are crowned with woods of luxuriant growth, and the towering mountains form a grand back-ground to the picture. Such a scene cannot fail of arresting the gaze of the stranger who approaches it, and of recalling to his memory the days of yore, when the ruined building before him, now hushed in still serenity, re-echoed to the sounds of mirth and festivity ; such, at least, were the effects it produced on my mind, when it burst upon my view from the summit of a distant hill.

Anxious to know who had been the possessors of the building before me, and how it had come to its present ruinous condition, I sought the intelligence from some peasants who were at work in a field hard by. They informed me that it had belonged to a branch of the O'Brien family, and that it had been deserted since the death of Donald O'Brien, the last possessor. The name struck me immediately ; I knew that I had heard of him before, but where, I did not remember. On making some further inquiries, I was favored with his history ; and, as it may prove interesting to some readers, I give it, " without note or comment," as the circumstances were detailed to me.

" Descended from a noble family, which traced its origin from the illustrious Boru,—a man equally famous as a conquerer and as a lawgiver,—Donald O'Brien came into the possession of his property at an early age, by the death of his father, who was killed by a fall from his horse, leaving him an only son. His family had always preserved the creed and the customs of their forefathers, in spite of the severity of persecution, and notwithstanding the loss of a considerable portion of their hereditary property. Still they retained the possession of a large tract of country, the inhabitants of which looked up to them as their only earthly support, and which enabled them to keep up the old Irish customs in all their primitive simplicity ; and nowhere was the genuine Hibernian hospitality more eminently conspicuous than at the castle of Carrigafoile.

" Donald O'Brien did not discontinue these customs ; bred up among Irishmen, he early conceived a strong affection for his country, and a predilection for her ancient usages ; he hated her enemies, and eagerly wished to serve her ; and it grieved him to think that those arbitrary and cruel laws, which, for his conscientious adherence to the religion of his ancestors,

had made him an 'hereditary bondsman,' prevented him in a great measure from rendering her those services which he wished. The poor and the indigent found in him a constant benefactor, and many a wish for his happiness in this life and in the next,—many a blessing for his charitable bounties was daily poured on his head by the widow and the orphan. Much as his family had been respected by the surrounding peasantry, there never was a member of it, who was so idolized by all who lived for miles around, as was Donald O'Brien. The stranger was ever welcome at his hospitable board; the sounds of the song and the dance were continually heard within the festive walls of the castle. Thus did the hours of his youth flow by, in the same routine of undisturbed tranquillity. The details of this part of his life present little incident worth noticing, and cannot excite any interest; I shall, therefore, pass them over, and proceed at once to that part of his history, where his woes and misfortunes commenced.

"At no great distance from the castle of Carrigafoile, dwelt the chieftain of the clan of O'Halloran. Between his house and that of O'Brien, there had always subsisted a close intimacy;—an intimacy, which had commenced in the days of their prosperity, and which had been fostered and strengthened by ages of persecution. The chieftain was now advanced in years, and his silver forehead and tottering step plainly indicated that he was not far removed from the grave. He had a daughter, the only surviving pledge of a fond and lamented wife, and it was his favorite object to cement the union between the families, by the marriage of his daughter with Donald O'Brien. In this, his views were seconded by the wishes of the parties concerned. Alice O'Halloran was in the eighteenth year of her age: her person, though rather tall, was elegant and graceful; her face was cast in nature's loveliest mould, and the sweet expression of her countenance was heightened by the sparkle of her soft blue eye. The charms of her mind were as conspicuous as those of her person, and there was a sympathetic feeling between her and O'Brien, which told her father that they were made for each other. They were acquainted from their earliest infancy; and the old chieftain saw, in their ripening attachment, the accomplishment of all his views.

"He saw the interests of the families strengthened by this

union, and he rejoiced at it : in the enthusiasm of his hopes, he already fancied he saw O'Brien, after having shaken off the foreign yoke, again seated on the throne of his ancestors, and Erin once more the land of the free. Such were the visions that the ardor of his patriotism conjured up to his mind, and which, he hoped and felt convinced, this union would bring about. His hopes were realized in a very small part ; the union of the families was accomplished with little difficulty ; but his patriotic projects for the deliverance of his country from a foreign yoke were disappointed. It was not through O'Brien's remissness that this took place ; for the subsequent part of the story will show that his patriotism was as ardent, and his hopes as sanguine as the old chieftain's ; but it was in consequence of a series of unforeseen events, which prevented his plans from coming to maturity, and blasted them in the very bud. But to resume the thread of my story.

“ It was not long before the aged chieftain communicated to Donald O'Brien his plans for the conjunction of the two families ; and it is impossible to describe the emotions of joy and rapture, that beamed in the countenance of the latter, at the proposal. It is needless to say that he instantaneously accepted it, and the nuptials were accordingly celebrated, in a short time afterwards. This was the crisis of O'Brien's happiness ; nothing more seemed now wanting for the accomplishment of all his wishes, and for putting into execution the plans of the aged O'Halloran. The latter had already engaged several of his acquaintance in the plan ; they entered into it with all the ardour of a people groaning under the weight of their chains, and only wanting a leader to shake off the thralldom which had so long fettered them. Donald also purposed, after the congratulations of the *honey-moon* were over, to take a journey through the principal part of the south, to try if the dispositions of the people were favorable to his projects, and shape his measures accordingly. Confident of the success of their enterprize, they never considered the more than *possibility* of its being frustrated : triumph, and conquest, and liberty, were the ideas that flitted incessantly before their imaginations ; and, trusting that the present state of things would prove an omen of future success, they calculated nothing save the use they should make of their liberty after it had been recovered.

“ But how weak is human foresight, when compared to the inscrutable and impenetrable decrees of the God of heaven ! Even when our prosperity has reached its acme,—when all seems prosperous and favorable to us,—when difficulties and dangers are most remote from our imagination,—even *then* we know not that the next moment may not cut us off from all that we hold most dear—from the darling idols of our hearts ! Whilst these schemes filled the minds of the inhabitants of Carrigafoile, they little dreamed that the brilliant scene of long-continued prosperity was soon to be altered ; and that, like Damocles at his banquet, the sword of danger and destruction hung over their heads, in the midst of their pleasures and enjoyments.

“ From this period, O’Brien’s happiness began suddenly to decline. About two months after his marriage with Alice O’Halloran, his aged father-in-law was attacked by a sudden and violent illness. The disorder soon exhibited the most dangerous symptoms, and afforded no hopes of cure. Finding the hand of death heavy upon him, he turned towards his daughter and son-in-law, who had watched by his bedside with the most unremitting attention from the first commencement of his illness, and thus addressed them.

“ ‘ My children, as I feel that the hour of my dissolution is fast approaching, I am anxious to say a few words to you, while I yet possess the power of utterance. As it is more than probable, that you will meet with many difficulties and dangers in your journey through this world of perils, and, as you will no longer have the assistance of my advice, I would particularly recommend to you in all your dangers, to rely on the assistance of God, and commit every thing to his divine will. Let your mutual attachment continue unimpaired by length of time ; and let harmony and good-will be always prevalent in your family. Above all, preserve and maintain an inviolable and constant adherence to the religion in which you have been brought up ; the religion, whose truth has been proved by centuries of persecution ; the religion for which your forefathers have suffered so much from the unrelenting hand of bigotry and oppression ; that religion, which has been falsely and unjustly calumniated, but which ages of suffering and torrents of calumny have been alike unable to banish from Erin’s shores. These are the principal things I wish to recommend





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to you with my dying breath. And now, Donald, a word with you, in particular. Persevere, with unremitting assiduity, the pursuance of those plans for the deliverance of your country, of which I have traced the outline. But let caution guide your measures, and moderation conduct your footsteps, throughout the whole affair. Be temperate, but decided; lay your plans with caution, adhere to them with firmness, and execute them with promptness. By attending to this advice, I have little doubt of your ultimate success; my only apprehensions are founded on the warmth of your temper, which I fear will bring you into some troubles and prevent the maturing of your plans: be, therefore, guarded in your conduct, and moderate, by all possible means, the impetuosity of your temper.'

"After the aged chieftain had spoken these words to his son and daughter-in-law, he gave them his last blessing, after which he relaxed into a state of insensibility. He lingered for a little longer, and expired on the following morning, without a struggle, or even a groan. His obsequies were performed with little pomp, and with no vain show of sorrow; but his loss was sincerely lamented by the neighbouring peasantry, as well as by Donald and Alice O'Brien. After the funeral, Donald returned to Carrigafoile, where he remained for some months in the deepest affliction; but at length his manly mind got the better of his sorrows, and he began once more to think on the dying advice of his father-in-law. Accordingly, having made some preparation for his journey, he set out for the city of Cork, towards the latter end of June, 17—, attended only by one servant, as in those times too large a retinue might excite suspicion, particularly against a catholic. He arrived there without meeting any accident; and there we shall leave him awhile, and turn our reader's attention to a subject more intimately connected with the thread of our story.

"About two or three days after Donald's departure, as the party at Carrigafoile were rising from the breakfast table, they were disturbed by a knock at the door, and on opening it, the voice of Tim Flaherty was heard without, inquiring 'if young Masther Donald was at home.' Tim Flaherty was a comfortable farmer, whose family had, for time immemorial, been dependent on that of O'Brien. He was sincerely

attached to the late chieftain, Donald's father, and bore an equal attachment to his son. Like most of the Irish peasantry, he possessed a heart warm and sincere, an inquisitive mind, and a considerable share of penetration. He was extremely well versed in all the legendary tales of his country; ghosts, fairies, fetches, pookahs, and the other tribes of supernatural beings, were as familiar to him as the articles of his creed, of which, indeed, they formed a part.

"Such was the person whose voice now met the ears of the inmates of Carrigafoile, and to his interrogations the servant replied in the negative.

" 'Arrah, where is he gone to, agrah?' eagerly inquired Tim.

" 'To Cork,' was the reply, 'and he will not be back for some weeks.'

"Tim Flaberty, with evident symptoms of apprehension in his countenance, here exclaimed, 'God send that nothing evil may happen to him!'

"Alice, who had come out to see who it was that had disturbed them, hearing this last exclamation, eagerly inquired the reason of it. Tim endeavoured to evade her questions, but this only served to heighten her anxiety, and he was at last prevailed upon to satisfy her curiosity, which he did in the following words.

" 'Well, then, plase your ladyship, since you wish to hear the story, I'll tell it to you in a few words. Yestherday evening, plase your ladyship, I just stepped over to Pat Cronin's, to see his wife, who is getting the betther of a dangerous faver, for she was always a dacent well-conducted woman, and a bit of a relation of mine, for her father was a shister's son to my grandmother. But that's nothen to the purpose, plase your ladyship. Well, then, I had gone over to see her, and was returnen home late at night, and just as I was crossen the bridge at Carranahone, what should I see sthraight afore me on the opposite bank, but a throop of the 'Good People.' They weren't goen the same way with me, and they weren't comen agen me; but goen down along the bank of the river. I was in a terrible fright, as your ladyship may suppose, when I saw 'em; and I staid where I was, not liken to come any nearer, for I was afeard they might carry me away wid 'em. Well, plase your ladyship, they went on at the rate of a fox-hunt, for they were all mounted upon horses,

or somethen very like 'em. Well, on they went, and afther some time, who should I see in the middle of 'em, but Catty Cronin, looken just as she did when I left her, ony a great dale paler. I was greatly frightened, you may be sure, and sorry to see her there, for I often heard ould Jack Fogarty say, how those that were seen riding with the fairies were sure to die a twelvemonth afther.\* Well, plase your ladyship's honor, I kept looken at 'em, and afther awhile, who should I see but Masther Donald himself. When I seen him, I began to think that 'twas all a dream, and to make sure of it, I pulled down a couple of stones from the wall of the bridge, and set 'em by the road side as a mark that I might know in the mornen whether it wasn't all a mere fancy. Well, plase your ladyship, they passed on, an I went home an went to bed, but could scarcely sleep for thinken of what I seen; and this mornen when I got up, the first thing I did was to go an see if the mark was on the bridge; and sure enough, there it was, as large as life. Well, then, the next thing I did, was to come up here, and tell you what was the matther.'

" Various were the impressions which this recital made on the minds of Alice O'Brien and her household. The domestics, with very few exceptions, gave credit to the story, and believed also, as a matter of course, that their master's life was in danger. On the mind of Alice however, it made no impression. Though accustomed from her infancy to hear stories of fairies, and other beings of that class, from her nurse, who was as well versed in fairy lore as any woman, perhaps, in the kingdom, she gave no credit to them; and she treated this adventure of Tim Flaherty's as the creation of a mind habituated to a belief in such objects. But so strong was the impression made on the mind of the honest peasant who related it, that it determined him on setting out immediately for Cork to impart to Donald O'Brien what he had seen, and to beg of him to return home speedily, and not risk his life among the *Sassenachs*, amongst whom he considered it every moment in danger.

" Tim Flaherty was not a man who would delay the execution of a plan, if he once had formed it. On the third

\* It is a common superstition among the peasantry of the south, that those who are seen with the fairies in their nocturnal processions, will die in the space of a year, and that they will die in the order in which they are seen.

morning after this event, having gone to the castle of Carrigafoile to inquire if they had any commands to entrust him with, and having left the care of his farm, in his absence, to his son Larry, he took his shilelagh in his hand, and set out for Cork. He arrived there late in the evening of the same day, and after wandering up and down several streets, lanes, and alleys, was, at length, directed to O'Brien's lodgings. Donald was dining at the house of a friend, when Tim Flaherty arrived, and Tim was obliged to wait for some time before he returned. At length a rap was heard at the door, and, on opening it, the well-known accents of Donald O'Brien met his delighted ear. Tim burst from the kitchen, where he had sat ; and, running to him, exclaimed,—

“ ‘ Arrah ! Masther Donald, how is every bit of you since you left us ?’

“ ‘ Pretty well, I thank you, Tim,’ O'Brien replied, ‘ I hope nothing has happened to any of my family since my departure ?’

“ ‘ Och no, agrah,’ replied Tim ; ‘ your honor's family is as well as ever, and the misthiss sint you this bit of a letther ;’ pulling out of his hat a billet which he delivered to Donald. The latter took it, and, observing the honest countenance of Tim Flaherty covered with a settled gloom, interrogated him respecting the cause. The countryman replied by telling Donald the same story which he had, some days before, related to his consort, and exhorted him to return home for a year at least, and endeavour to falsify the prediction.

“ On hearing the recital, Donald felt a strange sort of foreboding ; he endeavoured to persuade himself that it was not true, but in vain ; the inward feelings of his soul gave him a tacit assurance of its reality. At first he remained silent ; but when he heard the peasant's exhortation to leave Cork, and not expose himself to danger, the fire of his eye re-kindled ; his countenance reassumed its wonted firmness, and he replied,—

“ ‘ Tim Flaherty, I thank you for the concern you have shown for me, and the trouble you have taken. But business of importance detains me at Cork ; I cannot now leave it, and it would be useless to do so. If my hour is come, it is in vain to avoid it ; and no death would be more pleasing to me, than to fall in the cause of my religion and my country.’

“ After this conversation, O’Brien retired to his chamber, but not to rest ; the recital of Tim Flaherty had made too strong an impression on his ‘ perturbed imagination,’ and his slumberings were short and broken. Visions of the most terrific cast hovered round his pillow : at first, they were confused and indistinct ; but towards morning, they grew more clear, and more settled : the scenes were more distinctly impressed on his memory, and all bore a greater semblance of reality. He seemed to wander through a glen not far from his castle, with which he was intimately acquainted ; his imagination represented him roving along its mazes in fancied security, when, on a sudden, the deadly stroke of a musket-ball smote upon his breast, and, as he fell to the earth, a hideous shout of exultation and triumph rang in his ears.

‘ He woke, and panting with affright,  
Recalled the vision of the night.’

“ The day-light, which shone brightly through the casement, soon dispelled these phantoms from his imagination ; but nothing could dispel the gloom which hung over his heart. Though he used all his endeavours to banish this despondency, he was unable to effect his purpose ; and though he assumed a gay exterior, yet a gloomy foreboding preyed deeply upon his soul. This, however, did not prevent him from pursuing those measures, the accomplishment of which had been the cause of his journey to Cork. He had communicated them to several of his acquaintance there, who readily acquiesced in them ; and all things seemed concurring to the accomplishment of his wishes, when a fatal occurrence intervened, and cut short his plans, at the very moment, when every thing seemed to promise a favorable termination.

“ About a fortnight after this occurrence, as O’Brien was walking through the streets of Cork with one of his acquaintances, he observed that the majority of the people appeared destitute of their usual cheerfulness, and that a few were exulting in the hilarity of triumph. Nor was he long in discovering the cause, for on observing more closely those who seemed most joyful, he perceived that they wore in their hats, those badges of intolerance and oppression, orange lilies. He immediately recollected that it was the anniversary of orange

bigotry over the liberties of hapless Erin. His blood boiled within him, and his eyes flashed fire, to think on the insults which he saw offered to his country; but his prudence calmed those ebullitions, and he passed on without taking any notice of them. But on approaching the statue of King George the Second, which adorns the most public part of the town, he observed it bedizened with Orange ribbons, and hung round with the same flowers that had before excited his feelings. A band of ruffians was shouting round the statue, and insulting the feelings of the catholic by-standers. This was too much for O'Brien to bear with; he turned to the populace, and, with indignation in his every feature, exclaimed,—

“ ‘ My countrymen ! how long will you permit yourselves to be degraded and trampled upon ?—how long will you patiently endure these insults ? Follow me, and let us pull down these symbols of persecution, and tread under our feet these hated colors.’ ”

“ With these words, he rushed forward, followed by the crowd, who only waited for some person to set them the example, and almost instantaneously tore down the ribbons and flowers, and trampled them in the dirt. In vain did the party that surrounded it endeavour to resist their violence; they were soon overcome, and obliged to seek safety by flight. Some of them hastened to the barracks and gave information of what was passing, whilst others solicited the aid of the civil power. A body of soldiers were immediately ordered to the spot, to quell the disturbance, and take the persons most implicated in it into custody. But before their arrival, as one of the city magistrates happened to be passing by, he was attracted by the noise to the spot. He soon perceived the cause, and, approaching with a few who accompanied him, exclaimed, in a loud voice,—

“ ‘ Disperse, ye Popish miscreants ! disperse in the king’s name, and retire to your respective homes.’ ”

“ The people, imagining him to be attended by an armed force, retired, and opened a passage for him, through which he and his partisans rushed. They attacked those who surrounded the statue; and he himself, observing the leading part which O'Brien took, and that in appearance he seemed above the ordinary class, laid hold of him, and commanded him to yield himself prisoner. O'Brien, regarding him with



a determined look, exclaimed, 'Never! whilst I have power to make resistance;' grasping him firmly at the same time. A long and vigorous struggle commenced between them; in strength they were nearly equal, but in agility O'Brien was evidently superior. At length Donald succeeded in overcoming his adversary; when, at this critical moment, the soldiers were perceived advancing up the street. The bystanders called out to O'Brien, that his only hope of safety was in flight. On hearing this, and perceiving the near approach of the soldiers, he hastily quitted the spot, and, after running through some half dozen streets, and some two dozen lanes and alleys, he found himself in the suburbs, when he heard the sound of feet behind him. He turned, and perceived his faithful and tried *clansman*, Tim Flaherty. Surprised to see him there, he interrogated him, how he had followed him, and if his pursuers were near.

" 'Wisha, masher honey,' said Tim, 'I was there all the while when I seen you pullen down their Orange flags and lilies, an scatteren them about. And when I seen the sogers comen, I followed the way you went, and I soon found 'em aired of followen you. So, when I seen they missed you round a corner, I walked fair an aisy till I got out of sighth, and then I ran on as nimble as a grasshopper, as a body might say, till I overtook you. So then agra as you're in no danger here, you'd betther stay here till towards the heel of the evenin, an then I'll bring the horses, an you can set off about night-fall, without any danger at all at all.'

"Donald thanked the honest peasant, and appointed a place to meet him with the horses, upon which the latter retired, and Donald concealed himself in the neighbourhood until the appointed time. On repairing to the place, he perceived Tim Flaherty approaching with the horses, and interrogated him if he had given any information to his servant with respect to the place of his concealment.

" 'Is it to Jim Doran, your honor?' eagerly inquired the countryman, 'arrah no, your honor, I never thrusted him, an I'd advise your honor never to thrust him ather, for whatever he may seem to be, he's a rale Sassenach at heart.'

"The sun had now descended beneath the horizon, and the shades of night were advancing apace, and reminding our hero and his attendant that it was time to set out on their journey,

when O'Brien, mounting one of the horses, called on Tim to follow him, and set out at a pretty smart pace. They avoided the most frequented roads, and, being favored by the moon, after travelling all the night, they arrived at Carrigafoile soon after day-break.

"Donald soon informed Alice of the reason of his sudden arrival, and, as it seemed probable that an attack might be made on his dwelling by those who would come to apprehend him, he began to put every thing in a posture of defence. His surmises were just; for, in about a week after his return, he heard that a reward of £50 was offered for his apprehension. He was aware of the risk he ran in resisting the soldiers, who he doubted not, would come to execute the warrant, and obtain the reward; but, on considering the danger of entrusting his life to the mercy of an Orange jury, he determined on pursuing the former plan.

"One night, in the beginning of August, about ten o'clock, as Donald was retiring to his chamber, he heard the sound of feet advancing up the isthmus, which joined the avenue to his castle. He immediately concluded that they were the soldiers, and gave the alarm to his household. All the fire-arms in the house were instantly loaded and brought to the front of the building, when Donald, stationing two men at each window, commanded them to fire as soon as he should set them the example. The moon, which shone from behind the castle, rendered the soldiers completely visible, while it altogether concealed the inmates; the former had now advanced to the area in front of the building, and were forming into a regular line, when O'Brien, levelling his piece, fired, and was immediately followed by a general discharge on the part of all those stationed at the window. Several of the soldiers fell—some wounded mortally, and almost all severely: they replied by an equally friendly salute, but with very unlike effects. Those within, in addition to their being concealed from the view, were likewise protected by the walls, so that none of them were seen wounded.

"The defenders, being supplied with abundance of fire-arms, returned a fresh discharge before the military had loaded, which was not without effect, so that the soldiers, finding that they were evidently losers by the contest, after two or three fruitless discharges, retired, carrying off the wounded and dead

with them. During the whole of this struggle, Alice exhibited a degree of fortitude above her sex: she stood near her husband, and I have been assured by very credible authority, that she even went so far as to load the arms for her husband, whilst he was firing off those already loaded. But this I do not give as a certainty, as the person who first related the story to me, made no mention of it.

“ The soldiers carried the news of their defeat with them, and in a few days a proclamation was published, declaring Donald O’Brien, of Carrigafoile Castle, in the county of Cork, an outlaw, and offering a reward of five hundred pounds for his head.

“ The impression which this proclamation made on Donald, was not so great as might have been supposed. In fact, from the time of his escape from Cork, he had expected some event of that sort; and he now placed his only hope of security in the fidelity of the peasantry around him, who, though under nominal subjection, had always been able to frustrate the efforts of the government, when directed against them. The natural aspect of the country affords an equal prospect of safety; and between the inaccessible fastnesses and caverns of the mountains on one hand, and the honest hospitality of the ‘unsophisticated peasantry’ on the other, he had every expectation of eluding the vigilance of pursuit, until the storm should blow over, or until some crisis of events should enable him to enter again upon the noisy stage of the world, and resume his plans for the liberation of his country.

“ Such were the hopes which the mind of O’Brien entertained. Most of his acquaintance, however, began to feel serious apprehensions for his safety; and none seemed to think that he had any other chance of escaping the vengeance of the government, than by quitting the country. But none were more alarmed than Tim Flaherty; the belief he entertained in the supernatural appearance he had seen, was confirmed by the death of the woman, whom he had observed among the ‘gentlemen,’ as we have before mentioned. Often did the faithful dependant expostulate with O’Brien, and endeavour to convince him of the risks he ran by remaining in the country. But his remonstrances were fruitless, and Donald persisted in his determination of awaiting the issue of the tragedy in his own land.

" But to proceed with our history. About a month after the proclamation, offering a reward for Donald's life, was published, as Tim Flaherty was returning from the castle to his own house, he heard a sound, like the tramp of feet, at no great distance. Not knowing what it might proceed from, and imagining that it might be no harm to get out of the way, he stepped into an adjoining field, and lay concealed behind the fence, until the approach of about twenty men informed him of the real cause of the sound. On observing them more closely, he perceived that they wore the uniform of British soldiers. He immediately conjectured that they had been led out by the hope of obtaining the proffered reward, by the murder of his master; and his conjectures were confirmed, when, as they passed by him, the commanding officer turned to one of the party, and interrogated him thus:—

" ' I say, how far are we from this here place with the long Hirish name that you were talking about?'

" ' About two miles, plase your honnur,' answered the person to whom this question was put.

" ' Ay, ay,' replied the officer, ' two of your miles here are as bad as four in Hengland. ' But,' continued he, ' how far are we from the place where we are to pass the night!'

" ' ' Och your honnur,' replied the other, ' 'tishn't a mile from the cross roads yondher. To be sure 'tishn't the most comfortable place in the world to spind a night in, an I wouldn't be surprised if some of you wake in the mornen widout haven any sleep in the night.'

" A loud and general burst of laughter followed this observation, and the sound of their footsteps gradually died away in the distance, while their forms became more and more indistinct in the dim shadows of night. Nothing was now wanting to confirm Tim in his opinion of the motive of their coming, and he determined, at the dawn of the following morn, to hasten to Carrigafoile, and inform Donald of the matter. He concluded that the place, where they intended passing the nights was a cave in the side of a mountain, answering to the description of the soldier, both 'in its distance and the poverty of its accommodations. But what most puzzled him was the voice of this soldier, which evidently was that of an Irishman, both from his accent and his dialect. It seemed to him not to be quite unknown, but he could not

remember precisely where, how, or when, he had heard it. Indeed, it is highly probable, as a friend of ours once remarked to us, that this indistinctness was in a great degree augmented by the genial effects of the 'mountain dew,' of which he had quaffed a glass or two before his departure from Carrigafoile, 'jest to keep out the cold,' as he himself expressed it to the friend who favored us with the above conjecture. Be that as it may, Tim pursued his way home, went to bed, and, at the first peep of dawn, repaired to the castle, where he arrived about sun-rise. There we shall, for the present, leave him, turning our attention to the soldiers, whom we had left on their way to the cave of *File-moor*.

"They soon arrived there, and found the quarters full as uncomfortable as their Hibernian comrade had explained to them. In the morning, after they had taken some refreshment, the commanding officer called this same comrade, who served also as their guide, and said to him,—

" 'Hallo, Jem, what d'ye think of going into yonder village, and bringing back all the news you can gather about this here O'Brien?'

" 'Wisha faith, sir,' replied the soldier, 'I think 'tis as good a way as any, for 'tis seldom that he rides out any where widout goen in that direction first, as myself well knows. But doesn't your honnour think 'twould be betther not to go in uniform, as the people have a mortual dislike to the sogers, an 'tis tin to one if I'm caught by myself in that dress, they may kill me entirely; an then may be I wouldn't be able to bring you an account of the matther.'

"The officer laughed at the conclusion of the discourse, and assented to the proposal. Accordingly, the spy, equipped in colored clothes, set out at a pretty smart pace for the village, which was about two miles distant from the cave, and half a mile from the castle of Carrigafoile. His comrades awaited his return with anxiety, and, in about two hours, they descried him advancing towards them. On his nearer approach, he informed them that he had seen Donald, who was then about three miles from them, on the opposite side of the river. They immediately got their arms in order, and their guide, having put on his uniform, they set out in the direction which he had appointed. They crossed the river,

when the guide suddenly addressed the officer, who was marching in silence before the party.

“ ‘ Plase your honnur, don’t you think ’twould be better to go one by one, so that we come on him *unknownst* ?’ ”

“ ‘ Perhaps so,’ was the reply, ‘ but you’d better first show us the way to take, for fear we lose it amongst these here bogs.’ ”

“ The other rejoined, that there were no bogs in their immediate neighbourhood ; and directed them to ascend a hill in their front, and make for a road which ran at the other side of it. They instantly separated, each one keeping within sight of the next soldier, and proceeded in the appointed direction.

“ In the mean time, it may not be amiss to inform our readers what our hero had been doing, whilst they had been taking these measures. In the morning, having been informed by Tim Flaherty of the arrival of the soldiers, he had set out, mounted on a favorite steed, to a distant part of the country, where he hoped to conceal himself from their search. On arriving at the village near his castle, he met a man, whom he recognized as a servant of his, whom he had left in Cork, when he fled from the hands of justice. It was the same Jem Doran, of whom Tim Flaherty had formed so unfavorable an opinion ;—the same spy who had come from the cave of File-moor, in search of his former master ;—and who had been induced by the hope of gaining a base reward, to sacrifice all those feelings of gratitude, so congenial to an Irish soul.

“ Donald recognized him instantly, touched his hat with his hand to return his salute, and, with a smile of benevolence, offered him half a crown to drink his health. He took the money, but his heart was proof against kindness ; and having ascertained the direction which O’Brien had taken, he set out in pursuit of him with the party, as has been previously mentioned ; whilst the object of their pursuit, unconscious of his danger, was riding at an easy pace, along a rough and unpleasant road. On a sudden, he raised his head, and looked around, when he observed that the ground he trod bore a striking resemblance to the scenes so strongly depicted in an already mentioned dream. The idea at first struck him with dread ; but observing no cause of alarm near, his visionary

terrors vanished from his mind, and he pursued his journey at the same easy pace.

Meanwhile the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and obtained a view of the valley on the other side: it was a drear and lonely place, flanked by mountains, and occupied in the middle by a large bog. The majority of the soldiers had begun to descend the hill in the direction which their guide had pointed out, when the officer, turning to one of the party, who had accompanied him, broke silence for the first time since they had divided their body.

“ ‘ Can you tell me if that’s Jem Doran down there on the road ?’

“ ‘ Why, yes, sir,’ replied the other, ‘ I thinks as how it is.’

“ ‘ What a hurry he has been in,’ rejoined the officer, ‘ see how far before us he has got. But what can he be doing there on the road? he seems to be aiming at something; and who or what is there for him to aim at?’

“ ‘ Perhaps at that man on horseback yandher, sir,’ returned the soldier, ‘ may be, it’s this here O’Brien, as he told us he was on horseback.’

“ ‘ Poh! nonsense!’ said the lieutenant, ‘ a cannon would hardly hit him at such a distance; why, man, he’s near a mile from him. But the fool is evidently aiming at something—for see how he rests his gun on yon old wall! in my life I never saw so complete a Paddy. He’s always——’

“ Before the sentence was finished, the flash of the discharged musket gleamed to their view, and as the report, reverberated by the rocky mountains around, burst on the hearing like a peal of thunder, they saw the horseman, on whom they had their eyes fixed, reel in his seat, and fall to the earth. It was—Donald O’Brien!

“ Nothing more now remained to be done, but to secure the body; and to effect this purpose, the party, having been assembled by the report, proceeded to cross the bog. There were but two ways of passing it, and they took the longer of the two, as the other passed near the castle of Carrigafoile, and they feared an attack from the country people, if they attempted it. But when they arrived at the spot, where the victim of his ardent but rash patriotism had fallen, to their great surprise they found not the body. The ground was

marked with blood, a certain sign that he had fallen, and was, at least, dangerously wounded ; but they afforded no track to any distance, and the soldiers, after searching for it awhile, gave it up as fruitless, and retired from the neighbourhood in haste.

“ About half an hour after her husband’s death, Alice, who was seated in the window of the castle, observed his horse galloping home in full speed without a rider. Dreading what might be the cause, she lost not a moment, but mounted the animal, which quickly set off with her to the place where her husband lay, and there stopped. She alighted, took up the body, and remounted the horse, placing the corpse before her : the noble animal speedily returned to Carrigafoile, and thus the search of the soldiers was rendered fruitless. The body of Donald was buried in the grave of his forefathers, and his loss was long lamented by his tenantry and neighbours. His death preyed deeply upon Alice’s heart ; she fell into a lingering decline, which, in a few years, brought her to the tomb. As for Tim Flaberty, the death of his young master inspired him with so rooted a hatred for the government, that he became a leader in the disturbances which raged in the county of Cork, in the years 1785 and 1786, and, being apprehended, was transported to Botany Bay, where he ended his life.

O.

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EVERYWHERE IS WOE.

When I was young, and free from care,  
And nurst in smiles, I thought,  
That human beings everywhere  
With bliss were fully fraught.  
But then the aged round me said,  
That every day below,  
Begot some sorrow, “ fear and dread,”  
And everywhere had woe.

Then from my father’s house I ran  
In search of sorrow’s pang ;  
But many a woman, many a man  
I met who blithely sang :



Then thought that *all* were blest, until  
I came, where, faint and low,  
I heard one groan o'er unknown-ill ;  
Then learned some hearts had woe.

Then came I 'mid the city's throng,  
Thinking woe reigned not where  
Ten thousand joined in cheerful song  
All seeming strange to care :  
But soon one whispered, that their mirth  
Was but a specious show ;  
And that they sang while here on earth,  
To drown their share of woe.

And, 'mid that city's throng, I found  
The meager and the gaunt,  
Who stalked like ris'n ghosts on ground  
In unregarded want ;  
And their deep-sunken eyes declared  
The heart's despairing throe,  
And told how great a part they shared  
Of sorrow and of woe.

I met a poet, on whose cheek  
Sat melancholy care ;  
And, as he past, I heard him speak  
Low on the weeping air,  
That " kings and heroes, rich and great,  
And all mankind below,  
Are made by universal fate  
To pass their days in woe."

Then I embarked upon the deep,  
Thinking, that, 'mid the sound  
Of blowing winds and billows' sweep,  
No sorrow could be found :  
But when the waves rolled mountains high,  
And threatened death below,  
I knew that, e'en the sea and sky,  
For man were big with woe.

Ere many days I met a maid,  
 Whose eyes of heavenly flame,  
 Such pure and living lightnings played,  
 That, o'er my soul there came  
 A torrent of celestial fire,  
 That burned with such wild glow,  
 That all my spirit was desire ;  
 Then felt my own heart's woe.

I loved her, wooed her, won her heart ;  
 And when that heart was given,  
 I thought the earth in every part,  
 Was sure a part of heaven.  
 But soon adown her gentle cheek  
 Some silent tears did flow,  
 Which uttered what she ne'er would speak,—  
 Some secret, bosom woe.

I asked what ailed her ; then her eyes  
 Glowed through her flowing tears,  
 Like two lone stars, in evening skies,  
 As twilight disappears.  
 Then learned I that in the pure heart,  
 As pure as beats below,  
 There always is reserved a part,  
 To feel some pang of woe.

There is no heart without a throe,  
 Nor eye without a tear,  
 Among the millions found below ;  
 All either feel or fear  
 The fury of the reckless blast ;  
 Ye heavens ! sweet mercy show,  
 And lift us, when our lives are past,  
 Above the reach of woe.

*Chesterfield.*

S. B.

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### THE LAST DEBT.

His last great debt is paid—Poor Tom's no more :—  
*Last* debt ! Tom never paid a debt before !

# “AWAY WITH THE ASPECT OF SORROW.”

## A SONG.

Away with the aspect of sorrow,  
 Away with reflection to-night ;  
 Let it come in its darkness to-morrow,  
 But, oh ! let this moment be bright :  
 Our spirits to rapture are mounting,  
 Unheeding life's desolate way,  
 We are come to the desert's lone fountain,  
 And here we will rest while we may ;  
 For Time with his light wing is stealing,  
 And destiny hurries us on,  
 And the pleasures our warm hearts are feeling,  
 Before we can bless them are gone.

Fill the cup ! there is magic within it,  
 Bids happiness bloom in the soul ;  
 There are some spend a life but to win it,  
 But to us it shall flow from the bowl ;  
 There is nought has an influence so cheering ;  
 'Twill give Hope its most exquisite hue,  
 And Friendship shall seem more endearing,  
 And Love be more fervent and true :  
 The light in the rosy wine sparkling,  
 Shall kindle a ray in the heart,  
 And the clouds that our pathway are darkling,  
 Shall melt in its beam and depart.

Like the dew, which the spring blossom blesses,  
 Like the rays of the sun to the flowers,  
 Like the rapture of lover's caresses,  
 Are these hallowed moments of ours :  
 They cannot be robb'd of their sweetness,  
 By the deepest of sadness or care ;  
 There is nought to regret but the fleetness  
 Of moments so cloudless and fair :  
 But away with the aspect of sorrow,  
 Away with reflection to-night ;  
 Who cares for the griefs of to-morrow,  
 While the bowl lends our bosoms its light ?

CHRISTOPHER.

## THE HARP OF INNISFAIL.

BY D. S. L.

A volume of poems, under the above title, has just appeared. The author is already known to our readers by several very delightful pieces with which he has honored our pages. The Harp of Innisfail is the first production that has brought D. S. L. before the bar of criticism; and we have no doubt of his receiving a very creditable verdict from the judges of that court.

The Harp of Innisfail consists of the Legend of the Lakes, the Geraldine, and minor poems. The first occupies more than half the volume, and is divided into five parts—the Legend; the Stag Hunt; the Banquet; the Abbey; and the Battle. It is chiefly intended as an illustration of the beautiful scenery of the lakes of Killarney, which it describes in the most fascinating language. The second poem, the Geraldine, is perhaps the most finished of the whole: it is founded on the following incident:

“The complaints of the Butlers induced Henry to call the deputy to London, and to confine him to the Tower. At his departure the reins of government dropped into the hands of his son, the lord Thomas, a young man in his 21st year, generous, violent, and brave. His credulity was deceived by a false report that his father had been beheaded: and his resentment urged him to the fatal resolution of bidding defiance to his sovereign. At the head of one hundred and forty followers he presented himself before the council: resigned the sword of state, the emblem of his authority; and, in a loud tone, declared war against Henry the Eighth, king of England. Cramer, Archbishop of Armagh, catching him by the hand, most earnestly besought him not to plunge himself and his family into irremediable ruin; but the voice of the prelate was drowned in the strains of an Irish minstrel, who, in his native tongue, called on the hero to revenge the blood of his father; and the precipitate youth, unfurling the standard of rebellion, commenced his career with laying waste the rich district of Fingal. A gleam of success cast a temporary lustre on his arms; and his revenge was gratified with the punishment of the supposed accuser of his father, Allen, Archbishop of Dublin, who was surprised and put to death by the Geraldines.”

Our limits will not permit us to extract from the foregoing; but the following, from the minor pieces, cannot but be read with interest, and must impress the reader with the most favorable opinion of the high poetical merits of the volume.

I STOOD BY THE GRAVE.

I stood by the grave, and the dark night came  
From its evening couch of faded flame;  
The blue stars shed their silver ray  
On a form more brief and pale than they:  
I stood on the grave, and I thought how soon  
From its sleep I should welcome the "lady moon."

The ivy shook, as the wild bat fled  
On its path of night, o'er the voiceless dead;  
The willows waved to the sullen blast,  
That sadly across the red tombs passed;  
And weeping over my kindred clay,  
I stood by the grave were my fathers lay.

I stood by the grave, 'mid the wailing moans,  
That whispered over the bleaching bones:  
I stood by the grave, 'mid the flowers that grew,  
Rank and wild, 'neath that poisonous dew;  
I stood by the grave, and I wished that the breeze  
Should thus blow on me, when I slept like these?

I stood by the grave, and my young heart felt  
Its hopes and its fears together melt,  
How the bliss of life, which I loved so well,  
Had vanished, I could not, I could not tell;  
But I felt that my spirit soon should be  
Straying in light through heaven's blue sea.

I stood by the grave, and I turned away  
From all that on earth could woo my stay,  
In the diademed world my place was high,  
'Mid the full of heart and the bright of eye;  
But I felt that I soon should leave them all,  
For the charnel's feast and the death-worm's hall.

Oh ! there are many, and fond and gay,  
 Who will weep my spirit when passed away ;  
 And they will think how I have been  
 Thoughtless as ought of their thoughtless scene :  
 Yet, I stood by the grave, and I only sighed  
 For the hour that should tell them—that I had died !

I deemed that my manhood one violet path  
 Of life may have, as my boyhood hath ;  
 But a festering curse has blighted me,  
 Ere the blossom had dropped from the withered tree ;  
 Still I stood by the grave, and I wished that I,  
 In its putrid bed, could meekly lie.

I stood by the grave—a single hour—  
 And methought 'twould make a pleasant bower.  
 For willow, and cypress, and rosemary,  
 A chaplet fresh should weave for me ;  
 And my nuptial feast the worms should share ;  
 Quaffing their draughts from the white skulls there !

## AN EVENING DREAM.

'Twas one of those evenings, when poets will feel  
 Their spirit grow bright with the visions of song,  
 When drunk with the light that its fancies reveal,  
 They bid echo the burst of their music prolong.

'Twas one of those evenings, all splendor and peace,  
 When the present is lost in the prospects that come,  
 As the day-king goes smiling to Dian's embrace,  
 To find in the heart their most exquisite home.

And I stood on thy shore, Innisfallen, sweet isle !  
 Forgetting that ever my spirit had known  
 Other light than the light from thy old Abbey pile,  
 Other voice than the voice from my own wild harp gone.

And that moment, entranced in thy glories, I sighed  
 A wish to the heaven that canopies earth ;  
 And it seemed as if echo, exulting, replied—  
 That her own mountain spirit should bear that wish forth.

I wished that my name, in a long after-age,  
 With the story of Erin and song should be told,  
 And that spelled by the lips of the gay and the sage,  
 It should gladden the lovely and madden the bold.

And I thought that when years should have withered the  
 young,  
 And the brows that are blooming be urned in the grave,  
 My name might be trilled on the patriot tongue,  
 As the minstrel who sung of the gentle and brave.

Oh ! blessed were such lot, and how wildly my spirit  
 Would mount on the pinions of prospective fame,  
 Could it hope that its workings could ever inherit  
 One leaf of the wreath that the poet should claim.

As the future stood out with its promise of glory,  
 Methought that poor Erin at least could bestow,  
 On the minstrel whose tale was the tale of her story,  
 One bough of her gathering to honor his brow.

But, no ! as the clarion that's pouring its note  
 To die with the echo it wakes on the shore ;  
 So, so will the streams of my minstrelsy float,  
 Like it, be forgotten the moment they're o'er !

The principal characteristics of our author's poetry is great grace and freedom of style, and melody of numbers. It is not that the highest degree of correctness is in all cases given to the diction, nor that the most severe judgment is invariably applied to the imagery : an occasional instance of negligence in the one, or of doubtful brilliancy in the other, only serves to set off, in a more striking light, his power of happy expression, the sweetness of his versification, and the beauty of his conceptions. Touches of pathos, and strains of high lyrical enthusiasm, are to be found in every page.

The volume opens with an epistle from the author to Timothy Magillicuddy, Esq. of Connecathubber, in the barony of Iveragh, which occupies forty-five pages. It is a most amusing composition, and evinces the versatility of D. S. L.'s talent. As it may not be amiss to inform our readers of the political

leaning of the work, we shall let our author speak for himself, by quoting the following passages from his Epistle :—

“ The political sentiments which I sometimes inculcate, may seem to demand a parting observation. I do not wish to make my book subservient to the violence or feelings of a party ; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge that I have lost no opportunity of expressing that honest indignation which the state of government in Ireland is calculated to produce. It is, perhaps, a bold and an imprudent thing for the ‘ hereditary bondsman ’ to raise his voice in the language of fearless expostulation, or in the more discontented accents of complaint. But, while the mind continues to swell beyond the restraints of corporal servitude, and while the intelligence, the numbers, and the wealth of the people, are on the increase, there will be those who are prepared to trumpet the wrongs of Ireland to the world, and to weep over the tale as they give it to mankind. However, far be it from me to suggest or approve of any line of conduct, which the most strict obedience to the law would not sanction. England owes to Ireland a debt of heavy justice ; it should be paid while yet there is time ; or, when this ‘ wonder of surrounding nations ’ least expects the deed, it may be wrested from her with an accumulation of dreadful retribution. Although sensible I am of the evil policy with which my Catholic countrymen, for so long a period, have been governed ; and although much I deplore the fatuity which continues this misrule, still I never could feel myself justified in advising any conduct opposed to the most peaceable and loyal. Their only redress is in the legislature, and though extravagant may be the notions of youthful enthusiasm, the legislature can be their only eventual and effectual liberators.

As I have occasion to revert to the transactions of 1798, I wish to express my detestation of the act, to which some of my countrymen were, at that time, instigated. It would be folly to approve of a measure, which is so diametrically at variance with the principles of our holy religion, while no sincere patriot could look back on those scenes of devastation, and of bloodshed, and of horror, without condemning the mistaken feeling that gave them birth. The Orange bigot may rejoice in the opportunity of pouring forth of an oblation of Catholic blood on the altar of his deities, but the Catholic



must shrink from a contest, that could lead him only to disgrace and the scaffold. While I am unqualified in my reprobation of *this* rebellion, and of most such insurrections, I still do not mean to preach the doctrine of passive obedience, nor to say that there are not times when rebellion would be justified.

“ The right by which one individual governs the destinies of those who present him with his authority, is a right emanating from the unanimous consent of the people :—it is a right, founded on the conviction that the interests of society will be better preserved, when under the guardianship of one distinct ruler, than if committed to the casual sway of the many ; and when the voice of the people commits this sacred deposit to the hands of a certain dynasty, they oblige the receivers to watch with impartiality over the common weal ; without empowering them to extend that authority to the oppression or degradation of any class or sect. The administrators of a free government, such as that of Great Britain theoretically is, *have* not ;—the administrators of no government *ought* to have the power of exalting or overturning, of enacting or rescinding, according to their arbitrary will ; the people universally, or any class of the people particularly, ought not to be, and are not, subject to the caprice of the sovereign ; and if the edicts of the monarch promulgate a code breathing proscription and redolent with annihilation, the sufferers are authorized, both in a moral and a civil point of view, to resist that stretch of authority, as far as their capabilities will admit—if necessary, even to deposition of the tyrant !

“ As abstract principles, these would seem to me to be perfectly correct ; but while I listen to the voice of my instructors, and obey the prescriptions of my religion, they must be rejected. Catholicity whispers in the language of St. Paul—‘ Let every soul be subject to higher powers ; for there is no power but from God, and those that are ordained of God. Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath but for conscience sake.’ With these precepts before our eyes, we never can forget our duty to our God or our sovereign.

“ While we petition for our rights, and while we proffer compliance to the decrees of the legislature, we would have England remember, that the lion may be goaded into an unwilling exertion of its strength ; that the patience of a people may be





**MAID SERVANT.**

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exhausted, and that they may be taught to consider it more consonant to their majesty to demand justice with the sword in their hand and the banner unfurled, than on the bended knee and with the suppliant tongue. We would say to her in the eloquent language of the patriotic and learned Earl of Shrewsbury:—"Nothing can be finer than the present disposition of the whole Irish people. Mankind never exhibited a more noble instance of zeal tempered with discretion; and of suffering sanctified by patience. God grant that such dispositions may last as long as the occasion which produces them! But their own history, and the history of the whole world tells us, and warns us while it tells us, that there are circumstances beyond which patience will not endure, and tyranny will goad on to desperation. May Heaven avert so dreadful a calamity!"\* Sincerely uniting in the prayer, and as solicitously pointing out the consequence, I take leave of the subject, and allow my reader and the government to ponder what I have written, and what I have quoted."

## THE MAID SERVANT.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

The maid servant must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The maid servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or else she is at all times snug and neat, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck handkerchief, pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she just feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and finer pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck handkerchief for a high body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty. There is something very warm and latent in the handkerchief—something easy, vital, and genial. A woman, in a high bodied gown, made to fit her like a case, is by no means more

\* Reasons for not taking the Test, &c. &c. p. 31.

modest, and is much less tempting : she looks like a figure at the head of a ship : we could almost see her chucked out of doors into a cart with as little remorse as a couple of sugar-loaves. The tucker is much better, as well as the handkerchief ; and is to the other, what the young lady is to the servant : the one always reminds us of the Sparkler, in Sir Richard Steele ; the other, of Fanny, in Joseph Andrews.

But to return.—The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described, but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster, and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell, or Mrs. Behn's Oroonoka. There is a piece of looking-glass also in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table ; and in the window a bible, a comb, and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery,—the box,—containing, among other things, her clothes, two or three song books, consisting of nineteen for a penny ; sundry tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet, the whole nature of dreams laid open, together with the fortune-teller, and the account of the ghost of Mrs. Veal ; the story of the beautiful Zoa, who was cast away on a desert island, showing how, &c. ; some half crowns in a purse, including pieces of country money, with the good Countess of Coventry on one of them, riding naked on the horse ; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself ; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten, or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which ;—two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other “ a trifle from Margate ;” and, lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals : one of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed—“ miss.”

In manners, the maid servant sometimes imitates her young mistress ; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort ; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make

its way : and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good ; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes, or when she is called away from dinner ; neither does she like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning ; and sometimes she catches herself saying “ Drat that butcher,” but immediately adds— “ God forgive me.” The tradesmen, indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good humour for the day with “ Come, pretty maids.”—Then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c. all with their several smirks and little loiterings ; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses, as it were, the parcel into a tie ; for her the cheesemonger weighs his butter with half a glance, cherishes it round about with his pattles, and dabs the little piece on it to make up, with a graceful jerk.

Thus pass the mornings, between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by ; or, when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacle between. If the maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time ; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it “ bit o’ dinner.” There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, “ a cup o’ tea ;” but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot-cockles, or What are my thoughts like ? and tells Mr. John to “ have done then ;” or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open all the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses she receives the visits of her aforesaid cousin ; and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid-servant, to work ; talks of her young master or mistress, and Mr. Ivins (Evans)

or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country, where she thinks the cows, and "all that," beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the maid-servant's life in-doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be any thing but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world;—and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active money-getter is a vegetable compared with them. The maid-servant, when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play, or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread nuts, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in love-scenes. Her favorite play is "Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens."

Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labeled with those corpulent numerals "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, and the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower: and, at all events, she has been to Astley's, from which she comes away equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous well-dressed people, just as if she were the mistress. Here, also is the conjuror's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am; and says to John by her side, in spite of his

laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is: or may she get home soon enough, and smiling enough, to be as happy again next time.

## THE SLEEPWALKER.

BY DR. JACOBUS SYLVIVS.

Going into the country, I became acquainted with an Italian gentleman whose name was Augustino Fosari, who was one of the people called *SOMNAMBULI*, who perform in their sleep the ordinary actions which others transact waking. He appeared to be not above thirty, of a lean withered habit, black hair, and a very melancholy disposition, slow of understanding, yet solid at the same time, and capable of scrutinizing into all the intricacies of the most abstruse science. The paroxysms of this disorder generally attacked him once a month, with the new moon, and always with more violence during autumn and winter, than during the spring and summer. I conceived a strange curiosity to see if what was told me were true, and I prevailed with his valet de chambre, who told me very strange things with regard to his master, to assure me of the time when he should be taken with the ordinary sleep. One evening, about the end of October, after supper, we played cards for some time. Signior Augustino played as well as the rest, and after some time retired, and went to rest. About eleven the valet de chambre came to inform us, that his master would walk in his sleep that very night, and that we might come and observe him.

Upon entering his bed-chamber, I regarded him for some time with the candle in my hand. He lay upon his back, and slept with his eyes open; but they were however fixed, and without the least motion, which was the pathognomic symptom of what was to ensue. I felt his hands, which were extremely cold, and his pulse so slow that his blood seemed to be scarcely in motion.

The company played at chess in the room, expecting the time in which he should begin.



At midnight, or thereabouts, Signior Augustino suddenly drew the curtains of his bed, rose up, and dressed himself very completely.

I approached him with the candle in my hand, held it up to his face, and found him quite insensible, with his eyes still fixed and staring. Before he put on his hat, he buckled on his sword-belt, which was hung at the foot of the bed, and from which the sword had been recently taken for fear of accidents; for he sometimes was known, in one of these fits, to lay about him with great fury. Thus equipped, Signior Augustino took several turns round the room, approached to the chimney, and sat down in the arm-chair; and, a little after, went into a closet where was his portmanteau. He searched in it for a long time, and having rummaged it, and taken out a letter, he then put every thing into the same order, and shut it up, putting the key into his pocket, and the letter on the chimney: he then left the room, and went down stairs. When he was below, one of the company happening to stumble and make a noise, Augustino seemed to be frightened, and hastened his pace. His valet advised us to walk softly, and not to speak; because, whenever he heard a noise he generally became furious, and frequently ran as fast as he could, as if pursued by an enemy. He now crossed the court, which was very wide, and went directly to the stable. He entered, and after stroking his horse, bridled it, and went as if he intended to put on the saddle; but not finding that in his usual place, he seemed very uneasy, as if disappointed of some expected pleasure. He then mounted the horse, and galloped it to the gate as fast as he could, but this was locked. He therefore alighted, and taking up a stone, he threw it several times with violence at the gate. After several unsuccessful efforts, he again got on horse-back, and rode to the watering-trough, which was at the other end of the court, there let the horse drink, tied the bridle to a post, and returned quickly back to the house. Upon the servants making a noise, he became more attentive, approached the door, and clapped his ear to the key-hole. Afterwards he went to a room in which there was a billiard-table; there he took several turns round it, as if engaged in play; after which he went to a harpsichord (on which he played tolerably well), and made a confused noise,

no ways resembling music. At length, after an exercise of two hours, he ascended to his apartment, threw himself, with his clothes on, upon the bed, where we found him the next day at nine, in the very same posture in which we left him; for every time the fit took him, he slept some days without interruption. His servant assured us, that there were but two methods of interrupting the fit; one to tickle, for some time, the soles of his feet; the other, to sound the French horn, or blow a trumpet at his ear.

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## HUMAN UNCERTAINTY.

BY D. S. L., AUTHOR OF "THE HARP OF INNISFAIL."

*Io so che l'uom della fortuna è un gioco,  
E a far che mai gloria mortal mi domini  
Mi figuro il sepolcro in ogni loco.*

*Salvator Rosa.*

In the silvery quiet of morn and light,  
The blue lake rolled its billows bright;  
Playfully scorning each leafy isle,  
With a wave as soft, as beauty's smile:  
But hill-ward down the tempest came,  
And the lightning wove its web of flame,  
And the gentle breath and the sunny ray,  
From that roused lake have passed away!

'Tis evening tide on the mountain high,  
And sun-set lingers on the sky,  
Flinging its shadows to the earth,  
As heralds of the night-time's birth;  
And lovers' vows are borne abroad,  
And the novice's hymn is raised to God:  
Till all thus beautiful and fair to see,  
Is robed in night's immensity!

I saw a form in boyhood's hour,  
Sipping all sweets from flower to flower,  
And violets grew by his scented path,  
And roses made him a glorious wreath;

And the gift of the bard, in poesy's bliss  
To wake all the chords of the heart, was his :  
But long, long years had darkened him now,  
And where are the wreaths that honored his brow ?

With the soul of song in her eye of blue,  
Looking as maidens' love were true,  
And her sunny hair, like strings of gold  
Down a sweet-toned harp, o'er her fair neck rolled,  
A bright-browed girl was sauntering on  
Through all life has of hope and sun :  
Summers have gone, but whose that grave,  
Where the maidens strew fresh flowers each eve ?

A mother was looking in comfort and pride  
On the child that played by her happy side,  
And as, warm in his innocent years, he listened,  
She told him of lands, where the green boughs glistened  
With spring and with buds, through the live-long year,  
Not in change and in death, as they do here :  
But that child hath gone forth 'mid the giddy and young,  
And where are the sounds of that mother's tongue ?

Lord Harold sits in his father's hall,  
And youth has whispered its tale to all,  
And the timbril guides the lively dance,  
And the lord waves high his knightly lance,  
And diamond agraff and princely plumes,  
Shower their wealth through the amber rooms :  
But the hall is dark, and the banner is low,  
And where is the pride of Lord Harold now ?

Thus passeth all, though it fairest seem,—  
The visioned child of the same dull dream—  
And though beauty be flinging its glances round,  
And though song be swelling its joyful sound ;  
I heed not the kisses their lips invite,  
Though tinged with all that makes beauty bright ;  
For, the veil torn down that is hanging there,  
The eye sees nought save the sepulchre !



### HIGHLAND FEUDS.

Early in the sixteenth century, Macdonald, of Clanranald, married the daughter of Fraser, Lord Lovat, and from this connexion some very unfortunate consequences to both these powerful families followed. Soon after his marriage, Clanranald died, and left but one lawful son, who was bred and educated at Castle Donie, the seat of Lord Lovat, under the care of his maternal grandfather. The name of the young chieftain was Ranald, and unhappily for himself he was distinguished by the appellation *Gaula*, or Lowland, because Lovat's country was considered as approaching towards the manners, customs, and appearance of the Lowlands, compared to his own native land of Mojdart, one of the most barren and mountainous districts of the highlands.

Ranald was an accomplished youth, and promised to be an ornament to his family and his country; his disposition was amiable, and his appearance was much in his favor. When yet but a stripling, he visited his estate; and his people being desirous to give him the best reception in their power, he found at every house great entertainments provided, and much expense incurred by the slaughter of cattle, and other

acts of extravagance, which appeared to Ranald very superfluous. He was a stranger to the customs of the country, and it would seem that he had no friendly or judicious counsellor. In an evil hour he remarked that he was extremely averse to this ruinous practice, which he was convinced the people could ill afford; and said, that for his own part he would be perfectly satisfied to dine on a fowl. Ranald had an illegitimate brother, (or, as some now say, an uncle's son,) who was born and bred on the estate. He was many years older than the young Clannanald, and was possessed of very superior abilities in his way. He was active, brave and ambitious to which were added much address and shrewdness. Having always resided at Moidart, where he associated with the people, and had rendered himself very popular, he had acquired the appellation of *Jan Muidartich*, or John of Moidart, a much more endearing distinction than *Gaultha*.

The remark Ranald had made, as to the extravagance of his people, gave great offence; and the preference he gave to a fowl seemed to indicate a mean sordid disposition, unbecoming the representative of so great a family. John Muidartich and his friends encouraged these ideas, and Ranald was soon known by the yet more contemptuous appellation of *Ranald of the hens*. He soon left Moidart, and again returned to his grandfather's house. His brother (now his opponent,) remained in that country, and he used all the means in his power to strengthen his interest. He married the daughter of Macdonald, of Ardnamurchau, the head of a numerous and turbulent tribe, whose estate bordered on Moidart, and his intention to oppose Ranald became every day more evident. Several attempts were made by mutual friends to effect a compromise, but without any permanent effect. At length, a conference between the brothers was appointed at Inverlochry, where Ranald attended, accompanied by old Lovat and a considerable body of his clan; but especially a very large portion of the gentlemen of his name were present. John also appeared; and to prevent any suspicion of violence, the number of his attendants was but small, and his demeanour pacific and unassuming.

Lovat made proposals on the part of his grandson, and, with very little hesitation, they were acceded to by John and his friends. All parties appeared to be highly pleased, and

they separated, John, with his small party, directing their course homewards, whilst Ranald accompanied his aged relation to his own country, which was much more distant.

John of Moidart, however, was all along playing a deep game : he ordered a strong body of his father-in-law's people to lie in ambush in a certain spot, near the path by which Lovat and his men must necessarily pass on their return home ; and he took care to join them himself, by travelling all night across the mountains.

The Frazers and young Clanranald appeared, and they were attacked by their wily foe : the combat was fearful, bloody, and fatal. It is said that no more than six of Lovat's party escaped, and not triple that number of their enemies. Ranald, unquestionably the lawful representative of the family, fell, covered with wounds, after having given proofs that he was possessed of the greatest bravery ; and his memory is to this day respected, even among the descendants of those who destroyed him. John of Moidart obtained possession of the whole estate, and led a very turbulent life. Tradition says, that he compromised the claims of Macdonald, of Morar, for a third part of the lands, which he yielded up to him on relinquishing all further right.

The conflict is distinguished by the designation of *Blar leine*, or the battle of the shirts, the combatants having stripped themselves during the action. It was fought on the eastern end of Lochlochy, near the line of the Caledonian canal, in July, 1554. This subject has recently become of considerable importance being one of the principal points at issue between two chieftains of the Macdonalds. We do not pretend to interfere in any such questions ; we merely relate the circumstances as they have been given to us by many persons in that country, some of them descendants of John of Moidart.

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### TO A TOPER IN LOVE.

'Tween women and wine, sir,  
 Man's lot is to smart :  
 For wine makes his head ache,  
 And woman his heart.

## LINES,

ON HEARING ITALY STYLED THE PARADISE OF EUROPE.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast  
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,  
 And annals graved in characters of flame.

Byron.

The paradise of Europe ? aye, clear skies  
 Like Love's young cheek ting'd with vermilion dyes  
 Tow'rs—temples—shrines and columns, such as make  
 Man boastful of his fathers, but awake  
 No corresponding feel of lofty thought  
 As the mementos of Rome's glory ought.  
 Hill, lake, and valley, bright as eye may see,  
 Love, banquets, music, beauty, luxury,  
 And each attraction that chains down and quells  
 Man's spirit with degenerating spells,  
 Are here ! the ruby pout of lips that part,  
 Rose-like, to breathe out sweetness from the heart,  
 The silky sweetness of soft words that thrall  
 The enchanted listener, like the melting fall  
 Of summer evening's music, when we take  
 Light slumber on the bank of some bright lake ;  
 The attractive warmth of eyes whose azure roll,  
 Woods every thought of sadness from the soul,  
 As morning sunbeams meet the dews of night,  
 And laugh them off with their absorbing light,  
 And sounds that come, like music from the spheres,  
 Melting the heart in love-reflecting tears ;  
 And dazzling boards with wealthy luxury shine,  
 And flashing wit obscures the sparkling wine.  
 But why proceed ? all these are here, and more,  
 Whose influence you defend, and I deplore.

I scorn that land of glory and of crime,  
 That land of all that's worthless and sublime,  
 Give me the nurselings of the western foam,  
 The spirits of my dear—my native home.  
 Theirs is no column-record raised by art,  
 The memory of their sires is in the heart.  
 They—they, unlike pale luxury's willing slaves,  
 Whose love-songs wake the Adriatic waves,

Breaking into the starry court above,  
 As though men's hearts were only made for love :  
 They speak to beauty with that honest tone  
 Which heaven has made exclusively their own ;  
 Yet, though they warmly sing their passion's songs,  
 They know their rights, and feel and speak their wrongs,  
 Feeling that man was made for liberty,  
 Whate'er his color, creed, or climate, be.

Curs'd be the slaves who in *mute* bondage lie,  
 Chains in the heart, and laughter in the eye,  
 As if 'twere bliss to fall from man's high rank,  
 And hear at every step their fetters clank.

If this be Europe's Paradise—

But no—

Turn from the slavish land,—'tis freedom's foe ;  
 And mark the lone one of the western main,  
 Who, eagle-like, is battling with her chain,  
 And would again her slaveless realm regain.  
 Yes, though the links cling deep, there linger still  
 Without a stain, from centuries of ill,—  
 Virtues that, like the Amianthus,\* tire  
 With their immortal strength destruction's fire ;  
 And which, like the fair isles whose beauty glows,  
 Where the now almost slaveless Egean flows,†  
 Are records rescued from time's surge to tell  
 Of the lost glories that beneath them dwell.  
 And the loud voice of millions has arisen,  
 Like the thunder-peal, up from their ocean-prison,  
 And gone before the earth ! and freedom's word  
 Is not unheeded — has not been unheard !  
 They've dared to speak, they've given their thoughts to  
     fame,  
 And earth's remotest billow hears their claim,—  
 Freedom and truth their watchword.

Emk.

SIGMA.

\* One of the varieties of the Asbestos, which, when long exposed to the air, dissolves into a downy matter unassailable by common fire.

Lady Morgan.

† The islands of the Egean Sea are the summits of mountains, which belong to a country whose plains have been submersed by a sudden irruption of the waters of the Black Sea.—*Sonnini's Travels in Greece*



## ON DISSATISFACTION.

In almost every stage of a man's life, there appears something wanting to complete his happiness. The mind is ever on the wing in quest of some object, the attainment of which, it is vainly hoped, will produce permanent felicity : but those persons pursue an imaginary pursuit. Were all our wishes gratified, we should feel unhappiness ; for nothing, indeed, can be more dreaded, than that state of existence where the mind has nothing to wish ; when no charming hopes beguile the hours of life, and no previous solicitude gives the zest to subsequent gratification.

The tradesman, who has toiled for years to gain an independence, vainly imagines to enjoy, in the autumn of life, perfect tranquillity. The melody of birds, the fragrance of meadows, the coolness of groves, the rippling of streams, and the charming sight of rural nymphs and swains at their early toil, in anticipation already he enjoys. But view him retired from business ; does he now experience those exquisite delights ? alas ! after the novelty is over, his passion for those objects is abated, his mind, accustomed to regular avocations, is now exposed to the ravages of languor, without fondness for books, and destitute of an early fund of information, he now experiences a sensation perfectly new to him—want of employ. Independence proves to him a source of anxiety, and, if it were not for shame, he would relinquish his country seat, and abandon for ever those charms which he fondly thought existed in rural life, for the charming enjoyments of trade, that leave no time unemployed, and which, by its fatigues, like the wand of Morpheus, impart sweet repose. The insufficiency of wordly distinctions to produce happiness, is unquestionable. Though the laurel soon fades on the brow of the conqueror, and though the civic crown of honor quickly loses its brilliancy, yet men are daily seen pursuing, with unabating ardour, the means to gain those transitory enjoyments. What is the acclamation of the multitude but a momentary impulse ? like the sunny rays of an April morn, short in their duration. The mass of mankind are changeful, and torrents of disapprobation and invective overwhelm the man who seeks for felicity from such precarious sources.

Happiness is, in many instances, ideal. Does not the

industrious cottager, if he is blest with health, enjoy as much felicity as the gentleman of extensive landed property? The sun smiles with as much benignancy on the thatched shed, as on the noble mansion. The meadow flowers shed their odours as lavishly to the peasant as the lord; and, though he cannot claim the possession of the domain, they afford to the beholder the same enjoyments. In short, every thing in nature gives, in a certain degree, to the untutored and to the refined, the same sensations. Happiness does not consist in titles, possessions, honors, fame, &c.; it depends upon the mind; if that is well regulated—if the passions are properly subordinate to reason, every man will enjoy a due portion of it.

He, it is true, that is placed by providence in an independent situation, however moderate, with a cultivated mind and disciplined passions, is like a fortress situated on the summit of a rock, which braves the impetuosity of the tempest, and defies the attacks of any external enemy, and is only vulnerable to the assaults of time, at whose fell grasp the massy ramparts and lofty towers crumble into dust, and the most stupendous monuments of art moulder into ruins!

But still it must be admitted, that change of situation gives birth to thoughts and actions, of which the mind had no previous suspicion.

Few are the number of those whom prosperity has not made arrogant, and fewer those who have preserved a manly dignity and independent spirit in adversity. Hence it appears that scarcely any change, except from poverty, disease, and sorrow, is conducive to happiness. The capacities of most men are, in general, suited to their situations, and few would appear with honor and respectability were their wishes to be gratified.

How often do we see wealth united to meanness, ignorance, and folly, and insolence, their associates? The poor man is docile, industrious, and virtuous; but grant him his desire—make him rich—how is his mind changed! Indolence, arrogance, and voluptuousness sway his breast. Why, then, do most men desire a change in their situation, for the number is fewer that is thereby happier? To better their condition in life, most are desirous; it is the spur to industry; so far it is unexceptionable; but here it never rests: the wish for ease and luxury generally follows, new wishes multiply, desires are

stimulated and inflamed, religion is abandoned, and every solid joy, every wish for never-fading felicity, is relinquished, for fleeting sensual gratification.

Oh! when will man be wise? when fix the boundaries to inordinate wishes—when draw the line of demarcation to hostile irrational desires? what, in reality, does he want? food, apparel, a habitation, and social friends. Possessed of these, why does he murmur? why does the sigh of discontent heave his bosom? nothing, indisputably, can excite it which justifies the conclusion,—that uniformity of condition is not calculated for, or rather, does not produce happiness. The eye loves variety; the brilliant views of nature are lovely, even to the dull.

But there are some so infatuated by this love of change, that no situation, however calculated to please a rational man, can give them any solid satisfaction.

Place them amidst the most beautiful scenery of nature, which, a few years past, they panted to enjoy, and ask them whether they feel those emotions of delight they formerly anticipated. The answer will prove favorable to the assertion, that the most valuable acquisitions impart to the possessor, after a certain period, no real happiness, extinguishes not the desire of change—the love of variety—the thirst for something not yet attained.

The votaries of dissipation are not exempt from this malady of the mind; pleasurable gratifications may be varied a thousand ways, in proportion to the ingenuity, taste, and power, of those who seek for them. But what is ultimately the result? a debilitated body, and an enfeebled mind, a tastelessness for rational pleasure, and an incapacity to enjoy it.

This disregard to the happiness in our possession—this illicit desire for something new, embitters every enjoyment, poisons the pure springs of happiness, and produces perfect imbecility of mind; every other idea is absorbed in this; every generous impulse is disregarded; the direction of judgment is spurned, the admonitions of reflection and reason are unheeded, and nought but the visionary scenes of Elysium, pictured by vanity, is regarded.

The bold navigator, who roams over trackless oceans in quest of worlds unknown, is, perhaps, as much impelled by curiosity, or love of something new, as by patriotism. The

wish to see regions peopled by beings of different habits, customs, language, and laws ; to view the appearances of nature in another dress ; to survey the animals, birds, and botanic species, in another climate ; is, perhaps, one of the strongest incitements to a mariner of understanding. Accustomed to behold the scenery of Europe, he no longer views them with enraptured eyes ; he sighs for other objects,—he pants with ardour for unknown scenes, which no eye has yet explored—to traverse those realms on which not one of his countrymen has yet trodden. But what are his emotions when he arrives ?—what addition to his felicity has he accumulated ? After the eager thirst of public curiosity is gratified, he is no longer the object of applause and admiration, but, like Columbus, he will be, perhaps, ultimately neglected and disgraced.

Thus it appears that almost every station has its enjoyments lessened by the encouragment of this childish disposition ; instead of being smothered in its infancy, it is nursed with care, and suffered to grow to a gigantic stature ; it powerfully influences the heart, and gives the reign to imagination, which often hurries us to the brink of misery.

May every one reflect on the folly of this state of mind, and reject it with indignation ! may they steadily cultivate virtue, and it will inevitably produce fruits of unperishable felicity.

J. S.

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## THE LAST OF THE ALCHYMISTS.

Dr. Price cultivated alchymy and astrology as late as the latter half of the last century. Lest any of our readers should confound him with another Dr. Price, who was so celebrated about the time of the American war, it will be proper to mention that he was a physician, and a member of the Royal Society. In 1784, he publicly proclaimed that he could make gold, and had made it in the presence of several persons : he even presented some of it to the king. The Royal Society, however, empowered Kirwan, the celebrated chymist, and Woolf, the alchymist, to examine into the pretensions of the doctor, and he was obliged to submit to the trial. He first of all excused himself by saying he had employed all the powder in the first attempt ; but was compelled by reproaches to begin

the task. In this state his art forsook him : with anxiety he endeavoured to convert mercury, by means of phosphoric acid, into silver ; he performed experiments, which consisted in treating arsenic with volatile alkali, and what is called the Constantine experiment. All failed, and he was called on to make some more of his powder. After an uninterrupted labour of six weeks, he made his will, distilled for himself a pint of laurel water, drank it, and died in half an hour, at the age of twenty-six, a martyr to a delusion, that even were it to be realized, would be of no value, nor of any utility. He was a man of great talents, but of greater ambition, and aimed at the reputation of the greatest genius of the age. He was possessed of considerable property, but wrecked his happiness, and lost his life, by being so credulous as to believe the assertions of the alchemists.

## FAREWELL. A FRAGMENT.

BY J. A. SHEA.

Farewell thou land, where bards and kings  
 In mouldering glory be !  
 The vessel lifts her mighty wings  
 To bear me far from thee.  
 To bear me far from thee, my land,  
 Beyond th' Atlantic brine,  
 Where, though I grasp no friendly hand,  
 Freedom at least is mine.

I've heard thy sighs — I've seen thy tears,  
 And shall I still remain,  
 To hear, as I have heard for years,  
 The clanking of thy chain ?  
 No ! on my danger-peopled path  
 Must even *this* day descend ;  
 For thus \* \* \* \*

[The departure of the author for America renders this, his latest poem of some interest.—ED.]

## THE ESMERALDA.

BY GODFREY WALLACE.

[The brilliant exploit on which the following story is founded, was performed in the early part of the revolution in Peru. San Martín, after freeing Chili from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the very gates of Lima; and, with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient capital of Peru soon after the occurrences here detailed.]

It was on a bright and sunny evening that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, and taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the "liberty men"\* of the American frigate *Macedonian*, then lying in the harbour. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half dozen sailors, arm in arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain tried to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors, slung like panniers, amid-ships, and guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated en croupe. Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the propriety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after-guard," as they styled the driver. But once on shore during a three years' cruise, the sailors had gone from the extreme of temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those, in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throwing out their legs horizontally, performed the mock military to perfection: then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted "heads up, ye lubbers!" and set each at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccupped their discontent at being "triced up" to such heavy sailers, as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals, aimed ineffectual blows at the "after guard," and ran desperate risk of life, as some restive beast throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilarated, but not tipsy, with

\* Sailors on shore, with leave.

just enough aboard to show the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled their songs, practised their manual fun upon the drunkards, and moved most merrily along. By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Callao just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilian brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf, or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people. Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians, and idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and American "God damn," the Spanish "Caramba," the French "Sacre," and the Dutch "Der tufel," were all heard, were all mingled in the general clamour and hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, nobody remained to witness their departure but a few guarda-costas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful and tranquil bay across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Callao, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates Macedonian and Esmeralda; the latter a new ship, fully armed, provisioned, manned, and equipped for a six months' cruise; and a little farther out lay the British frigate Hyperion, all within half-gun shot of the castles. Within the men-of-war, the merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay; and far off, in the shadow of the island of San Lorenzo, lay the patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane.

The stern sheets of the pinnace were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fire-side on the Roanoke, the youngest would have been called a boy; but here, in the Pacific, the officer of a yankee frigate, it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated him any thing but a man. There was an air, too, of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedi-

ence, that showed he was a favorite among the crew. In the place of a chapeau bras, like that worn by his companion, the large sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black silk handkerchief, twisted round his head, shielded it from the damp air which already began to float over the water. "In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero, and measuring its immense brim against the sky, "where did you get this upper rigging? and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau?" "It is too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian, evidently willing to avoid the subject. "Put the broad brim down, and mind the yoke ropes: here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantman." The sudden shock which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created a confusion on board the pinnace which effectually interrupted the conversation. The hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands "back water;"—"steady;"—"pull y'er starboard oars;"—"all together, now;"—"give way, boys"—followed in quick succession; and the pinnace shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the Esmeralda. "Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian; so fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board: a sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just abaft the mainmast." "They're deep in a frolic," replied his companion; "I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going on board to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing told me they had not returned at sun-down." "The more fools they," answered the other, "to blow it out, with Cochrane at two gun-shots of them." "He is not the man to interrupt them," was the reply; "he lies so idly under the island that his men will soon not know brace from buntline." "I don't know," continued the Virginian, "his vessels showed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here, and his flag ship walked across our fore foot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many a day." "Nothing but show," said the other. "The commodore did not think so, however, or else all hands would not have beat to quarters, the ship cleared for action, bulk heads down, decks sanded, and matches



smoking.—No, no.—Cochrane will be alongside of the Esmeralda yet, and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to-night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent,—her guns run out, and yet so still ;—not a living soul to speak to us from her decks ;—no sound about her but the ripling of the tide against her hawse." The farther remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over : the sailors betook themselves to the forecastle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue jacket was droning forth to his companions. The officers, after reporting themselves on the quarter deck, either turned in for the night, or joined the different groups that were lounging about the after part of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with his sombrero on his knee, and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around, and made the subject of sailor jests ; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story, its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

" You see, reefers, the purser and I having come to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow out in Lima ; not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter ; and, having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa to carry me to town, and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheep skins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sunset when we left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half way the mist came rolling over from the sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travellers. Some loaded mules passed us, but, with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants of the king's highway. I possessed sufficient Spanish to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted cosily enough, until we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the road behind us. In

another moment, a horseman, nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came, and he was gone—here and away—lightning could scarcely have been quicker: but still, as on he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought too, that he had holsters; and I would swear to the long straight sword which clinked against the stirrup iron.—Small time for an observation, you say.—Well, so it was; but time enough for all.—The guarda-costa saw every thing that I did. “Bravo,” he said, as the stranger, unmoved in the saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing. “Bueno Cabullero, that fellow sits well, signor.” “Like a hero,” replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman; but before the words had passed my lips he had disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile farther, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa. After passing us he turned at right angles to the road, and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist, before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me, and asked imperatively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of turning informer, so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda-costa. I was afraid that all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantage the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, in assuring the Spaniard that “Cabullero” had pushed on to Callao; and in a moment more, the videttes were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way. The Peruvian chuckled, and did not pretend to conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. “Santa Maria! how he rode!” said the guarda-costa, as if thinking aloud; “and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him.” “You speak roughly of your friends,”

said I. "Friends," repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, threw back the broad brim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eyes full in my face, to read in the deep gloom the expression of my countenance. For a moment he looked cautiously around, and then rapidly whispered, "I, signor, am a Peruvian, but not a free-born man. Who made me?—who made the Incas slaves?—The Spaniards." The guarda-costa paused; then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilian fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone. "No, signor, there are our friends." I scarcely recognized the stupid custom-house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being: but the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and, before I could reply, he was again as when I hired him.

"In the mean time we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck upon a train of thought which was far from pleasing; for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally uttered discontented sounds, as thought came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning, without success. His sullen answers prevented conversation; and we proceeded most unsociably, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate. 'Que viva?' sounded hoarsely from beneath the old archway. 'San Martin!' fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands. I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second, and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprang from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted 'Viva le rey,' in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot. My guide was more alarmed than I was. San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Limanians trembled, was pronounced, instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and, after some impertinent examination, I was damned as a North American, and suffered to proceed. My guide, however, was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima, and none of those whom the bustle

at the gate had collected seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia, and I rode it often enough to know, stopped at all the grog shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good, but I soon saw that the crowd were determined to thwart them. To make a long story short, I was in the centre of a Lima mob, led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was the head spy of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valor at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence in my face. This brought things to a crisis: 'A la muerte' was the cry, and the last thing I can recollect was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

"How long I remained insensible, I cannot exactly say. When I recovered, I found that I had been laid at the door of a huge church, under the idea, I suppose, that I was dead. I felt miserably stiff, and cold, and for some minutes did not attempt to move; at last, after one or two efforts, I got upon my feet, and ascertained that my limbs were unbroken, and that my doubloons were still at the bottom of my fob. Some Peruvian gentlemen had taken a fancy to my watch, and to a new chapeau, mounted for the occasion. He might have spared them, as they were borrowed articles. No matter, however, the watch never had any insides, and the hat must have suffered severely in the scuffle. The first thing I did on turning around, was to peep in at the door of the church, which stood conveniently ajar. As I peeped in, some one from the interior peeped out; for I thrust my nose into the pale face of a tall monkish-looking person, who was about leaving the building. Both of us were sadly scared, and, starting back, we stood staring at each other in the star-light, until, recovering the first from the panic produced by the unexpected rencontre, I turned and ran with the best speed my stiff limbs would admit of. After going a considerable distance, I stopped to listen: no sounds came from the direction of the church; but, from the opposite quarter, I heard the steps and clattering arms of a relief of soldiers. I stood by a low garden

wall, and in a moment I was on the other side of it. The relief passed by, and the noise it made was soon lost in the turnings of the streets. I was now in a large and handsome garden. The smooth walks—the fountain which tossed its waters so coolly on the night, the broad grass-plots, the rows of flowers, the neatly trimmed hedges, amused me for some time ; and, resolving to await here the return of light, I threw myself upon a garden bench, and summoned all the recollections of past pleasures to assist the slow progress of time. But time, notwithstanding, took his own way, and jogged most lazily on. I got up—I drank at the fountain—I walked about ; and at last, attracted by the sound of music, set myself to discover whence it proceeded. After losing it and recovering it several times, I found myself under the verandah of the house to which the garden was attached, and which some lines of tall hedges had at first prevented me from seeing. Curiosity brought me to the house ; curiosity led me into the verandah ; and curiosity placed me snugly enough at the window of the very room in which the musician was. Of course I went on tiptoes, and, scarcely daring to breathe, ventured to peep into the apartment ; intending, if all things permitted, to discover myself, and ask for a night's lodging,—and a hat of some sort or other. The room was a large one, lighted by a shaded lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and made every thing appear soft and moonshiny. Next to the window at which I sat, was the door leading to the verandah, directly opposite to which was another door, and, in the right hand wall, a third, of a much smaller size, might have led to a sleeping apartment. A table, covered with a crimson cloth, stood in the centre, and upon a sofa beside it, and opposite to the small door, was reclining the minstrel of the hour. The guitar which had attracted me was lying on the table, and the lady who had touched it was reading what appeared to me to be a letter. I'll tell you what, reefers, she was worth looking at ; I could not see her eyes,—but then her exquisite figure, and the prettiest little foot you ever beheld, seen to such advantage on the dark covering of the sofa, and her jet black hair, and beautiful mouth, and high commanding forehead ;—she was a glorious craft, such as I have not seen since I left old Virginia.

“ Thinks I, she can't be hard hearted enough to refuse me

shelter ; and I was on the point of giving an introductory 'hem !' when 'tap, tap, tap,' on the opposite door, announced a visitor. Not at all alarmed, the lady put away the letter, and answering the summons, introduced a tall strapping fellow, dressed in the common apparel of a guarda-costa. Matters looked promising, I thought, for another adventure, and, drawing myself a little farther from the window, I awaited it. The guarda-costa sat down without much ceremony and had not uttered twenty words before I ascertained the whole secret of the matter, and heard some of the finest love speeches that were ever made to mortal woman, so far as my knowledge of Spanish enabled me to comprehend them.

'Let us have them, Hal, do,' said the listeners, crowding even closer round the orator. He shook his head, and proceeded.

"Such things always lose in the telling, and are, in fact, arrant nonsense to all but the parties interested. The Peruvian took off his straw hat, and showed a noble countenance, and a head of thick and curling hair. He threw the poncho over his shoulder, and I saw plainly enough the uniform of San Martin's officers ; another glance, and I became convinced that this was the stranger whose horsemanship had excited my admiration on my way from Callao. It was not very fair to be a listener, I allow, but I considered the Peruvian as a friend, having seen him before, and curiosity to see a real love affair, after one or two twinges, overcame all scruples of conscience. From what I could gather, the lady was the daughter of a Spanish royalist, and the officer was a lover of unprecedented constancy. Duty to his country had made him join the patriots ; duty to her father had retained the lady in Lima, while her lover was conquering with San Martin, and approaching the capital of Peru. Arrived at last in its neighbourhood, and fearing for her safety if the place was entered by force, he had obtained admission to the town in disguise, appointed the present hour in the letter which I had seen her reading, for an interview, and now urged her rapid and immediate flight with him to Valparaiso, in a vessel lying in the harbour. She spoke of her father—his hatred of the patriot cause, and his consequent inveteracy against her lover ; she urged her duty, and the danger of flight. To all this my friend pleaded like a hero, as I have

no doubt he is. He rose from the seat which he had occupied beside her, and paced the room with impatient steps; and at last, stopping before her with his back turned towards the smaller door, began to repeat his arguments for flight. Suddenly her eyes became fixed,—the color fled from her face; she looked as if she would have screamed, but would not. Her lover bent forward with anxious eagerness, and vainly solicited the cause of her visible alarm. I saw it, and one moment more found me involved in difficulty and adventure. While the impetuous lover was detailing his plans, the smaller door had been pushed gently open, and a person, whom I can swear was the father, followed by two others, all well armed, entered the room, and sprung towards the Peruvian. I shrieked aloud, however, before they reached him, and he turned in time for defence. In a moment the broad straight sword was gleaming over the head of the companion of the old man, and would have descended fatally, had it not struck against, and extinguished, the only light in the chamber, that hung from the ceiling. All was shrieking and screaming for a moment, when some one jumped from the open window, overturned me, and darted into the garden. I was now very seriously bruised, and, when lights were brought, was discovered lying in the verandah: but the Peruvian was gone, and the lady was no where to be found. The broken glass of the lamp, and an immense straw hat were all that remained in evidence of the occurrence.

“The old don swore at me until he was exhausted, and shut me up for the night in the cellar, as an accomplice of the Peruvian. In the morning he carried me before a magistrate, who would have committed me to prison, had I not been recognized by a Spanish gentleman, who had seen me in the frigate. By his exertions I was released, and with the sombrero of the runaway lover to pay me for bruises and broken bones, I joined the liberty boys, and here I am, spinning long yarns to a parcel of sleepy reefers.”

The attention of many of the listeners had, during the latter portion of the Virginian's story, been diverted by the crowd which had collected on the quarter deck, and were leaning over the larboard side of the ship, and the Virginian now joined a group of them himself, with the question, “Well, reefers, what's the go, now? is this the first time you have

seen a whaler's boat towing his casks to the watering place, after eight bells?" "Devilish big casks, those the leading boat has in tow," said a sailor, who had ascended a few feet in the shrouds. "Casks!" repeated a midshipman, dropping a night-glass at the same time into his left hand. "If those black looking things are not boats filled with men, and coming on with a long and steady pull, this glass is not worth a rotten rope yarn." Every eye was now exerted to its utmost powers of vision; the glass was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes all on deck were satisfied that a long line of barges, each crowded with men, was pulling up astern of the Macedonian. "The Scotchman is on the waters to-night," whispered the Virginian; "what did I tell you in the boat? my life for it, Cochrane is in the foremost barge; and see how he keeps us between him and the Esmeralda." His companions made no reply, but turned to look at the tall masts and taper spars of the Spanish frigate, and then again upon the advancing boats. By this time the word, which had been passed below, brought the whole ship's crew upon deck, every man of which watched with breathless interest the approach of the barges. The topmen stole silently aloft, and most of the sailors and officers instinctively placed themselves in the neighbourhood of their respective posts. Not a wave was upon the waters, and the night breeze, as it passed fore and aft the ship, was scarcely felt against the cheek. The Chilians came on with muffled oars, and their long steady strokes soon brought them under the stern of the Macedonian. So silently did they move, that, as they passed alongside, no sound of voice or oar could be distinguished, and, clad as they were in white, they seemed like a band of spirits, rather than mortal men, moving on the deep. No hail was given by the American ship: officers, quartermasters, sailors, were spell-bound with intense interest, and the very sentinels seemed to forget their existence, as they gazed on the Chilians, whose approach, undiscovered by the Spaniards, became every moment more doubtful. Already had they passed, and breaking off alternately to the larboard and starboard of the Esmeralda, clasped the fated vessel in their embrace. Instead of following in the line, the last of Cochrane's boats pulled under the cabin windows of the Macedonian, and held on to the rudder chains. The officer commanding begged, entreated, threat-



ened his crew :—they would not proceed. In sullen cowardice they concealed themselves during the combat which followed. In vain did the officers of the Macedonian order them to let go, and urge them to avoid disgrace ; the chaplain even joined his entreaties : they made no answer, but kept their place, the only cowards of that eventful night. When the fight was over, they pulled silently to the Esmeralda, and, preserving the secret of their baseness, participated in the honors of the occasion.

In the meantime one of the barges glided to a gun boat under the bows of the American. The clash of sabre upon steel, the words “ silencio ò muerte,” a hum of voices, a dead stillness, and the gun boats had changed masters. This broke the spell on board the Macedonian. A kedge was carried out, and the jib hauled up, the chain slipped, and, as the head fell off from the wind, a cloud of canvas dropped from her spars, and solicited the breeze. Long ere these preparations were completed, the Esmeralda was the scene of conflict. The first man who boarded, from the main chains, after cutting down the sentinel at the gangway, was shot by the sentinel at the forecastle. Cochrane was the next, and, in a few moments, the deck was crowded with his followers. The Spaniards were sleeping on their arms, and, as they struggled from below, the contest became fierce and doubtful. There was one pause only in which the assailants ceased to slay, as they watched with intense anxiety the effect of the wind upon the jib. Had the head fallen towards the shore, the Esmeralda must have been deserted and burnt by the Chilians ; but fate decreed it otherwise, and there was one loud “ hurra” as the bows gently turned towards the island of San Lorenzo. The Chilian sailors on the spars soon clothed the vessel with her canvas. From royals to courses every sail was set, and falling astern of the Macedonian, the Esmeralda followed her slowly from the shore.

The light continued while the vessel got under way, and “ Jesu,” “ Santa Maria,” “ Caramba,” joined with English oaths and exclamations, came loud through the din of battle. At one time the voice of Lord Cochrane was heard encouraging his men, and ordering more sail to be packed upon the spars. Then came a volley of fire-arms, which drowned all sounds besides, and illuminating the deck, showed

the rapid gleam of descending sabres. Then there would be a momentary pause, as one party or the other gained a temporary advantage; and then again the wild uproar swelled with redoubled fury. At last the Chilians collecting in a dense mass upon the quarter deck, made a quick and fierce charge upon their opponents. It was met, and, for an instant, met successfully; but the strength of the Spaniards was broken, and the next moment they were heard dropping into the sea, as their pursuers forced them over the bows. The spar-deck was now still, but below all was confusion. A gun-brig, which had repelled its assailants, fired its single piece of artillery directly under the cabin windows of the *Esmeralda*, and the indiscriminate slaughter of friend and foe was the consequence. This, however, produced no effect upon the combatants, and the victory on the gun-deck was still doubtful, when Cochrane, with his successful followers, rushed down the gangway, and quickly decided the fate of the Spaniards. The wave was their only refuge, and, springing from the ports, some gained the shore by swimming, others found their graves where they fell.

The Virginian, and his companion in the cutter, had watched the progress of the fight from their station in the fore-top of the *Macedonian*, and were still gazing on the deck of the *Esmeralda*, when a flash from the shore, the howl of a ball passing between the masts, and the dull report of a cannon drew their attention to another quarter. Lights were seen hurrying along the ramparts of the fortress of Callao, and the sound of drums came faintly from them. Flash after flash succeeded the first in quick succession, until one continued stream of fire gushed from the long line of batteries. To the eyes of the young men, every gun seemed intended especially for them. "What! not a spar gone yet?—and only one hole through the main-top-sail?" said the Virginian, at last, after coolly casting his eyes upwards upon the canvas of the ship. "It can't be so long, however; the light duck scarcely draws, and the courses and topsails hang like lead. There goes the cross-jack-yard," he continued, as the crash of splintered wood was heard upon the quarter-deck. "The lanterns at the peak and jib-boom end would have distinguished us from the *Esmeralda*, if Cochrane had not hoisted them as soon as we did." "By heavens! though, there goes his

peak light!" cried his companion, as a shot severed the rope. The lantern fell over into the sea, floated a moment, and was extinguished.

A better aim on the part of the Spanish gunners, or the gradual approach of the vessel within the range of some of the cannon of the fortress, made the situation of the ship more perilous than it had yet been, and three or four balls almost grazed the heads of the fore-top-men. Still both spar and sail were uninjured, and the only effect of the shot was to hush the whispered conversation which had been hitherto maintained.

The silence was at last interrupted by an interjectional whistle from the Virginian, as a shot went through the sail immediately above lines. "This firing will deaden the wind until canvas nor duck will hold it; and the Scotchman hangs on our quarter, determined that if he sinks, so shall we." "Don't whistle for the wind, Mister——" said an old sailor, in a superstitious tone; "it never comes when it is called, and we want it too much to anger it." "That whistle brought it, though," cried the other. The Esmeralda's courses draw, and our heavy sails begin to feel it; we'll walk yet if the puff holds." The communication was accompanied with a visible change in the spirits of the seamen, as the sail, after one or two heaves, swelled steadily before the wind. The progress of the vessel, however, was still slow, although the danger every moment decreased, and it was upwards of an hour before the shot of the fortress fell short. Daylight by this time began to dawn, and showed the sullen batteries, surmounted by a heavy dun cloud, and frowning over a bay which they had so fruitlessly attempted to guard. The Macedonian cast anchor far beyond their reach, and the Esmeralda, uninjured, and in gallant style, moved towards the island of San Lorenzo.

During this eventful night, the captain of the American frigate had been detained in Lima, and at sun-rise of the second day after the fight, the launch and gig were ordered down to Chorillos to meet him, and to receive on board such Americans as feared the consequences of remaining in the city, during the first moments of excitement which would follow the intelligence of the capture of the Esmeralda. The gig was commanded by our friend, the Virginian, and, after a

long and heavy pull, he found himself beneath the high and rugged cliffs of Chorillos. Here the boats remained without the surf, while the Indians wading through it, brought the passengers on board. "All aboard," had been already cried, and the oars were in the rowlocks to return, when the appearance of a troop of San Martin's cavalry on shore, and their loud shouts and earnest beckonings, delayed their departure. As the sailors rested on their oars, an officer, who appeared to be the commander of the soldiers, came hurrying to the beach, bearing on his arm a female, whose horse he had been seen to guide as his troops came full gallop on. He gave her to the huge Indian who offered his assistance, and followed him into the surf. A short and low conversation was held between San Martin's officer and the American commander. The former then returned to the shore, and the latter gave his rapid orders to proceed to Callao.

By evening the party were again in their frigate, and a knot was soon seen to assemble round the young Virginian, as on the preceding evening. He seemed to be urging a doubtful point with peculiar energy. "How did I know them?"—"Why, didn't I see him plain enough in the room, and didn't I hear his plan of getting her to Valparaiso? The captain ordered me to the launch, but not before I saw her face.—No, reefers, no! true love got the weathergage of the old don, her father, in Lima, and kept it at Chorillos."

*New York.*

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## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

Thou walk'st thy many worlds.—*Byron.*

Dread Spirit! if alone to Thee

Our adorations rise,—

Thou hast a throne invisible,

A temple in the skies!

The fount, the rill, the tree, and flow'r,

Our own dim thoughts can scan;

But Thy surpassing Majesty

Existeth not in man!

When thunder-clouds lift up their strife,  
 When tow'rs and forests bow,—  
 Or, o'er the lake, the lightnings flash,—  
 Dread Spirit! where art Thou?

Appears Thy glory in the light  
 That sweeps the troubled sea?  
 Or are those awful thunder-clouds  
 A portion—but of Thee?

Thou hast no region—all the world  
 To Thy proud sway belongs;  
 Where Andes every storm defies,  
 And Persia wakes her songs?

Dread Spirit! from Thy dazzling throne,  
 Thou seest the mountains riven!  
 Thy sceptre is the beaming sun,  
 Thy robe,—the starlit heaven.

Thy mercy melloweth in the hours  
 That radiant summer brings;  
 Thy wrath, a threatening tempest-cloud,  
 O'er sullen winter flings.

And whence can spring man's thirst for power,—  
 His splendor, pride, or lust?—  
 Thou breathest on him—he is life!  
 Thou leav'st him—he is dust!

For Thee the waves an anthem weave,  
 The sweet birds to Thee sing;  
 And mountain, meadow, grove, and dell,  
 With Thy blest praises ring.

To whom shall we attribute Thee?  
 Dread Spirit!—for Thou hast  
 An endless perpetuity,—  
 A world sublime and vast!

We'll see Thy presence in the light  
 That from the sun-~~orb~~ springs;  
 And Thy existence shall be kept  
 With bright and holy things!





**BAKER.** Digitized by Google

## THE BAKER,

As a companion to this inimitable every-day likeness of the Baker we cannot do better than open the eyes of our readers to the nefarious practices resorted to by a portion of that useful body of men.

Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Accum's work on Culinary Poisons, a small tract was published by James Maton, a journeyman baker, exposing the roguery practised by his craft. On being received as a journeyman in his first place in London, he says, "As I was the under-man, it became my duty to take the dishes out of the shop into the bake-house; the second hand, as the cant phrase is, shaves the meat, that is to say, cuts as much off from each joint as he thinks will not be missed; the foreman drains the water off, and puts the dishes in the oven till they require to be turned, after which the liquid fat is drained from each dish, and the deficiency is supplied with water; this fat is the master's perquisite.

"It may be plainly seen, between master and man, that, by these perquisites, the public lose at least two ounces of meat; and there being a mutual understanding between master and man, there is little fear of detection."

It appears, that in the baking slang, such loaves as are charged to the customers, but never delivered, are denominated "dead men;" and to these, the master, it seems, claimed the exclusive right; but Mr. James Maton was not to be cheated of his share. His method of securing his rights he thus details:—"I mentioned this circumstance to some other journeymen, who told me the 'dead men' ought to be my perquisite, and, finding the customers did not detect the imposition, or have their bills examined, I began to deal in dead men, determining not to bury any after Wednesday, for fear they should rise in judgment against me at the weekly settlement; and if my master attempted to bury his dead men in the same ground, I took care to detect him, and to tell him of it before the bills were carried in to the customers, when he would say it was a mistake. I soon became master of killing and burying, but wanted a confidential undertaker, being but a simple countryman."



A confidential undertaker was, however, soon found ; and knavery was carried on in lucrative partnership.

" I frequently detected my master in his deficient weighings of the flour, to a gentleman's house, the quantity seldom exceeded ten pounds, instead of fourteen pounds ; and, if a peck, five pounds instead of seven pounds : the servants never thought about the weight, it being immediately emptied into the flour-tub, and, if any fault was afterwards found, it was attributed to a mistake.

" On New Year's day, (or it might be Twelfth Day,) we had about a dozen good plum puddings to bake, and I thought I had a right, equal to my master's, of making a parish pudding for myself and the maid ; and there was one pudding of a superior kind, which smelt strong of brandy. I therefore thought I could improve on my master's plan, for his method was to take a little out of each dish ; but my present method was to take all the best into my dish, and to give the customers the mixture instead.

" In June, 1807, I returned to London, and engaged with a master baker as foreman, in Upper George-street, Portman-square, who I found changed his men very often, excepting the second hand, the most profitable situation ; because, the master serving good families, his journeyman could make as many ' dead men ' as he pleased, without fear of detection through the folly of servants. The man whom I succeeded put me up to every move that could be made on my master, as well as on those customers on whom I might pass ' dead men.' I adopted my old system when carrying out bread, of keeping a check upon my master. At one house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, I could bury six ' dead men ' and half a peck of flour, weekly, as the cook and myself divided the profits : she told me my master used to overcharge her mistress a peck of flour, and six or eight loaves weekly, and never would give her more than half a crown at a time, adding, ' I should not have put you up to it, but your master told me he served more families the same.' Whenever I detected my master in these mal-practices, I was admitted as one in the firm of the imposition.

" I afterwards engaged myself with a master baker and miller at Wandsworth, who carried on a very extensive business : the foreman, I succeeded, had worked for his employer

eight years, and had accumulated some hundreds of pounds, whether right or wrong, I leave to his conscience; for his honest wages, if all saved, would not have amounted to half the sum, for these were only three-and-twenty shillings per week, and he quitted his employment without giving the customary notice. My new master at Wandsworth carried on the business of a miller as well as baker, and he had several bakers' shops to make bread for him by commission; he put journeymen into those shops to manage them in his behalf, who gave security to produce eighty-four quartern loaves out of each sack of flour, that is to say, four more loaves than the act of parliament averages. My master ranked amongst the first-rate millers; his flour fetched the best price;—but he made use of a great quantity of potatoes, and there are so many tricks played with flour, that it would puzzle the most able chymist to enumerate its component parts. In the autumn of the potatoe digging, my master bought all the potatoes that were to be disposed of at Battersea, Chelsea, Isleworth, Fulham, Brentford, &c. He bought upwards of two hundred tons, and, to lull suspicion, he told his customers that he knew potatoes would be dear that winter, and he made the speculation to accommodate his customers at a small profit; this representation had the desired effect, and he even sold them retail for a short time at his mill to his neighbours; but it was our constant practice as much to take a load of potatoes to each baker as it was to take a load of flour. My master and I were on good terms, and when Christmas arrived, he invited my family and myself to partake of the festivities of the season, and I continued with him until June, 1808.”

From these specimens of private iniquity, our *honest* baker turns to those of a more public character, in which frauds were practised on the soldiers, in the Isle of Wight.

“The bread was often rejected by some regiments, but served to others more easily imposed upon. It was a very indifferent article, and instead of being made of flour, sound and sweet, produced from good English or foreign wheat, the mixture of which the bread was made consisted of wheat, barley, beans, peas, rye, and caravanseras, worked with yeast made from potatoes, and blended with sea water instead of salt. The stratagem used by the contractor to make his bread retain its weight is this: as the bread is drawn out of the

oven, a man is employed with a hand brush, which he dips in a pail of water, and washes the tops and bottoms of the loaves. After this process, the store room, or bread magazine, is made ready, by placing small pebble stones about an inch asunder, so as to retain small puddles of water, on a gradual descent, that the overplus might run off, after filling these puddles; before the bread is put into the store room, a sufficient quantity of water is thrown on the floor, and after the bread has been laid on the wet floor, it is covered with a tarpaulin, to confine the steam. Thus the bread retains its weight, but is rendered more unfit for the consumer, and frequently occasions the flux amongst the poor soldiers.

“ At Guernsey, the soldiers were frequently put in confinement as disorderly, for finding fault with bread made of materials not to be digested, as we took care to exhibit good wholesome loaves to their officers. If we allow, in time of war, the military forces of the kingdom to amount to two hundred thousand, the head contractors, who re-let their contracts to sub-agents, retaining a profit of one penny per loaf for their own perquisite, without risk or trouble in the execution of the business; as the loaf is the portion of four soldiers, it makes, at one farthing per man, the enormous profit, to these idle, and worse than useless, contractors, of two hundred and twenty-five pounds per day, or eighty-one thousand nine hundred pounds per year. But this is only the first fraud practised on the soldier: the second class of contractors re-let the contracts, and reserve each to himself one halfpenny per loaf, doing nothing;—this is the second fraud, amounting to forty thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds per year; and I have known the contracts in this manner re-let four or five times from one sub-agent to another, the last of whom is the baker, who makes his profit by purchasing a mixture of all kinds of grain, and by his adulteration. But after all this wickedness the baker's profit is not very large, as the sub-contractors compel the bakers to deal with them for what they call flour, and they screw them down as low as possible in every way.

“ Alum, ground and unground, is sold to the bakers at four pence per pound. Upon a moderate calculation, there are upwards of 700,000 pounds of alum used annually by the London bakers. What an immense profit do the dealers in alum derive from this baneful drug !”

With this extract we leave our readers to digest Mr. Maton's statements, which he may do much better than, it appears, he would be able to do with much of the bread *manufactured* by the honest fraternity of bakers.

## MIRZALA.

### A FRAGMENT FROM THE ARABIC.

She shone as the bright bosom'd Houries, that soften  
The dreams of the poet, and sit o'er his bed ;  
Those spirits, whose visitings soothe him so often  
When sleep's downy pinions are waved round his head.

More graceful was her's than the antelope's motion,  
Such charms both her beauty and bashfulness gave ;  
And fairer her skin than that bird of the ocean,  
Whose breast stems the billows of Tranguestan's wave

Her ringlets of gold o'er her shoulders when streaming,  
Those shoulders so snowy-transparent of hue,  
Like the sun on a pure alabaster rock beaming,  
Such, such did they seem to a lover's fond view.

And Mirzala's eyes peered as stars, that are peeping  
From the blue depths of waters untroubled and calm ;  
O'er her cheek the vermilion so vividly creeping,  
Exhaled, as the peach-blossoms perfume and balm.

That delicate bosom for ever was heaving,  
Like a tremulous lake, when the storms cease to beat ;  
But her heart—oh ! its chords although sorrow leaving  
His strains still behind, were eternally sweet !

On the shores of Kathay as the melody lingers,\*  
Or wooed by the zephyrs, or waked by the wind :  
Thus in harmony—touch'd by delight's fairy fingers,  
Or grief's heavy hand—was young Mirzala's mind.

\* ————— As if all the shores,  
Like those of Kathay, utter'd music, and gave  
An answer in song to the kiss of the wave.—*Lalla Rookh.*

How bright the Anenome blooms in the morning,  
 Yet doom'd, like the day dreams of fancy, to fade ;  
 So lovely—so frail—was the daughter adorning  
 Ben Azra's proud palace :—thus wither'd the maid.

In the Emir's dark halls desolation is dwelling ;  
 And Israfil's\* echoes no longer are there :  
 No more is the lute or the ziraleet† swelling,  
 But—hark to the death-song,—the dirge of despair !

With blood has Ben Azra's red threshold been reeking,  
 The blood of the prophet who favor'd our vow ;  
 In his heart the sharp ataghan‡ vengeance was seeking—  
 On the hill is his turban-stone moss-cover'd now.

Oh ! Spirit of Love ! like the cool gushing fountains,  
 'Mid desert sands springing, to some is thy breath ;  
 But to some—the Simoom sweeping over the mountains,  
 In his blighting career, is less sure to bring death !  
*Cork.*

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### THE REJECTED.

Give me my sword again,  
 Give me my gallant steed,  
 And I'll away to the battle plain,  
 Where a thousand heroes bleed.  
 Though tenderness hath strove,  
 'Tis conquer'd by my pride,  
 And glory now shall be my love,  
 And victory my bride.

There's honor for the brave,  
 That shines in life and death ;  
 And weaves above their bloody grave,  
 A green undying wreath :  
 Oh ! who would sigh away  
 A noble heart for thee,  
 When glory shows so fair a ray,  
 To lead to fame the free ?

\* Israfil, the angel of sweet sounds—the spirit of music.

† Ziraleet, a song of rejoicing.

‡ A Turkish dagger.





Engraved by J. Rogers

Engraved by J. Rogers

PLUTARCHUS'S LIVES.

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And I will school my soul,  
 And teach it to forget  
 That e'er I bow'd to love's control,  
 Aye, even that we met :  
 And when thou hear'st my name  
 Link'd with the brave and great,  
 Thou'lt shed a burning tear of shame,  
 For him thou canst not hate.

And never deem that I  
 Will e'er more tender be ;  
 Or breathe a sad regretting sigh,  
 For one so cold as thee :  
 My sword is on my thigh,  
 My black steed snuffs the wind,  
 He shall bear me on to victory,  
 And leave my love behind.

CHRISTOPHER.

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## \* REMARKS ON CYMBELINE.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Cymbeline is one of the most delightful of Shakspeare's historical plays. It may be considered as a dramatic romance, in which the most striking parts of the story are thrown into the form of a dialogue, and the intermediate circumstances are explained by the different speakers, as occasion renders it necessary. The action is less concentrated in consequence ; but the interest becomes more aerial and refined from the principal of perspective introduced into the subject by the imaginary changes of scene, as well as by the length of time it occupies. The reading of this play is like going a journey, with some uncertain object at the end of it, and in which the suspense is kept up and heightened by the long intervals between each action. Though the events are scattered over such an extent of surface, and relate to such a variety of characters, yet the links which bind the different interests of the story together are never entirely broken. The most straggling and

\* The accompanying plate illustrates Act III. Scene 4, in which Iachimo describes Imogen's chamber to Posthumous.



seemingly casual incidents are contrived in such a manner as to lead at last to the most complete development of the catastrophe. The ease and conscious unconcern with which this is effected only make the skill more wonderful. The business of the plot evidently thickens in the last act : the story moves forward with increasing rapidity at every step ; its various ramifications are drawn from the most distant point to the same centre ; the principal characters are brought together, and placed in very critical situations ; and the fate of almost every person in the drama is made to depend on the solution of a single circumstance—the answer of Iachimo to the question of Imogen respecting the obtaining of the ring from Posthumus. Dr. Johnson was opinion that Shakspeare was generally inattentive to the winding up of his plots. We think the contrary is true ; and we might cite in proof of this remark not only the present play, but the conclusion of *Lear*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, of *Macbeth*, of *Othello*, even of *Hamlet*, and of other plays of less moment, in which the last act is crowded with decisive events brought about by natural and striking means.

The pathos in *Cymbeline* is not violent or tragical, but of the most pleasing and amiable kind. A certain tender gloom overspreads the whole. Posthumus is the ostensible hero of the piece ; but its greatest charm is the character of Imogen. Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him, and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. It is the peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare's heroines, that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others : they are pure abstractions of the affections. We think as little of their persons as they do themselves, because we are let into the secrets of their hearts, which are more important. We are too much interested in their affairs to stop to look at their faces, except by stealth and at intervals. No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character, the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakspeare—no one ever so so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise—no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant ; for the romance of his heroines (in which they abound) is only an excess of the habitual prejudices of their

sex, scrupulous of being false to their vows, true to their affections, and taught by the force of feeling when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it. His women were in this respect exquisite logicians; for there is nothing so logical as passion. They knew their own minds exactly; and only followed up a favorite idea, which they had sworn to with their tongues, and which was engraven on their hearts, into its untoward consequences. They were the prettiest little set of martyrs and confessors on record. Cibber, in speaking of the early English stage, accounts for the want of prominence and theatrical display in Shakspeare's female characters from the circumstance that women in those days were not allowed to play the parts of women, which made it necessary to keep them a good deal in the back ground. Does not this state of manners itself, which prevented their exhibiting themselves in public, and confined them to the relations and charities of domestic life, afford a truer explanation of the matter? His women are certainly very unlike stage heroines; the reverse of tragedy queens.

We have almost as great an affection for Imogen as she had for Posthumus; and she deserves it better. Of all Shakspeare's women, she is perhaps the most tender, and the most artless. Her incredulity in the opening scene with Iachimo, as to the husband's infidelity, is much the same as Desdemona's backwardness to believe Othello's jealousy. Her answer to the most distressing part of the picture is only, "My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain." Her readiness to pardon Iachimo's false imputations, and his designs against herself, is a good lesson to prudes, and may show that where there is a real attachment to virtue, it has no need to bolster itself up with an outrageous or affected antipathy to vice.

The character of Cloten, the conceited booby lord, and rejected lover of Imogen, though not very agreeable in itself, and at present obsolete, is drawn with great humor and knowledge of character. The description which Imogen gives of his unwelcome addresses to her, "Whose love-suit hath been to me as fearful as a siege" is enough to cure the most ridiculous lover of his folly. It is remarkable, that though Cloten makes so poor a figure in love, he is described as assuming an air of consequence as the queen's son in a council of state, and, with all the absurdities of his person and man-

ners, is not without shrewdness in his observations. So true is it that folly is as often owing to a want of proper sentiments as to a want of understanding. The exclamation of the ancient critic, "Oh, Menander and Nature! which of you copied from the other?" would not be misapplied to Shakspeare.

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## IMITATION

OF HOGO, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY J. A. SHEA, ESQ.

Oh, many a flower of beauty blushes  
Where Yarrow's silver coolness gushes;  
Lovely, and bright, and pure they look,  
When the gloamier steals on bower and brook.  
But when are they sae pure as she,  
Who treads their dwelling bowers wi' me?  
Her foot wad sham' the bounding roe,  
Her breast wad dim the mountain snow,  
And ne'er sae beautiful and bright  
As her's will be these eyes o' light,  
That burn alang that azure ceiling  
Till they possess her luve an' feeling.  
There's nae sic lassie in the isle,  
Sae fond her sigh—sae saft her smile,  
And sweeter is her ilka word  
Than music o' the moonlight bird.  
I gaed to meet her by the thorn  
That opes its blossom-ee to morn,  
She said—oh joy is me to tell—  
'That she wad bless me wi' hersel';  
And happy—happy sure am I  
Wi' sic a lass to live and die!

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## EPIGRAM.

Says Rauszini to Braham, "I'll tell you won ting,  
When you've lost all your teeth, Mishter Bram, how to sing."  
"Tell your secret," says Braham.—"Ah, mio diletto,  
You must do like your maestro, and sing in *false-setto*!"



### THE BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. YOUNG.

This view represents the old parsonage house at Upham, about three miles from Bishop's Waltham, in Hampshire, in which the eminent Dr. Young was born in June, 1681, whilst his father was rector of that parish. The above is more interesting, as the house no longer exists. Having become ruinous, it was, a few years since, taken down and rebuilt, by the Rev. J. Haygarth, the present rector. The window in the gable end (in the front of the above view,) was that of the room in which the poet was born. The late elegant scholar and critic, Dr. Joseph Warton, was formerly rector of Upham; and during his incumbency he caused the event to be commemorated by a tablet, suspended in the apartment, and bearing this inscription—*In hoc cubiculo natus erat eximius ille Poeta Edwardus Young, 1681.* This tablet, a two-fold relic of departed genius, is still preserved in the new house.

Dr. Young was a man of great application and learning; even whilst at Oxford, his character may be formed from the words of Tindal, commonly denominated "The Atheist Tindal," who spent much time at All Souls', and who used to argue with Young on topics of religion. "The other

boys," says Tindal, "I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow, Young, is continually pestering me with something of his own." Young, however, is most known as a poet; and though ambition prompted him to venture upon the troubled sea of politics, he obtained from it but little celebrity, and no promotion. His "Night Thoughts" will hand his name down to the latest posterity as a poet, and his "Revenge" will always place him in a respectable rank amongst dramatists.

## THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

BY THE HERMIT IN OSCOTT.

What sounds were heard,  
What scenes appeared,  
O'er all the coasts!  
Dreadful gleams,  
Dismal screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortured ghosts!

Page.

From a multiplicity of topics which might occupy my pen, I think I cannot select a better, at least one more adapted to my present mood of mind, than that which treats of the amusements which engrossed our attention, during our residence at the *Farm House*. One day I shall particularly select; not for any manifest superiority of its incident, but for the whimsical and uncommon variety by which it was characterized:

————— ab uno  
Disce omnes.

Happily for the narrator, the last 24th of November was precisely the same kind of day with the one he has chosen for his story. My readers will, perhaps, recollect the state of the weather on that occasion; at all events, the memory will require but little *brushing*,—not half so much as was then bestowed on their skates, when it is suggested that the frost had advanced so far, as to make skating, on the following

Monday, an event more than probable. The snow of the preceding evening had descended in gentle flakes upon the fields; the hedges were slightly tinged with the glittering hoar: the frost had partially glazed over the stretching mill-pond; and the atmospheric chillness seemed to portend a speedy setting in of Winter.

Our party consisted of *Ferdinando*, his sister, an interesting child of ten years old, J——, a sprightly youth about the same age, and myself. Owing to the chillness of the morning, we did not venture far from the fire-side, and although often pressed to accompany our host in a stroll round the country, we nevertheless pertinaciously adhered to the chimney corner, only now and then venturing forth into the air, like a rabbit peeping about the orifice of its burrow, and then taking refuge again within doors, as soon as the extremity of our noses became acquainted with the fingers of Boreas.

During these hasty excursions, however, two or three accidents occurred to interrupt the uniformity of the scene. Among them the one that happened to myself was, perhaps, the most fantastic; for having ascended a pig-trough, to try the solidity of the ice which surmounted it, I was unexpectedly merged in its contents, and in imminent danger of being annihilated by a hungry grunter, who, at that moment, came running with famishing impatience for his breakfast. *Ferdinando*, indeed, was scarcely more fortunate: he had smuggled away a fowling-piece from the hall, and was in the act of firing at a large yellow tom cat, that was busily arranging his mustachios in a hay-loft at some distance, when the gun being more powerfully loaded than he expected, he was so alarmed by the shock and the report of the piece, that he would infallibly have fallen into a coal hole, had not J—— given him a lift behind, and laid him topsy-turvey on a dung-hill.

The arrangements made necessary by these *evolutions*, occupied the time till dinner, which was invariably smoking on the table at one o'clock. We need not enter into a detail of the dishes, which were nutritious rather than savory and sufficient rather than superfluous; neither will it be necessary to state at length, that previous misfortunes had not balked our appetite, nor the abundance of alluring viands satiated it. After the removal of the cloth, and the *dessert* had verily almost become a *wilderness*, we were highly amused, for several

minutes, at the masculine prowess of our young heroine, who, say sooth, was always addicted to innocent mischief. She had requested J—— to join her in a dance; but the proposal appearing to him untimely, he indignantly rejected her suit. Upon this, the spirited little creature seizing up a horse-whip, belabored the unrelenting recusant to such a degree, as to succeed in actually drubbing him into a jig.

While this was going on, and we, the spectators, were unburdening ourselves in shouts of unrestrained laughter, the parlour-door was slowly and cautiously opened, as if the intruder was desirous to become a party in the merriment without rendering himself obnoxious to our observation. A moment's suspense ensued, when the countenance of our host, unusually sombre and contracted, made its appearance in the room—a significant beck with the hand summoned us through a long dark passage into the kitchen. We followed with tremulous and unequal steps, occasionally turning to gaze upon the faces of each other, and all feeling, though ashamed to acknowledge our cowardice, that we had rather be "*last* at a feast than *first* at a fray." As we entered, however, peeping over our neighbour's shoulders, we could not perceive any object calculated to excite either terror or dismay.

The kitchen, into which we had been ushered, was an apartment of considerable dimensions, wainscotted with dusky and curiously carved oak, and communicating by doors of the same material with the other chambers of the mansion. A tall range of cupboards monopolized one side, and an ancient table, to all appearance contemporary with King John, and possibly fabricated from one of the stately oaks of the New Forest, stretched nearly the entire length of the room. This was graced on either side by a bench likewise of oak, which, from its thickness and ponderosity, would convince the beholder that it had been constructed for the use of men fully capable of doing justice to the hams, and flitches, and onions, which reclined on crates, or dangled in bunches from the ceiling. It would be superfluous to dwell longer on the remaining articles of furniture; they were all of the most substantial and convenient make, having been selected more for utility than beauty. We ought not, however, to forget a high-backed screen, which, forming a kind of semicircle from the corner of the fire-place towards the centre of the room, served both as a

good substitute for chairs, and a commodious harbourage for all the cats and kittens in the household. In fact, a bed of wool was here extended for their accommodation, where they might resort and compose their thoughts at pleasure ; and at the time we are speaking of, it was occupied by no less than four or five of these animals dozing away in cool contentment ; while the hearth-stone was almost totally engrossed by a fierce visaged sheep-dog, who had forgotten his master's anxieties in the tranquillity of his own.

It has been already hinted that our causes for alarm were groundless, and it will be easily imagined by the reader, that long ere now, the reason of our summons was no longer a secret. We had been recalled to witness a novelty, curious in the extreme ; and our landlord had been desirous to confer additional relish, by exciting our suspicions in the first instance.

Around the oaken board was arranged a band of musicians and singers, consisting, as we were speedily informed, of the choir of a neighbouring village. They were traversing the manor in expectation of a Christmas *box*, and were emulous to deserve it, by doling forth a specimen of their psalmody.

The only instruments they could muster were a couple of squeaking clarionets, which, like a drunken husband and a termagant wife, could not agree in one single particular ; a fiddle, furnished with three strings, the fourth being replaced by a piece of packthread ; an octave flute, similar to that used by Vulcan, when he trudged off as a lame fifer to the Trojan war ; and a new fangled jews'-harp, intended, we were advised, as an humble apology for a *bass* viol. Of the choristers, we cannot speak much more respectfully.

Two females, who had scarcely attained the use of reason, screamed most hideously in alto ; four shining and well-conditioned cheeks apparently the property of a pair of stalwart carters, were straining almost to disruption, to chime in with a falsetto ; whilst a spare looking mortal, who combined in his person the responsibilities and emoluments of sexton and parish clerk, and presented a striking contrast to the fleshy carcasses of his brother vocalists, was emitting an accession of sounds, which, proceeding from the very lowest profundity of his wind-pipe, savoured of all the ruggedness and asperity of the channel they had to travel. Standing at the head of the



table, or rather *porched* there, (for his slender supporters might, without much violation of probability, be compared to the bony spindles of a cock-sparrow;) and waving a clumsy kind of poker in the faces of his brethren, by way of beating time, he would have made an excellent caricature of the genius of famine, presiding over the orgies of a troop of bacchanalians. Whilst these continued their *execution*,—for they were murdering music with a vengeance,—and we our comments on their skill and power of lungs, an unhopèd-for auxiliary was made to their body. Gyp, the dog mentioned above, springing upon his feet, without pitch or prelude commenced a dismal howling; which, disturbing the feline species in their meditations, called forth a swell of indignation from that quarter, thus completing one of the most perfect Dutch concerts I had ever witnessed. The *church-men*, nothing disconcerted at the inharmonious interruption, only gave greater energy to their exertions; and would assuredly have succeeded in dinning their antagonists dumb, had not the buxom dairy-maid, whose temper was not always in a *minor* key, hastily caught up a baton, and, striking it vehemently on the table, exhorted them “for conscience sake to be quiet, or they would set the whole kingdom in an uproar.”

Notwithstanding the emphasis which accompanied this interposition, a temporary abatement only was procured, but soon was succeeded by volumes of sound doubly unnatural and discordant. Upon this, our hostess, the fecundity of whose invention at this crisis deserves great laud, devised a scheme fraught with much more ingenuity, and attended with better success. She ordered a napkin to be thrown over the table, and the remains of a rump of beef to be introduced. The effect was astonishing. One by one the notes died away, as an assortment of potatoes, carrots, and turnips, took each their station on the board. “Draw a large jug of ale,” continued our hostess, “and let ’em have something to wet their whistles with. And now come, without any ceremony, set to.” The guests required but little pressing, and the invitation needed not to be repeated; for, even before the words were out of her mouth, their eyes had already devoured, what their teeth were immediately afterwards occupied in disposing of. When the warriors had finished their meal, and had just arrived at that happy state of ebriety, which vivifies without

brutalizing the heart, they begged leave to sing one *profane* song before they departed, as the others had been selections from the Bible or Common Prayer-book. In spite of all our remonstrances they persisted in their demand; so, after exhausting the pitcher to clear their throats withal, they roared out the following drinking song, composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Jedediah Tithepig, the parish clerk and sexton above mentioned.

## SONG.

*Chorus.*—We will drink and be merry,  
To chase away pain,  
And when the can's empty,  
We'll fill it again.

When the psalm has been chaunted,  
The litanies sung,  
And the corpse has been huddled  
The coffins among,  
I hold it but fitting,  
Whate'er you may think,  
To quaff to their health  
In a noggin of drink.

*Chorus.*—We will drink, &c.

The delver and thrasher,  
Who lives by the flail,  
Oft replenish their stomachs  
With beef and *gude ale*.  
And sure a poor sinner  
That stands by the brink  
Of the grave with his pick-axe,  
May taste of your drink.

*Chorus.*—We will drink, &c.

And why not the singer,  
Who bawls till his throat  
Is as dry as the hair  
On the beard of a goat?

And why not the singer,  
 Who never will blink,  
 Be indulged with a cup  
 Of occasional drink !

*Chorus.*—We will drink and be merry,  
 To chase away pain,  
 And *now* the can's empty,  
*Let's* fill it again !

On repeating the last words, they all turned a supplicating eye towards the landlady, whose benevolent heart could not resist the appeal. She accordingly gave directions to refill the flagon, and fee each of them with a shilling. After drinking health and happiness and a merry Christmas to all the family, and promising to get a new tune ready for the following year, they bent their steps towards the door of a wealthier habitation, where, though they may have partaken of more delicate cheer, they could not have met with a more hospitable entertainment.

## VISIONS IN THE SUNSET. A SONNET.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

How calm, but how magnificent the hush  
 O'er Summer's path reposes !—there should be  
 Elysian fountains, with their golden gush,  
 And rainbow spires, within the chrystal sea.  
 Sublime, amid the sunny blazonry  
 Of yon fair cloud, should beauteous Milton smile,  
 And Shakspeare, lord of his enchanted isle,  
 Muse, o'er his harp, beneath the magic tree !  
 Oh, child of fancy ! if the mellow lute  
 Pours out its music o'er thy slumbering eyes,  
 And visions, deep and blissful, keep thee mute,  
 On seraph's radiant pinions thou shouldst rise,  
 Wander, amid their glow, through groves of fruit,  
 And taste the streams that laugh o'er Paradise !  
*Deal*





# GREENWICH PENSIONER.

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## THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A Greenwich pensioner ! Did any of my readers ever ponder on that strange composition of battered humanity and blue serge ? Did they never feel a something approaching very near gratitude on passing, in the metropolis, a Greenwich pensioner, who, with his honest, carved-out, unabashed front, looks as bluntly and as wonderingly at the bustle and splendor around him, as does an unsophisticated wether suddenly removed from South Downs to Cheapside, whilst shaking his woollen coat beneath the whip of the coachman to the Lord Mayor. What a mixture of gravity and wonderment is in the poor brute's countenance ! how, with its meek, uplifted head, it stares at the effulgent vehicle,—runs leaping at the coach-wheels, mistaking them for hurdles—falls, awe-struck, back, at the gilt and beavered greatness of the footman's cocked hat—then, suddenly awakened from its amazement by the lurcher's teeth or the driver's stick, makes an unlucky spring of some three feet into the air, catches a glance of its figure in the mirrored walls of a silk mercer's, and, startled at the sight, dashes through the first court,—carrying perhaps a few yards upon its back, some red-faced, nankeen-gaitered little stock-broker ; whose spattered small-clothes are for a time unregarded, in the mighty rush of drovers, butchers, dogs, and idlers.

Now such is the real Greenwich pensioner. When I say *real*, I mean one who abhors London worse than he does a Frenchman ; who thinks there is nothing to be seen in it, unless, indeed, it be Nelson's tomb, in St. Paul's, or the Ship public-house, in Tooley-street. London is to him a never-failing source of merriment ; that is, whilst he is out of it. He sits at Greenwich, and looking as sagely as a starling ere he snaps at a fly, at the piled-up clouds of smoke hanging over the metropolis, or indeed almost propped upon its chimney-pots, and, stretching forth his stick, significantly points them out to his former shipmates, asking them if they do not think “ there is something dark over there—something of an ‘ox-eye’ to the west ? ” He, indeed, never ventures to London, unless it be for a fresh supply of tobacco, or to pay a quarterly visit to his grand-daughter, the upper housemaid in a gentleman's family—and who, indeed, thinks with horror upon his call, because the neighbours laugh at the cocked hat and the

shoe-buckles of her relative ; but principally because Richard, the baker's young man, declares he hates all sailors. The visit is never a very lengthened one, especially if the girl lives far to the west ; for her grandfather has to call on Will Somebody, who set up, with his prize-money, a public-house in Wapping : so off he starts, hurries up the Strand, touches his hat from a point of principle as he nears Somerset House, puts out more canvas, and away for Temple Bar. The pensioner has not yet, however, sat for his picture.

We have all read of crabs being despoiled of their claws, locusts of their entrails, and turtles of their brains, receiving in lieu thereof a pellet of cotton, and yet retaining life, and appearing, in the words of the experimentalizing and soft-hearted naturalist "very lively and comfortable."\* Now, the real Greenwich pensioner distances all these ; he is, indeed, an enigma : nature knows not what to make of him. He hath been suspended, like a schoolboy's bob-cherry, a hundred times over the chaps of death, and yet still been snatched away by the hand of providence, to whom, indeed, his many hurts and dangers have especially endeared him. Ye of the "*land-interest*," ye soft-faced young sparks, who think with terror upon a razor on a frosty morning,—ye suffering old gentlemen, who pause at a linen-draper's, and pass the flannel between your fingers, as time verges towards October,—ye martyrs to a winter cough—ye racked with a quarterly tooth-arche—all ye of household ailings, look upon this hacked, shivered piece of clay, this Greenwich pensioner : consider of how many of his powers he is despoiled ; see where the cutlass and the boarding-pike have ploughed up and pierced his flesh ; see where the bullet has glanced, singeing by ; and when you have reckoned up, if they are to reckon-ed, his many scars—above all, look at his hard, contented, weather-barnacled face, and then, gentle spectators, complain of your rheums, your joint-twitchings, and your corns !

Why, this Greenwich pensioner is in himself a record of the last forty years' war. He is a breathing volume of naval history : not an event but is somewhere indented in him with steel or led : he has been the stick in which the English Mars has notched his cricket-matches, when twenty-four pounders were balls, and mainmasts wickets. See, in his blinded

\* See *Vaillant and Rédi*.

eye is Howe's victory on the glorious first of June ; that stump of what was once an arm, is Nile ; and, in his wooden leg, read Trafalgar. As to his scars, a gallant action, or a desperate cutting-out, is noted in every one of them. And what was the old fellow's only wish, as, with a shattered knee, he lay in the cockpit under the surgeon's hand—what was his earnest supplication to the wet-eyed messmate who bore him down the hatchway ? Simply, that he would save him one of the splinters of the mainmast of the Victory, to make of it a leg for Sundays ! His wish was granted ; and at Greenwich, always on the seventh day, and also on the 21st of October, is he to be seen, propped upon the inestimable splinter, which, from labor, time, and bees'-wax, has taken the dark glossiness of mahogany. What a face he has ! What a certain consciousness of his superiority on his own element at times puffs out of his lip, and gives a sudden twitch to his head ! But ask him in what quarter sets the wind—and note, how with his one eye, he will glance at you from top to toe ; and, without ever raising his head or hand to make a self-enquiry, answers you at once, as though it was a question he was already prepared for. And so, indeed, he is ; it being his first business, on rising, to consult the weather. The only way to gain his entire confidence, is at once frankly to avow your utter ignorance, and his superiority ; and then, after he has leered at you with an eye, in which there is a meeting of contempt, good humour, and self-importance, he is wholly your own ; and will straightway launch into the South Seas, coast along the shores of Guinea,—where, by the bye, he will tell you he once fell in love with a negress, who, however, jilted him for the cook,—and then he will launch out about Admiral Duncan—take you a voyage with him round Cape Horn, where a mermaid appeared, and sung a song to the ship's crew ; and who, indeed, blew aside the musket-shots that were ungallantly fired at her in requital of her melody. But our pensioner has one particular story ; hear him through that, suffer yourself to be wholly astounded at its recital, and, if you were not a landman, he would instantly greet you as his dearest friend. The heroes of this same story are our pensioner and a shark,—a tremendous shark, that used to be the terror of the harbour of St. Thomas's. Upon this shark, and the piece of the mainmast of the Vic-



tory, is our pensioner content to rest all his importance during his life, and his fame with posterity. He will tell you that he, being caterer of the mess, let fall a piece of beef out at the port-hole, which this terrible shark received into its jaws, and twisted its body most provokingly at the delicious mouthful. Hereupon our pensioner,—it was before, he reminds you, he had lost a limb,—asks leave of the first lieutenant (for the captain was on shore) to have a bout with the shark: leave being granted, all the crew are quickly in the shrouds, and upon the hammock-netting, to see Tom “tackle the shark.” Our pensioner now enters into a minute detail of how, having armed himself with a long knife, he jumped overboard, dived under the shark, whom he saw approaching with distended jaws, and inflicted a tremendous wound with the knife in the belly of the fish; this is repeated thrice, when the shark turns itself upon its back—a boat is let down, and both the conqueror and the conquered are quickly received upon deck. You are doubtless astonished at this; he, however, adds to your surprise, by telling you that the mess regaled off the piece of beef recovered from the fish; he more astounded at this, although mingle no doubt in your astonishment, and he will straightway promise some day to treat your eyes with a sight of a set of chequer-men, cut from the very dorsal bone of the immolated shark! To be the hearer of a sailor’s tale, is something like undergoing the ancient ordeal of red-hot ploughshares; be innocent of unbelief, and you may, as was held, journey in safety; doubt the smallest point, and you are quickly withered into nought.

What an odd contrast to his early life is the state of a Greenwich pensioner! It is as though a part of the angry and foaming sea should lie stagnant in a bathing-tub. All his business is to recount his former adventures—to plod about, and look with a disdainful eye at trees, and brick and mortar; or, when he would indulge in a serious fit of spleen, to walk down to the river’s side, and let his gall feed upon the misdeeds of London apprentices, who, fearless of consequences, may have ventured some five miles from home in not “a trim-built wherry.” A Greenwich pensioner, fresh from sea, is a most preposterous creature; he gets up every morning for a week, a month, and still finds himself in the same place; he knows not what to make of it; he feels the strangeness of his

situation, and would, had he the patience and the wit, liken himself to a hundred unsettled things. Compare him to a hippopotamus in a gentleman's park, and he would tell you, he had in his day seen a hippopotamus, and then, with a good-natured grunt, acquiesce in the resemblance; or to a jolly-boat in a flower-garden; or to a sea-gull in the cage of a canary; or to a porpoise upon a hearth-rug; or to a boat-swain's whistle in a nursery; or to a marling-spike in a milliner's work-room; or a tar-barrel in a confectioner's; with any one or all of these misplaced articles would our unsettled pensioner sympathize, until time shall have reconciled him to his asylum; and even then, his fancy, like the shells upon our mantel-piece, will sound of the distant and the dangerous ocean. At Greenwich, however, the mutilated old sailor has time enough to indulge in the recollection of his early days, and, with what wisdom he may, to make up his mind to meet in another world those whom his arm may have sent thither long before. Death, at length, gently lays the veteran upon his back; his last words, as the sailor puts his withered hand upon his heart, are, "all's well," and sea and earth have passed away. His body, which had been for forty years a bulwark to the land, now demands of it but "two paces of the vilest earth;" and if aught could spring from the tomb characteristic of its inmate, from the grave of the pensioner would arise the stout unbending oak—it would be his fitting monument; and the carolling of the birds in its branches would be his loud, his artless epitaph.

The Greenwich pensioner, wherever we meet with him, is a fine, quaint memento of our national greatness, and our fortunate locality. We should look upon him as the representative of Neptune, and bend our spirit towards him accordingly. But that is not sufficient; we have individual acknowledgments to make to him for the comforts of a long safety. Let us but consider, as we look at his wooden supporter, that if it had not been for his leg, the cannon-ball might have scattered us in our tea parlour; the bullet which deprived him of his orb of vision, might have stricken *Our Village* from our hand, whilst ensconced in our study; the cutlass which cleaved his shoulder, might have demolished our china vase or our globe of golden fish:—instead of which, hemmed round by such walls of stout and honest flesh, we have lived securely,

participating in every peaceful and domestic comfort, and neither heard the roar of the cannon nor seen its smoke. Shakspeare has compared England to "a swan's nest" in the "world's pool:" let us be nautical in our similes, and liken her to a single lemon-kernel in a huge bowl of punch: who is it that has prevented the kernel from being ladled down the throat of despotism, from becoming but an atom of the great, loathsome mass?—our Greenwich pensioner. Who has kept our houses from being transformed into barracks, and our cabbage-markets into parades?—again, and again, let it be answered—the Greenwich pensioner. Reader, if, the next time you see the tar, you should perchance have with you your wife and smiling family, think that if their tenderness has never been shocked by scenes of blood and terror, you owe such quietude to a Greenwich pensioner. Indeed, I know not if a triennial progress of the Greenwich establishment through the whole kingdom would not be attended with the most beneficial effects;—fathers would teach their little ones to lip thanksgivings unto God that they were born in England, as reminded of their happy superiority by the withered form of every Greenwich pensioner.

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### SUCCESSFUL ALCHYMY.

Many men have spent much time and money in search of the philosophers' stone, but, failing in their experiments, they have abandoned the delusive science in despair, having metamorphosed their gold into poverty and rags. Hence, several writers have had the temerity to assert, that the object of their pursuit was chimerical,—that they had been deluded by visionary expectations, and that a transmutation is impossible. With all due respect to these learned gentlemen, I must beg to dissent from their sage opinions, well knowing that the art has been practised for several years with the most undeviable success, both in London and in the country.

There are at this moment several companies in the metropolis, who cultivate this science, with the utmost advantage; while solitary individuals, having found the grand elixir, decline all associations to establish their fortunes and their fame.

Of these individuals and companies, swarms may be found at Gray's Inn, the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Doctors' Commons. The materials on which they work are quite simple; and the process chiefly commands attention by astonishing effects. They use neither crucibles nor retorts in their laboratories, but are rarely disappointed in the expected result of their daily experiments.

A few drops of common ink mixed up with a specific quantity of law verbiage, and a very small portion of constitutional spirit, spread over a piece of paper, and left to dry, will in a few days be metamorphosed into sterling silver. The same ingredients spread upon parchment, when the operative alchemist has on a black gown and a wig, that make him somewhat resemble a bashaw with three tails, may, with equal ease, be transmuted into sterling gold.

To give effect to this process, the artists, sometimes, with a little verbal legerdemain, raise an artificial fire, to excite the astonishment and admiration of the spectators. During this time the composition is maturing to perfection, and almost immediately after, the pure gold begins to flow. This the artist secures, and with it fills both his coffer and his pockets. To prevent the trade from being suppressed by act of parliament, or these manufactories of gold and silver being forfeited to the king, these wary gentlemen call themselves solicitors and counsellors, and by these names they are known throughout the country.

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### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I saw that loved one lying dead,  
 That one whose memory now I bless,  
 And, though I knew the soul was fled,  
 I felt not yet my loneliness!  
 But when the sable hearse drew nigh,  
 And mourners, who were smiling still,  
 And all that frightful pageantry,  
 That marks we've left a world of ill,  
 'Twas then I heav'd my saddest sigh—  
 'Twas then I felt my deep distress;  
 I knew that one was gone for aye,  
 And felt my utter loneliness!

ALLAH.

## SOLITUDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MERZLAKOFF.

Upon a hill which rears itself 'midst plains extending wide,  
 Fair flourishes a lofty oak in beauty's bloom and pride ;  
 This lofty oak in solitude its branches vast expands,  
 All lonesome on the cheerless height like sentinel it stands ;  
 Whom can it lend its friendly shade, when Sol with fervor  
 glows.

Or, who can shelter it from harm when the rude tempest  
 blows ?

No bushes green, entwining close, here deck the neighbouring  
 ground,

No tufted pines beside it grow, no osiers thrive around.

Sad e'en to trees their dreary state in solitude, if grown,

And bitter, bitter is the lot for youth to live alone :

Though mines of countless wealth be his, how vain the selfish  
 pride !

Though crowned with glory's laurell'd wreath, with whom  
 that wreath divide ?

When I with an acquaintance meet, he scarce a bow affords,  
 And beauties, half saluting me, but grant some transient  
 words,

On some I look myself with dread, whilst others from me fly,  
 Yet the world lavishes its smiles till the dark hour draws  
 nigh.

But were my aching heart relieved ? new woes assail me  
 sore,

My friend, who sleeps in the cold earth, comes to my aid no  
 more,

No relatives, alas ! of mine in this strange scene appear,

No wife imparts love's kind caress, soft smile, or pitying tear ;

No father feels joy's thrilling throb as he our transport sees,

No gay and sporting little ones come clambering on my  
 knees ;

Take back all honors, wealth, and fame, the heart they can-  
 not move,

And give instead—the smiles of friends, the fond embrace of  
 love.

W. D. L.

## MASQUERADES.\*

The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, not what they are fit for.—*Steele*.

This species of entertainment, in the present day, is far from flourishing. It is in England like a puny exotic. The first masquerade given in this country upon the foreign plan, was by the queen of Charles I. It was on a Sunday, when, in front of the banqueting-house at Whitehall, a scuffle ensued between the soldiers and the people, in which six of the latter were killed. This made the queen very unpopular, and raised a violent opposition to masquerades for nearly a century. The most splendid English masquerade on record was provided at the Opera House, in 1717-8, by that celebrated caterer, Mr. Heidegger. It was allowed to be more magnificent than had been known in Italy, Venice, or any other country, and was thus described in *Mist's Weekly Journal*, February 15, 1718:—"The room" says the writer, "is exceedingly large, beautifully adorned, and illuminated with 500 wax lights; on the sides are divers beaufets, over which is written the several wines therein contained,—as Canary, Burgundy, Champagne, Rhenish, &c., of which all are at liberty to drink what they please; with large services of all sorts of sweetmeats: there are also two sets of music, at due distance from each other, performed by very good hands. By the vast variety of dresses, (many of them very rich,) you would fancy it a congress of the principal persons of all nations in the world,—as Turks, Italians, Indians, Polanders, Spaniards, Venetians, &c. There is an absolute freedom of speech, without the least offence given thereby; while all appear better bred than to offer anything profane, rude, or immodest; but wit incessantly flashes about in repartees, honor, and good humour, and all kinds of pleasantry. There was also the groom-porter's office, where all play that please; while heaps of guineas pass about with so little concern in the losers, that they are not to be distinguished from the winners. Nor does it add a little to the beauty of the entertainment, to

\* This article is taken from *A Companion to the Theatres*, a very useful little book to those who wish to become acquainted with the origin, progress, and present state, of all the metropolitan theatres.

see the generality of the masqueraders behave themselves agreeable to their several habits. The number when I was there, on Tuesday, last week, was computed at 700, with some files of musqueteers at hand, for the preventing of any disturbance which might happen by quarrels, &c.,—so frequent in Venice, Italy, and other countries, in such entertainments. At 11 o'clock, a person gives notice that supper is ready, when the company pass into another large room, where a noble cold entertainment is provided ; the whole diversion continuing from nine o'clock till seven the next morning. In short, the whole ball was sufficiently illustrious, in every article of it, for the greatest prince to give on the most extraordinary occasion."

The masquerades formerly given at the Pantheon were very celebrated. In 1783, Delpini, the famous clown, got up a grand masquerade there, in celebration of his present majesty (then Prince of Wales,) attaining the age of majority. The tickets were all sold at *three guineas* each, but Delpini was a loser by the speculation. About six years since, the king sent the poor *artists* £200 ; but the latter part of Delpini's life was passed in sickness, misery, and suffering. In the same year, Garrick attended a masquerade at the Pantheon, as king of the gipsies, a character which, according to local report, he rendered *inimitable*, by his spirit and humour. Masquerades, carnivals, and fancy-dress balls, are given, upon special occasions, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, when the whole theatre is formed into a saloon, by flooring over the pit level with the stage, which has a most imposing effect. The admission is from one to two guineas. There are annually, at the Italian Opera House, three masquerades, and the same number at the Argyle Rooms, in Regent-street. They are *numerously* attended ; but in their motley assemblages we miss the *character* and spirit, the gentlemanly ease and fashion, of the times of Killebrew and Heidegger. All is revel and rout ; but as a picture of London life, these entertainments merit notice ; and such as do not wish to mix in their frolics, may witness them from the spectator of the theatre. The pit is floored over at the Opera House, and the saloon then formed is one of the most brilliant that can be conceived. The admission is 10s. 6d. for persons *in character* ; and one guinea for those in plain dress. Supper and wines are charged extra.

Venice is, however, the city for masquerades ; and in Paris a carnival is still held fifteen days previous to Ash Wednesday. In 1790, it was prohibited ; but on its restoration, for some years, nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of the costumes displayed on these occasions. Thousands of masked persons then paraded the streets ; but the entertainment has now lost its charms, and the masks are few and unmeaning. Masked balls were introduced in 1716 ; and a Carmelite friar (good soul ! ) invented machinery for elevating the floor of the pit to a level with the stage. They now commence about the end of January, and continue on fixed days throughout the carnival. The charge to the most splendid is only six franks ; to others, three franks ; and these balls are given at almost every theatre in Paris.

Masks were very common among the ancients, and were more particularly used by the performers at their theatres. It is uncertain whether the Egyptians understood theatrical amusements ; but remains of their monuments prove them to have been accustomed to conceal their faces with masks. They were originally made of the bark of trees, then of leather, subsequently of wood, and lastly of paper, varnished. The mask was likewise worn in several ancient religious ceremonies, and fêtes of the heathen deities, as also in the *Saturnalia*. Female masks were likewise worn by boys, who formerly played women's parts on our stage.

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### SHE LEFT THE BALL.

She left the ball, for all was dim,  
 For all was darkness without *him* ;  
 For what was feast, or what was ball,  
 Without the dear one loved of all ?  
 Then home she went, but what was *home*,  
 Without that *one* who made home sweet ?  
 'Twas he that made it bliss to roam,  
 Or made the hours at home so fleet.  
 She took her harp, but vain the sound,  
 To soothe a mind oppress'd with care ;  
 She found, alas ! too sadly found,  
 'Twas all in vain—*he* was not there.

ALLAN.



## NICHOLAS PESCE, THE FISH.

FROM THE ROYAL ARCHIVES OF SICILY.

In the time of Frederick, King of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicholas, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed, The Fish. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea, and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last brought it to be his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily to Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of the Lipari islands, noways apprehensive of danger. Some mariners, out at sea, one day observed something at a distance from them, which they regarded as a sea-monster; but, upon its approach, it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land; he showed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, neatly done up in a leathern bag, in such a manner that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them thus company for some time on their voyage, conversing and asking questions; and, after eating a hearty meal with them, took his leave, and, jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone.

In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a considerable time.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself, who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicholas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last, however, after much

searching, he was found, and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he, therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information, and commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; and, as an incitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it. Nicholas was not insensible of the dangers to which he was exposed,—dangers best known only to himself; and he therefore presumed to remonstrate: but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of showing his skill, at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was immediately swallowed up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below, during which time the king and his attendants remained on shore, anxious for his fate; but he at last appeared upon the surface, holding the cup triumphantly in one hand, and making his way good upon the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore; the cup was made the reward of his adventure: the king ordered him to be taken proper care of; and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labor, after a hearty meal he was put to bed, and was permitted to refresh himself by sleeping.

When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought, to satisfy the king's curiosity with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect:—He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprised of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he observed, that rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but to fishes themselves:—first, the force of the water, bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist: secondly, the abruptness of the rocks that, on every side threaten destruction: thirdly, the force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polypus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in; he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself was urged in his descent. This

account, however, not satisfying the king's curiosity, he was requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries : he at first refused ; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations, and, to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a cup of gold. Upon these considerations, the unfortunate *Pessacola* once again plunged into the whirlpool, —and was never heard of more.

### THE BAD EFFECTS OF RICHES.

" Profusion deluging a state with lusts  
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,  
Prepares it for its ruin."

The wiser part of mankind seem to agree, that real happiness is only to be found where the affections are always accompanied by a serene tranquillity : it hence follows, that those who employ their existence in quest of dissipated joys, meet with the greatest proportion of pains, disappointments, and disgusts.

One of our eminent poets says, that virtue is " the strength and beauty of the soul ;" a charming simile, and such a one as offers a pleasing one for comment ; but we shall only infer that it is virtue which is the only solid prosperity, and the comfort and shield of adversity. Having so done, we shall ask, " What are riches ?" and endeavour to define their effects.

Riches are only a vain something, that claims the admiration of avaricious minds, a gaudy deception, unworthy of man's attention, and a falsely supposed desirable possession. Insignificant as are riches, there are beings who degrade the human understanding by an unquenchable thirst after pelf, acquired by guilt and baseness. Ancient philosophers have, in general, condemned riches as unnecessary evils. Is it not evident that superfluity exceeds the dictates of wisdom and of nature ? Not that adversity is of itself desirable—no ! for it is a real affliction ; yet reflect on the nature of adversity, and you will perceive that this affliction is invariably the attendant on vice,—indeed, it may be found otherwise, according to the opinion of the world ; but the world's opinion is false,

“ for the poor man that is grateful, would be benevolent were he rich,” consequently, the heart is the standard to judge by. Who so poor as the miser ?

Prosperity tends to make us vain, arrogant, and self-sufficient ; indeed, it not unfrequently happens, that the mind is so contaminated by wealth, as to render the possessor a sort of overbearing wretch, devoid of every finer feeling, callous to every charitable, generous, and noble principle. Worldly possessions are not requisite to constitute a good or happy man.

Still it cannot be denied that riches may be possessed with safety, and tend to the happiness of the possessor. But, alas ! we seldom find that people in affluent circumstances are actuated by a truly charitable disposition. Where are the pleasures arising from motives of ostentation ? Have not the opulent employments to intrigue for, and obligations to discharge ? are they not obliged to perform duties of useless ceremony, and compelled to a continual restraint in their dress, action, and words, and to endure the insupportable pressure of idleness, the nurse of discontent ? In short, there is no sort of slavery by which they are not burthened ; even their entertainments, sumptuous as they may appear, are enjoyed with less satisfaction than the repasts of the rural swain, who gratefully takes what nature gives, and in reality enjoys.

Country scenes abound with an elegant simplicity ; grandeur, unknown to the miserable great, who steal through life betwixt luxury and guilt. It is content that diffuses a charm that choaks the thorns of life. In the peasant's hut we may find a calm serenity, a firmness of soul, and a sweet composure of mind, unknown to those in exalted stations ; his daily toil becomes a delight ; with cheerfulness he rises at morn to resume his peaceful labor, and returns at night to his happy cot ;—there finds his loved partner, his smiling children, a sparkling fire, and the food of innocence. These are joys superior to the floating grandeur of a court, which is too often a cloak to cover wretchedness.

Again, the conduct of the gay licentious proud is rarely influenced by prudent consideration. Where, then, are the pleasures of riches ? or where that happiness to counterbalance the black jealousy and gloomy anxiety of the miser, whose soul is ever racked with conscious remorse. A miser

is a sort of grovelling monster, held in detestation. We might make a voluminous selection of incidents, which elucidate the deplorable influence of riches : but why enumerate occurrences from history to prove their immoral and discordant tendency, when the present day presents a serious field for observation ?

It is too melancholy a truth, that the prospect of self-advantage incites to actions unworthy of man's dignity. Why are Europeans so prone to cultivate inhumanity in the western hemisphere ? and why do Britons arrogantly trample on that inestimable jewel which they so proudly boast of themselves ? The best families are apt to be contaminated by too frequent habitude to scenes of cruelty. In like manner do virtuous principles die away, when too much exposed to the wiles of temptation ; hence the baneful tendency of gambling, a gulf no less hideous than shamefully pernicious. Prosperity introduces luxury, and luxury a poison that saps the very essence of good government, and inevitably hurls vengeance on a nation. We are miserably deceived, when we presume that riches alone will constitute happiness ;—whence so many glaring instances of conjugal infidelity ? Little else can be expected, when the parties unite with sentiments derogatory to every principle of genuine and pure esteem. Alas ! matches of convenience are too prevalent ; indeed, we are almost disposed to accuse Cupid for allowing his empire to be so much encumbered by gold. Cruelty is the constant attendant of a narrow, groveling mind. How often is generous love ill requited, and why ? Because parents aim rather at interested matches, than such as nature and love dictate.

Ye favored sons of Britain's isle ! why so different from your manly ancestors ? why the advice of dissolute companions more attended to than that of experience ? Think and act with noble ardor, and permit not vicious communication to quench this generous flame. We need not be surprised at finding so many unfortunate females, when we consider that the sons of idleness, vulture-like, are ever upon the watch to seduce the imprudent fair. Can that affection, which grasps at sensual enjoyment, be love ? No ! it is at once sordid and transient. Pure love can only arise from the interchange of soul with soul, and is rendered delightful by mutual confidence and complacency.

Socrates said, that "we ought ever to prefer poverty with justice, to injustice and ignominy; and ought never to make a distinction betwixt that which is just, and that which is useful." Ignorance of wealth is the very best of riches, as an immoderate desire of riches is a poison lodged in the soul, which destroys every thing that is good in it.

From our misconceptions of the nature of true riches, many, ah! many complicated evils spring; riches were never intended for man in his primitive state; every sympathetic soul shudders at the wretchedness of those poor beings who, weeping, labor in the mines. Nay, the calamities attending the acquirement of gold, and other falsely esteemed metals, are innumerable, and at once evince that nature intended them not for man's use. Why do the mistaken notions of honor, prerogative, and power, lead their votaries, and serve as pretexts to exercise every species of cruelty?

It is, in fact, needless to expatiate further on this subject. We shall conclude by observing, that it is from the volume of human life we may every day draw observations which elucidate the immoral tendency of riches. It must, however, be confessed, that happiness is centered in ourselves, as we chiefly make or find our own felicity.

May these remarks strengthen this incontestible truth, that riches are of themselves dangerous, and cannot insure happiness! May they prove, that the greatest felicity we enjoy here below, flows from a consciousness of having done our duty to our Creator, to our neighbour, and to our country!

## THE PAST.

The visions of the buried time come thronging dearer far  
Than joys the present hour can give, than present objects are;  
I love to dwell among their shades unfolding to my view  
The dreams of perish'd men and years, and by-gone glory  
too.

For though such retrospect is sad, it is a sadness sweet,  
The forms of those whom we revere in memory to greet,  
Since nothing in this changing world is constant but decay,  
And early flowers but bloom the first to pass the first away.

## STORM IN HARVEST. A FRAGMENT.

BY CHARLOTTE C. RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF "LUDOLPH," &amp;c.

'Tis past mid-day—the sun withdraws his beams,  
 And sultry and oppressive is the air ;  
 While in the dark'ning south, still darker clouds  
 Their fearful aspect show. The reapers gaze  
 Silent, and trembling, on the frowning skies ;  
 A sudden flash the wonted signal gives,  
 And loud, and long, the dreadful crash is heard ;  
 Quicker the lightnings glance,—th' increasing storm  
 Approaches nearer :—mute the rustics stand.  
 The master casts a pensive look around ;  
 Then upward turns his eyes ;—a look that speaks,  
 " Much corn is yet abroad ; a few days more,  
 And all had been secure :—but, gracious heaven !  
 Thy will be done." Nearer the tempest comes ;  
 To shun the torrents of a threat'ning cloud,  
 They seek the shelter of an aged oak,  
 Whose friendly boughs some shelter might afford,  
 But, ere they reach it, a tremendous flash  
 The knotty centre cleaves ! amaz'd, they shrink,  
 As o'er their heads the dread explosion bursts,  
 And rolls in awful majesty along.  
 Deep in the bosom of the hollow vale  
 Affrighted Echo murmurs her reply.  
 Closer the reapers croud ; for solemn fear  
 Prevails in every breast !

The gleaners fly

With speed, and in the neighb'ring thicket hide :  
 And woe to him, who, with dishonest hand,  
 Has oft in secret from the sheaf purloin'd  
 The tempting ear ; doubtless, for him alone  
 The lightnings glare ; and on his guilty head  
 The fatal bolt must fall ! Thus conscience speaks,  
 While innocence itself, alarm'd, beholds  
 A scene so terrible ! but the same power  
 At whose command the fiery tempests rise,  
 Can still them too. Then hush'd be every fear ;  
 The God of harvest comes not to destroy !



*R. Westall, R.A. del.*

*J. Rogers sc.*

# STORM IN MAY HARVEST.





Lightly the show'r descends : the thunder rolls  
 On the far distant shores ; the op'ning skies  
 In lovely azure glow, and all around  
 The setting sun a soften'd lustre throws.  
 Refreshing breezes fly across the plains,  
 And dash the moisture from the drooping corn.  
 'Tis mildness all,—and nature smiles again  
 In sweet serenity,—then sinks to rest.

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### A DREAM.

I dreamt a dream, a vision of youth,  
 When fancy dominates o'er the brain ;  
 It was of honor, of love, and truth,  
 And oh ! could I dream that dream again !

It told of a world, whose fairy hues  
 Were ting'd with the rays of hope's sweet light ;  
 Of cloudless days, and sweet evening dews,  
 And golden moments so purely bright.

But that glitt'ring vision was roughly broke  
 By stern reality's magic breath ;  
 For clouds I saw not in thunder spoke,  
 And friends I lov'd were the prey of death.

And could it then be delusion ? ah, no !  
 As the star of hope it was kindly given  
 To cheer this dark path of sublunar woe,  
 With a partial glimpse of the joys of heaven.

*Birmingham.*

*J. R.*

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### THE ZEPHYR.

Mid' the bells of the lily, the buds of the rose,  
 Where the violet lurks, where the eglantine grows,  
 Where forest boughs wave, when the summer is nigh,  
 There, there is my home—for a zephyr am I.

In the caves of the mountain, the birth-place of streams,  
On the waves of the sea, in the sun's dying beams,  
Mid' the dews of the morn, when Aurora is nigh,  
My dwelling is found—for a zephyr am I.

Round the bright form of beauty I gently unfold  
My wings, fringed with light and bespangled with gold,  
Kiss the cheek where young blushes for ever are nigh,  
And lives but for bliss—for a zephyr am I.

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### BENHADAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH GIRL OF THE CORDILLERAS," "THE EVE OF ST. JOHN," "THE LITTLE DUTCH SENTINEL," "COBUS YERKS," &c.

A certain bashaw of Smyrna, being on his way to Constantinople, by order of the commander of the faithful, with his retinue of janissaries and servants mounted on fifty camels, arrived about noonday at a fine grove of oranges, in the midst of which a pure spring bubbled forth from beneath a rock, and wandered about like a snake in the grass, diffusing a richer tint of green wherever it passed. The camels hesitated, pricked their ears, and looked wistfully towards the gurgling waters and cooling fountains. "Halt here," said the bashaw to his troop, "and let us rest in this shade." The bashaw sat down on a rich cushion of silk, ordered his pipe to be brought, and, crossing his legs, directed his poet, or story-teller, to relate some tale to pass away the time. The poet bowed his head, and began as follows:—

A merchant of Balsora, who was called Benhadar, one day sat smoking his pipe under the shade of the pomegranates in his garden, and amusing himself with summing up the items of his wealth. "Let me see—I have fifty thousand piastres in merchandize with the caravan which will soon be here; I have twice that sum invested in my two ships coming from the Indies with rich spices and silks; I have eighty thousand owing to me by the great bashaw, Albacil; and my house and gardens are worth as much more. Truly, Benhadar, thou art rich; enjoy thyself, and be happy." He was interrupted by a messenger, who came, in breathless haste, to inform him that the caravan, which was bringing his merchandize, had

been overtaken by a whirlwind, and buried in the sands of the desert. Another came, in equal haste, to say that his two ships had been wrecked on the isle of Serandib, where they were plundered by the natives, and their crews massacred. A third followed with the news that the great bashaw, Albacil, had fallen under the displeasure of the commander of the faithful, who had sent him the bowstring, and confiscated all his property. Here the Bashaw of Smyrna looked a little uneasy, but said nothing.

Benhadar, continued the story-teller, rolled himself in the dust, in despair; he tore his head, and scattered his hair to the winds. "O Allah!" cried he, "what sort of a world is this, and what short-sighted mortals inhabit it! a moment ago, and I was happy in the imaginary possessions of boundless wealth; now I am a beggar. I fancied myself rich, when I was not worth a piastre. Miserable,—miserable mortals, that we are! why cannot we know what will happen, as well as what hath happened in this world? had I known the former, I would neither have adventured my wealth to be sported with by the whirlwinds of the desert, nor the tempests of the ocean, nor, what is still more uncertain, by the freaks of fortune, who delights to pull down the pageants that she sets up. I, that am a descendant of the prophet, and have the privilege of wearing a green turban, know no more of what shall take place the next moment than the camel that fears no God. Why is this, O Allah?"

"Who calls on Allah?" answered a voice that smote upon the heart of Benhadar, who gazed, bewildered, around.—"Who calls?" again repeated the voice. Benhadar looked towards the spot whence it seemed to come, and beheld what appeared a vast column of mist, gradually swelling into the outlines of a human figure of gigantic size. As he continued to gaze in fixed and awful silence, it condensed by degrees into form, symmetry, and substance, brightening at the same time its dark dusky hue, till the whole face and feature shone with inconceivable brightness. With a look of mingled haughtiness and contemptuous pity, it cried out, in a voice that shook the inmost soul of Benhadar—

"Thou hast called on Allah—I am here to hear thee.—What wouldst thou, descendant of the prophet?"

"I was lamenting the wreck of my fortune," at length

replied the merchant, trembling, "and complaining to Allah that we mortals were not permitted to know the future, as well as the present and the past."

"Well, and what if they did?" answered the genius, contemptuously.

"They might then, peradventure, avoid the disappointment of their hopes, and be happy."

"Thou thinkest so. Wouldst thou, O man? know the future as thou knowest the past? Reflect—for Allah has promised his prophet to grant one wish to all his posterity.—Tell me thine—but be careful; the gift will be irrevocable."

The merchant did pause and reflect. I have it now in my power, thought he, to receive back my treasures a hundred fold: but without the gift I covet, I may lose them again, as I have already done. By knowing what will happen I can at any time command wealth, as easily as I shall know how to preserve it.

"Hast thou decided?" said the genius.

"I have," replied the merchant.

"Name thy wish—but again reflect."

"I have made up my mind."

"Name then thy wish; but again, and for the last time, reflect, for again I say the gift is irrevocable. What is it?"

"I wish to know all that will happen to myself and to the followers of the prophet, during my natural existence."

"O rash, infatuated man!" cried the genius; "thou hast sealed thy doom on earth! I pity thee, but it is done. Look!" The genius then held an immense mirror, which seemed to reflect in its bosom a world like that which the merchant inhabited, teeming with every variety of occupation, and exhibiting in detached yet confused groups and compartments, all that is done and suffered by mortals. The merchant gazed, and shuddered.

"All is so mingled and confused," at length he said in a low and quivering voice, "that I cannot comprehend the different parts, or select those that particularly refer to my own fate. Canst thou not separate them into distinct pictures?"

"I can," he replied. "Which wilt thou behold first,—the mutations of this world, or the vicissitudes of thy own life?"

"The mutations of the world," at length Benhadar re-

plied, shrinking with a gathering horror from the withdrawing of that veil which was to disclose his future fate.

"Look!" cried the genius, in a withering voice, "behold, and weep, and tremble! What seest thou?"

The merchant gazed awhile, and answered, "I see a country laid waste with fire, and cities smoking in their ruins."

"Look again," said the genius, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I behold a city stormed by a vast army, bearing banners which I know not. I see them enter its gates, and now a gallant figure, wearing a crescented turban, sallies forth from a splendid palace, to meet the assailants. See! now they encounter—they mix pell-mell in deadly conflict; beautiful women in the dress of my country, stand at the palace gates and windows, stretching forth their hands, and casting their eyes to heaven, as if to beseech its aid in behalf of the chosen people of Allah. See! now—now the crescent falls to the earth—the bearer of the sacred banner is slain—the gallant leader lies prostrate on the ground, bleeding and writhing in agonies; the soldiers of the prophet are mowed down like a harvest field; they falter—they turn their backs—they run. Of those bearing the cross, some engage in pursuit, others enter the palace. I hear the shrieks of the women, dragged forth into the streets by their long black hair. I see in the next moment the palace in flames—the crescent trampled in the dust, and the city a smoking ruin. My sword—my sword!" exclaimed Benhadar, carried away by the scene, "that I may revenge the wrongs of my countrymen and religion!"

"Look once again," said the genius.

Benhadar looked, and saw a train of sorrowing men, women, and children, with turbaned heads, slowly marching down to the shores of a great sea, where lay at anchor a fleet of ships. As they proceeded, he could hear their sighs, sobbings, and groans of anguish, and see them looking back and clasping their hands in lingering despair, as they were driven by troops of armed soldiers, bearing the badge of the cross, and laughing exultingly at the woful scene before them. Arriving at the beach, they were pushed rudely into the boats that awaited them. He beheld two or three, as if in the mad anguish of the moment, plunge into the sea, and perish. He

heard the name of Allah shouted by a thousand voices in accents of despair, as the miserable exiles were pushed up the sides of the ships. He saw the sails unfurled, the anchors weighed, and the pageant swiftly disappear, leaving the pure mirror without a single object represented in its vast surface.

"What is all this?" asked Benhadar.

"It is the history of thy countrymen in Spain," answered the genius. "The country thou sawst laid waste, is one that will be wrested from the dominion of Mahomet, by the Christian dogs, who have been for ages the slaves of the crescent; the city thou sawst stormed, sacked, and set on fire, is the capital of the caliphs of Spain: the figure which issued forth from the palace, and perished in its defence, is the caliph himself; the women, whose shrieks thou didst hear, and whose insults thou didst witness, were his wives, and the wives, sisters, and daughters, of the Abencerrages and the Zegris, the most illustrious of all thy countrymen settled in Spain."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the merchant. "But what is the meaning of the other pageant, and who are those sorrowful pilgrims I beheld embarking at the sea-side?"

"They are thy countrymen, the descendants of the mighty conquerors of Spain. After the destruction of their empire, they sought shelter in the recesses and impenetrable fastnesses of the mountains, where they were hunted like wild beasts, robbed like pilgrims in the claws of banditti, tortured for their faith, and treated like men who had forfeited the rights of nature and humanity, until at length the measure of oppression was completed by sending the wretched remnant, men, women, and children, to perish on the barren plains of Africa."

"And where was Allah—where was his prophet all this while?"

"Peace, mortal! 'twas his will," cried the genius, with a frown, and again presenting his vast mirror.

"Look again; and tell me what thou seest."

"I see vast cities and plains almost deserted, save here and there a pale staggering mortal, wandering about as if not knowing whither he is going; and now they fall to the ground, rolling about as if in the paroxysm of delirium; and now—now they stiffen and die, and their bodies become loathsome with blotches, and biles, and black malignant spots."

"Look again."

"I see in one house ten dead bodies, and not a soul alive near them. I see, in another, a miserable spotted leper, sitting like a malignant genius, contemplating with a grin of despair an audience of departed souls; all around him is nothing but death; yet he laughs,—while he is tearing his hair, and thrusting his hands into his corrupted flesh. A little further on is a man walking as if nothing was the matter with him; he staggers—he falls—he writhes in agonies—he stiffens—the angel of death has stricken him—he is dead! Close by sits a woman, between an old man, with a long white beard, and a little boy, apparently about six years old: they are both expiring. She first goes to one, and kisses and embraces him, and then she throws herself upon the bosom of the other. Now she puts her hand to their mouths—she places it on their hearts—she shrieks, and falls insensibly on the body of the little boy—they are both dead. Further on I behold a mother lying dead, and an infant drawing poison from her bosom, while a wretched maniac, covered with ulcers, is laughing at it—but—" The heart of the merchant sickened, his eye grew dim, and he covered his face with his hands,—  
"Spare me, O my genius, I cannot look that way any more."

"Thou hast wished, and it has been granted," replied the genius; "all must be shown, and all must be seen, ere my errand is done. What thou hast just contemplated is the plague, a scourge, which, before thou passeth from this world, thou wilt behold, sweeping thy countrymen, and the followers of thy prophet, from the face of the earth by thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions! It will pass from plain to plain—from city to city—from nation to nation—over all the earth, which acknowledges the faith of thy prophet. It will desolate wherever it passes—the ties of kindred will be severed—the living will become the dead—populous cities will be peopled by hyenas, wolves, and foxes, and the fruitful fields grow up into thorns and briars, because there will be none left to say, this is my heritage, I will plant it with corn; all will be dead that lived, and the tribes of the mountains shall become the heritors of the green pastures, because there is none else to inhabit them."

"And I shall live to see all this!" groaned Benhadar.

"All this, and more," replied the genius. "Look again."



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"It is the history of thy countrymen in Spain," answered the genius. "The country thou sawst laid waste, is one that will be wrested from the dominion of Mahomet, by the Christian dogs, who have been for ages the slaves of the crescent; the city thou sawst stormed, sacked, and set on fire, is the city of the caliphs of Spain: the figure which thou sawst in the palace, and perished in its defence, is the women, whose shrieks thou didst hear; the women thou didst witness, were his wives, and daughters, of the Abencerrages and the most virtuous of all thy countrymen settled in Spain."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the man, "What is the meaning of the other pageant?"

"They are thy countrymen," answered the genius.

"Conquerors of Spain. After they had sacked the rich cities, they sought shelter in the recesses of the mountains, where they were robbed like pilgrims in the faith, and treated like slaves."

"I see in one house ten dead soldiers  
 near them. I see, in another, a man  
 lying like a malignant genius,  
 despair an audience of departed  
 things but death; yet he laughs  
 and thrusting his hands into his  
 further on is a man walking  
 him; he staggers—he falls—he rises  
 —the angel of death has chosen  
 its a woman, between in silence  
 and a little boy, expiring  
 with expiring. She looks  
 him, and then she turns  
 Now she puts her hand to her  
 heart hearts—she turns  
 the little boy—she turns  
 another lying dead in  
 room, while a woman  
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He looked, and saw the plains of Asia covered with a multitude of armed men, followed by crowds of women; marching over the fields, singing allelujahs, trampling and consuming the fruits of the earth, sacking and setting fire to the cities, and smiting the turbaned heads wheresoever they met them. He beheld this mighty host, each one of whom bore a red cross on his garment, or his shield, encountering the armies of the prophet, driving them before it with irresistible impetuosity, annihilating host after host of the soldiers of the crescent, and fattening the earth with the best blood of one half the world. He beheld famine and pestilence hovering over the progress of these conflicting powers, which was everywhere strewed with dying and dead; and heard the wolves and vultures howling and screaming their bloody exultation, as they tore the quivering flesh, and lapped the yet smoking blood of heroes. Finally, he beheld the invaders of his country, the enemies of his religion, entering and sacking the capital of the empire; tearing down the crescent, and substituting the cross, and the religion of his prophet giving place to that of the Nazarene.

"Accursed mirror!" he exclaimed, "I will see no more;" and, in the rage which possessed him, he took up a stone with an intention to break it in pieces.

"Hold!" exclaimed the genius, in a voice of thunder,— "fool! dost thou think thou canst break the chain of fate with a pebble? But I have shown thee what will happen to the vast empire of Mahomet; I will now bring thee nearer thy home. Look!"

Benhadar shuddered, but was drawn by an irresistible impulse, and beheld with delight his native city of Balsora basking in the beams of a bright evening sun. Its beauteous bay was all one polished mirror, bright as burnished gold; a thousand little barques were flitting airily upon the smooth expanse; the city reared its minarets and spires as it sent forth the busy hum of a thousand careless voices, and a thousand careless happy people who were sporting in the streets, or on the sandy beach, or sat enjoying themselves at their doors.

"Happy scene! cried Benhadar, "it almost makes amends for what I have just witnessed: it is my own Balsora."

"Look again!" cried the genius, abruptly.

Benhadar looked, and lo! the whole scene was changed. He beheld the earth trembling as if with an ague, and the mighty gulf of Ormuz, concentrated in a single wave, rolling towards the shore in overwhelming fury. He heard a roaring and tremendous noise, as if of ten thousand chariot wheels rattling in his ear, and beheld the stately minarets waving to and fro like flexible reeds to the wind. In the next moment the inhabitants were seen rushing into the streets, shrieking and clasping their hands in agony. Fathers were seen leading their children by their hand, mothers pressing their infants to their bosom. Old age crawling forth with tottering steps and falling to the earth, overcome with weakness and terror, there to be trodden under foot by the frantic crowd. The merchant turned away in the bitterness of his heart, and when, on hearing a horrible crash, he looked once more, nor stately tower, nor towering minaret, nor swelling doom, was to be seen. In the midst of groans, and shrieks, and curses of despair, he beheld the houses splitting, and shivering, and falling, to bury their former occupants in their ruins—some to be crushed to instant death, others to remain half buried, uttering their agonies in doleful groans or piercing screams. In one place, a vigorous youth was bearing away a decrepid old man upon his shoulders, when, seared by the crashing of a falling mosque, he dropped his burthen, and, rushing wildly along, fell into a yawning chasm, that suddenly opened, and then closed upon him for ever. In another he beheld a woman standing rocking to and fro with the motion of the unsteady earth, over a pile of smoky ruins, clasping her hands, and moaning with bitter anguish, calling upon her husband and her children, who were never more to hear or answer her call. In a third, a faithful dog, unscarred by the horrors around, was scratching in a pile of ruins, where his master was buried up to the chin, licking his face, and howling piteously at intervals.

"Spare me, spare me, O my genius," cried Benhadar; "let me see no more!"

"Look again!" cried the genius, in a commanding voice.

He looked; the city disappeared, and in its place a black impenetrable mist obscured the whole scene. As it slowly passed away, Benhadar distinguished nothing but a dark sulphurous lake, over which the birds of prey were skimming

and screaming, and darting downwards on the dead bodies floating on its surface. There was silence and death, where, not an hour before, all was life, hope, and hilarity. There was a dead sea in the place of a living world.

The merchant shuddered, and bowed his head, and wept. "And is this all?" at length he cried; "is this the end of the most glorious of the works of man? Is it thus that my beautiful native city shall perish from the face of the earth, and be swallowed up in stinking waters? Is it thus that the friends of my youth, the companions of my manhood, are destined to be crushed in the falling ruins of their own mansions, and buried in the waters of oblivion, or devoured by birds of prey? O Allah! why dost thou suffer this? Tell me, O terrible genius! why is all this permitted?"

"Peace!" cried the genius, in an awful voice; "permitted! it is ordered. Allah permits nothing; every thing that happens is by his express command. But I have only promised to show thee what is; thou art unworthy to know more."

"But my wife and children!" exclaimed Benhadar, with a sudden recollection; "they, too, have perished!—let me go, let me go, and see what hath become of them!"

"Stop," cried the other; what thou hast seen will happen when thou, and thy wife, and thy children, are far—far away. But for thy presumptuous wish thou wouldst never have witnessed this scene."

"Where shall we be?" answered the merchant; "and yet I beseech thee not to show me. I have seen enough, and more than enough. Spare me the rest, and I will humble myself to the dust. I dare not see any more."

"It is too late—behold!"

The merchant looked, and it seemed to him that he saw his family happily engaged in domestic pleasures and pastimes,—his wife at her embroidery, his little daughter playing with a kitten, and his favorite boy eating sweetmeats, with a face overspread with laughing blushes of health. His heart expanded at the sight, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"Happy scene! happy mother! happy children! and still more happy father! I thank thee, O my genius! this sight repays me for all I have seen."

"Look again!"



The merchant looked, and saw a beautiful youth, whom he did not know, in the hands of a party of Turkish soldiers, who were tearing him away from the embraces of an aged woman, and the clings of a lovely girl, whose tears and shrieks mingled with those of the matron. The young man made no resistance; but silently and sullenly submitted to be carried off by the soldiers.

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked Benhadar.

“Be silent,—ask no questions, but observe;” replied the genius.

The scene, now represented in the mirror, was that of a field of battle. The cross waved high in the banners of one party; the crescent as proudly floated in those of the other—A dead and silent stillness, like that which precedes and follows death, reigned over both hosts, that stood marshalled in stiffened ranks, bristling with spears, and gorgeous with waving plumes of a thousand dyes. On a sudden, the trumpets brayed, the cymbals clanked, the horses neighed, the dust rose in clouds, and the work of death began. Blood spirted from a thousand hearts, and groans broke from thousands of maimed wretches, trampled upon by friends and foes. All was horror,

confusion, exultation, and dismay; and such scenes of carnage presented themselves in quick succession, that the merchant for a moment withdrew his eyes:—but it was only for a moment. A shout rent the skies, and again he turned towards the mirror. The crescent had stooped to the dust; the turbans of the faithful were flying in every direction across the field, the dark iron-cased Franks in their rear, and a youth was seen on a swift horse bearing away the standard of the prophet, on which the existence of the empire of the faithful is supposed to depend. He smoked athwart the plain, his horse flying like the wind, and raising a long cloud of dust behind him, while a single Frank, on a horse equally, nay, still more fleet, was following close in his rear, gaining at every leap. On a sudden, the bearer of the standard dexterously reined in his horse, wheeled him in an instant, fixed himself high and firm in the stirrup, and as the pursuing Frank glanced past him like lightning, unable to arrest his speed, dealt him a quick blow with his sabre, which made his head leap from his shoulders. Again the youth wheeled and fled across the plain, pursued by a body of four or five, bearing the sign of the cross, and shouting, “Deus vult! Deus vult!” in his rear. The horse of the bearer of the standard of the prophet now began to relax in his speed, and the others to gain upon him. They neared—they approached—they overtook him; and one of the pursuers struck a blow which lopped off the arm of the young Mussulman, and with it fell the standard. The youth turned to recover it, and, with the sabre in his right hand, maintained a momentary fight, but was soon cut down by the Franks, who, raising the sacred flag, with shouts of triumph returned to the tent of the leader of the army of the cross.

“He defended it bravely,” at length exclaimed the merchant, who had watched the progress of the chase in breathless agitation. “Though he lost the standard, he yielded it only with his life, and the prophet will bless him.”

As he again turned his eyes towards the mirror, the scene was entirely changed. A rich and gorgeous tent was seen, almost filled with bashaws, splendidly attired, and surrounded by bands of Turkish soldiers, apparently in great agitation. In the midst of the officers and bashaws, bound hand and foot, stood the youth who had defended the standard of the prophet,

pale, silent, and stern. The sleeve of his jacket hung loosely down from his left shoulder, showing that no arm was there; his leg was bound up with ligaments, and across his high forehead was a broad red scar, that seemed scarcely healed up.

"Oh! how I am rejoiced," cried Benhadar; "doubtless he is brought into the sultan's tent to receive his reward."

"He is, indeed," answered the genius. "Listen!"

Benhadar listened, and heard the young man charged with cowardice, in delivering up the standard of the prophet, and thus endangering the existence of the empire of the faithful, by transgressing the law which ordains no Mussulman shall surrender it but with his life. "What hast thou to say?" cried the commander of the host of the faithful, to the young man.

"I surrendered it only with life," replied he calmly; "my life was at least suspended when they tore it from me."

"Thou sayest so—who else will answer for thee?" said he, looking round as if for an answer. No one answered.

"Thou art unfortunate, if thou sayest true: but the sacred standard was taken from thee, and thou art alive. Let the son of Benhadar, of Balsora, die!"

"Let the son of Benhadar die!" shouted the circle of bashaws.

"Let the son of Benhadar die!" shouted the multitude without the tent; and the bowstring was placed about his neck.

The merchant, on hearing this, started away as if possessed by a frenzy, crying out, "Stop! stop! in the name of Allah and the prophet! I will answer for him—I saw him defend the sacred standard—I saw his arm drop with it to the ground, the hand still clenching it—I saw him fall, fighting, from his horse, and fighting as he fell—I saw him cut to pieces—I saw him—die!" faintly added the merchant, sinking down as the bowstring did its work, and the youth calmly, without a struggle, yielded his life.

Benhadar lay some time without sense or motion, and as he slowly revived, he cast a shuddering, avoiding look, towards the mirror, which again presented a pure and polished surface, without spot or blemish.

"'Twas but a dream!" sighed Benhadar.



" 'Twas not a dream!" replied the genius. " Look again!"

The eyes of the merchant were directed by an irresistible power to the mirror.

On the margin of one of those rare springs, which, at long distances, gush forth in the desert, and under the shade of the trees, which never fail to mark the spot where these blessed fountains are found, sat a middle-aged matron, supporting the pale emaciated fainting form of an old one, who seemed gasping for breath. She was holding a cup of water to her lips, and seemed to be beseeching her to drink : but it was all in vain. The old woman turned away her head, then tried again, but it would not do :—the angel of death had smote her. Her head by degrees sunk down on her bosom ; she tried to raise it ; it fell again, and never rose more. A shriek from the other proclaimed that all was over.

The survivor sat for a while wringing her hands, and kissing the cold cheek of the dead ; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she started up, and proceeding a little distance into the grove, began to dig with her hands into the sands. Having scooped out a hole, she returned, and, lifting the dead body, carried and deposited it there ; then lingering a few moments, and gazing upon the face of the departed, she filled up the grave, and sat down upon it, disconsolate. The night set in—the wind moaned across the desert—the quick lightnings leaped back and forth from cloud to cloud, and the thunders muttered at a long distance. As the hours advanced, the howling of wild beasts was heard to mingle with the dread music of midnight, advancing nearer and nearer to the green oasis. A flash of lightning enabled Benhadar to see a tiger slowly creeping towards the spot where sat the disconsolate woman. His eyes shone like coals of fire, in anticipation of his approaching prey, and he licked his lips in savage gluttony. Taking advantage of the intervals of darkness between the flashes of lightning, he crawled nigher and nigher still ; then crouching low, gathered his strength for a mortal leap.

At this moment loud shouts broke on the dead silence of the night. The tiger paused, looked round, apprehensively, then snuffed his prey, as if unwilling to leave it, and darted over the sands with the speed of a whirlwind. The shouts were repeated, nearer at hand, mingled with sounds of music, and

in less than a quarter of an hour a troop of Arabs was seen approaching towards the spring.

"Allah be praised!" cried Benhadar; "the poor woman has escaped this time."

"Look to the end, before thou rejoicest," replied the genius; "behold!"

Benhadar looked, and beheld a ship sailing pleasantly before the wind, with her sails set gallantly, and thought of his own vessels wrecked on the coast of Serandib. The deck was animated with busy figures passing to and fro; and, as he gazed more attentively, he could see a richly dressed woman under a canopy, on the quarter-deck, surrounded by female attendants. Benhadar suddenly exclaimed—

"Tell me, oh, my genius, do I not see the same woman, who sat on the grave at the spring in the desert?"

"The same," answered the genius. "She was rescued from the hands of the Arabs, and is the favorite wife of the Bashaw of Epirus, now on the way to his government."

As the genius spoke, Benhadar saw a vessel approaching at a distance, and at the same time an appearance of great commotion in the ship, on board of which was the bashaw and his train. The confusion increased as the other vessel approached, and a hail passed between them. The strange vessel then bore up right across the bow of the other, and, as if by accident, caught by her rigging. In an instant a hundred figures started up from the deck of the stranger, and rushed on board the bashaw's ship, sabre in hand, crying—"Down with the Mussulmans!—down with the enemies of the cross!" A scene of bloody commotion ensued. "Pirates! pirates!" shouted the Mussulmans, and stood upon their defence, determined to sell every drop of blood at its full price. The bashaw, with his attendants, guarded the canopy under which sat the lady and her women, surrounding a little boy of four or five years old. Long and desperate was the conflict; but the pirates were three to one; and finally, the bashaw being cut down, the captain of his ship lying covered with wounds upon deck, and not a Mussulman left unhurt to defend the ship, all resistance ceased. A scene of plunder, outrage, lust, and pollution, then ensued, too horrible to describe, and only to be judged of by the shrieks, and groans,

and supplications of the females, which rent the air. At length they were brought out from the pavilion.

"They are Turkish women," said the leader of the pirates. "We cannot sell them at home—we dare not let them go."

"To the sea with them!" shouted the crew.

They then tied them, one by one, in bags, and threw them overboard, leaving the bashaw's wife to the last. She stood holding her little boy in her hand, and hovering over him with speechless anguish in her eye.

"O part us not, I beseech you, if you are men! In the name of Allah, do not part a mother and her only child!"

"Fear not," replied the ruffian chief, "you shall not be parted." She sunk on his knees, embraced his legs, kissed his feet, and thanked him in the name of the prophet, while he stood with a smile of bitter meaning, as he looked down on the bleeding body of the Bashaw of Epirus.

"Your husband, too—'tis pity you should be separated," said he, making a sign to the surrounding miscreants. They brought a huge bag, into which they tossed the dead body; then seizing the boy, thrust him in after it, in spite of his screams, and those of his mother. "I offer you your choice," said the ruffian chief: "wilt thou accompany thy husband and thy child?"

She clasped her hands, looked up to heaven, crying, "Allah! Allah!" and then pausing a moment, exclaimed, in a firm unshaken voice,

"I will! the daughter of Benhadar, of Balsora, will not desert her husband and her child! I am ready!"

They thrust her into the sack, and Benhadar saw no more. A dimness came over his eyes—the sea seemed to turn upside down, and dance in the firmament, as he reeled and fell to the earth.

The wretched Benhadar lay some time insensible to the horrors of his future fate, until the voice of the genius awoke him to a recollection of his misery.

"Away!" cried he, in the madness of reckless despair; "away! thou art no messenger from Allah, but a demon in disguise! Begone, and leave me, minister of the powers of darkness!"

"Look again!" cried the genius.

Another look presented a rude rocky dell, overshadowed with trees, through which ran a foaming torrent, dashing tumultuously from ledge to ledge, and losing itself at length in a deep abyss. Seated on a moss-covered bank, as if enjoying the cool shade and the music of the waters, the merchant saw a person richly dressed, sparkling with chains of gold and dazzling jewels. At a little distance behind him, and hid from his view, lurked a ferocious figure, whose dress, manner, and look, distinctly indicated his intentions. From time to time he peered over the rock which intervened betwixt him and the figure on the mossy seat, like a watchful wary tiger, waiting a favorable moment to spring upon his prey. Presently, the sitting figure seemed overcome with lassitude; it gradually reclined upon the projecting side of the rock on which it sat, nodded backwards and forwards a few moments, then sunk its head on its crossing arms, and seemed to be asleep. At the same instant, the lurking villain, springing from his retreat, plunged a dagger in the heart of the sleeper, and, rifling all the chains and jewels, precipitately retreated into the recesses of the dell.

Benhadar shuddered; but, ere he had time to make any remarks, his attention was arrested by new objects. He beheld the same assassin revelling with the spoils of his crime, in the midst of a crew of bravos and lascivious women, whose looks and gestures too surely indicated the last stage of human depravity. Lascivious songs, mingled with cursings and blasphemings, and stories of horrible crimes that shocked humanity, arose from the polluted receptacle of murderers, and those who shared their spoils, and the whole scene was such as makes the blood of innocence shudder and run cold. As the passions of the wretched actors became stimulated by maddening draughts of intoxication, their boisterous merriment gave place to violent contentions. The men unsheathed their daggers, while the women,—some stimulated their rage, and others clung, shrieking about them, essaying to hold their hands, or avert their mad indiscriminate blows. The scene became too horrible, and Benhadar turned his eyes away, sorrowing to think that such exhibitions formed a part of the drama of human life.

When he again turned his eye towards the mirror, it represented but a single solitary figure—a decrepid old man,

bent almost to the earth, ragged and wretched, led by a little dog and a string. The haggardness of incurable misery was imprinted upon his cadaverous face ; his tottering limbs wavered tremulously, as if on the point of surrendering the care-worn body to the dust from whence it came ; and the staff on which he leaned rocked to and fro, like a reed trembling in the breeze. As he turned his face from time to time towards the heavens, the deep tenantless sockets proclaimed that his sight was as dark as his fate.—He was stone blind. Led by his dog, the aged beggar passed on from door to door, bending his body still lower than it was bent by poverty and years. He seemed to be asking charity ; but his petitions were met with ridicule, scorn, abuse, and sometimes violence. At length, he was rudely thrust from the door of a house Benhadar recognised as having belonged to an old friend, and fell headlong into the street, from whence a stranger more good-natured raised him up, and sent him on his wretched pilgrimage again.

“ Poor wretch ! ” exclaimed Benhadar feeling in his pocket, and pulling out a piaster. “ Poor wretch ! his course is almost run.”

“ He has yet another scene to play,” replied the genius ; “ Behold ! ”

Benhadar looked, and saw the same miserable old man in a paroxysm of raving madness. He was tearing his tattered garments, and scattering his few white hairs to the wind, in howling fantastic exultation. He rolled himself upon the ground, alternately laughing and shrieking : he scattered the sands on his bare head, and filled his mouth with the dust, as he buried his furrowed face in the earth. Then, as if inspired with new vigour, he started on his feet, and striking furiously about with his staff, at length dealt a blow which laid his dog dead at his feet, and essayed to pass forward on the way. In a few moments he missed his accustomed guide, and, passing his hand along the string till it reached the dog at the other end, he ascertained that he was dead. The conviction appeared to bring him back to himself a little while. He raised the poor animal in his arms, caressed, kissed, and mourned over it as over a lost child. The momentary energy of madness subsided into helpless imbecility, and death closed the scene. The old maniac and his dog lay by the side of each other.

"Miserable man!" exclaimed Benhadar, lost in the scene; "miserable man! but Allah be praised, his sufferings are at an end!"

"His sufferings are not at an end, they are just beginning," cried the genius. "Knowest thou that wretched old man?"

"Alas! no," replied the merchant; "how should I know him?"

"'Tis the same wretch thou sawest stab the sleeping stranger in the rocky dell; 'tis the same wretch thou didst behold revelling among robbers and lascivious women; and that wretch is Benhadar, of Balsora."

Benhadar stood for a while stiffened with horror, unable to withdraw his eyes from the wretched old beggar, whom he saw taken up rudely, thrown into a cart, and buried in the Potters'-field among outcasts. At length a thought seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed, exultingly,—

"Allah be praised! I know all this beforehand, and will take measures in time to avoid these calamities. Blessed are those who are wise in the future!"

"Presumptuous fool!" answered the genius: "dost thou believe that to escape from evil it is only necessary to foresee it? dost thou think fate is a spaniel, to obey thy will, and crouch at thy bidding? Know, O wretched merchant! that thou hast gained by thy knowledge nothing but the misery of anticipating what thou canst not avoid. Allah has vouchsafed, as the descendant of his prophet, to let thee see to what thou art doomed; but not even for the prophet himself will he alter that doom."

As the genius uttered these terrible words, he disappeared, leaving the merchant in despair. He joined his family, and received their caresses in silent agony; for he remembered the old woman of the desert, the adventure of the sacred standard, the scene of the pirates, and, last of all, the murderer—beggar—maniac. He wandered whole days in the solitudes of the tombs, without the city gates, whence he returned only to weep over his children. His wife tenderly inquired what was the matter with him, his children sought by a thousand caresses and tender assiduities to make him smile, and his friends consoled with him in his misfortunes. All availed nothing; he could not endure the present for his anticipations of the

future, and gradually sunk into the abyss of despair—enjoying nothing—hoping nothing.

One day, he sat in the same spot from which he had beheld the horrible scenes of his future fate, recalling them, one by one, in sad succession to his shrinking memory,

“ O Allah ! ” at length he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, “ why cannot I die ? It is better to perish, than thus to live ! ”

“ Who calls ? ” cried the same terrible voice he had heard in the same spot, at the same hour, exactly a year before. He looked, and saw the same majestic figure gradually evolving itself from the dark mist. “ Who calls ? ”

“ The most miserable of men,” answered the merchant,

“ What wantest thou, Benhadar ? ”

“ To die.”

“ Art thou then tired of the present existence ? ”

“ No—but of the future. Take me, O Allah ! from this miserable life ! ”

“ Thy wish is granted,” cried the genius : “ behold ! ”

Benhadar looked, and saw the angel of death approaching towards him, clothed in all his terrors. He shook his terrible dart, and held an empty hour-glass to show that his sand was run out. Lightning was in his bright sunken eye, that shone like a lamp in some dark recess, and his lip was curled in scorn of weak mortality. In his train followed the terrible ministers of his wrath—disease, writhing in agony,—remorse, devouring his own heart,—despair, turning his dagger upon himself,—fever, counting his quickening pulses, and old age lagging in the rear, looking wistfully behind, as if meditating to skulk away, and suffer yet a little longer the lingering nothingness of a burthensome existence. The merchant covered his face to shut out these appalling spectres.

“ Art thou ready ? ” cried the genius.

“ Not yet—not yet,” replied Benhadar ; “ I wish to settle my affairs, to take leave of my wife and children, and to beseech the prophet to bless them.”

“ It is too late now—death cannot wait thy time : at this moment millions of breathing mortals have their hours numbered—fate cannot stop for thee—prepare ! ”

The angel of death advanced towards the shrinking merchant, who essayed to fly, but was rivetted to the spot ; each

step he approached, the heart of the merchant beat weaker and weaker, and the intervals of breathing became lengthened ;—his knees trembled—the cold clammy dews condensed upon his forehead in big round drops—his eyes grew dim—his breath was as if it came from some icy cavern—and, as the angel touched him with his dart, he sunk to the earth without sense or motion.

In this state he was carried into his house, and laid upon a couch, where he remained for some hours. At length he awoke to a perception of his present situation ; but of the past, so far as it related to the genius, the pageantry of the vast mirror, and the visit of the angel of death, he remembered nothing :—all had faded from his memory as if it had never been. Benhadar rose from his couch, and whatever misfortunes afterwards befel him, they were not embittered by the horrors of anticipation.

“ The moral of thy story is just,” said the Bashaw of Smyrna ; “ and yet I wish I knew what the commander of the faithful wants of me at Constantinople.” So saying, he mounted his camel, and proceeded on his journey at the head of his attendants.

J. K. P.

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### IMPROMPTU,

On hearing that there are three families now residing near Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, within the space of *about twenty yards*, whose respective names are “ *Black*,” “ *White*,” and “ *Grey*.”

’Tis a fact *irrefutable*,—singular, too,  
And what, perhaps, many will scarce believe true ;  
That there are now residing, within the short space  
Of twenty-five yards—near Grosvenor-place—  
Three families—all to each other well known,  
As also to many in Pimlico town ;  
Whose several names form a trio of might,  
Mister GREY, Mister BLACK, and their friend, Mister  
WHITE !

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## O'CAVANAGH.

## EXTRACT FROM IRISH HISTORY.

"The lords of English descent having invited O'Cavanagh to a banquet, he accepted the invitation. Accustomed to the hospitality of his own country, which made every house a sanctuary even for the worst enemy, he suspected no guile in the invitation of men calling themselves noble; he came attended only by his bard. Placed in a window, the minstrel delighted the Saxons with music, superior, by the confession of the worst enemy, to the music of all other nations of that day. He suddenly changed to the *Ross-Catha*, or incitement to battle. Reprimanded, and ordered to play festive airs, he complied, but immediately returned to the *Ross-Catha* again. O'Cavanagh, for the first time, suspecting danger, arose from the table, and saw the house surrounded by horse and foot; with the valor of his arm and his heroism, he cut his way through them, and, on arriving at home, declared war against the perfidious assassins who converted hospitality into a trap for murder."

Oh! low lies the pride of O'Cavanagh's towers,  
There the fox dwells alone 'mid the weeds and wild flowers;  
The days of the mighty M'Murchad are over,\*  
And the shroud of oblivion his glories doth cover.

In Tara's proud halls on high festival days,  
An hundred harps echoed the song of his praise;  
But those harps are long silent, those proud halls o'er-  
thrown—  
Not an echo is there—not one mouldering stone.

The morn was just breaking, bright, balmy, and fair,  
The red deer shook his sides, and sprung up from his lair;  
And the sun tipt with crimson the mountain lake's wave,  
And the fox slunk away through the rocks to his cave.

\* Arth-boy M'Murchad O'Cavanagh, King of Leinster. He ascended the throne at a very early age, and was one of the most formidable enemies of the English colony in Ireland, who paid tribute to him and his descendants for near three hundred years.

O'er the mountains the mist-clouds are rolling away,  
 The thrush shakes off the dew as it hops on the spray,  
 Then joins in the concert of musical voices,  
 That on heath, trees, and bushes, unceasing rejoices.

And now through the mist down the purple hill's side,  
 See a band of young warriors rapidly glide ;  
 They bound o'er the heather, with light springing tread,  
 And start the wild grouse from its blossomy bed,

Now slowly they wind through the spreading oak trees,  
 And their bright mantles float in the fresh morning breeze,  
 And gaily they carol some wild mountain lay  
 As they march through the forest in gallant array.

They pass o'er sunny mountains, through shadowy woods ;  
 They climb the rude rocks, and they wade thro' the floods ;  
 They cross the wide valley and sedgy morass,  
 And wearied they toil up the steep mountain pass.

And now lay before them the well-guarded pale,\*  
 And they saw proudly waving its folds on the gale,  
 The Saxon's broad banner, in splendor advancing  
 And round it their spears and steel helmets were glancing.

" Oh ! welcome, thrice welcome, our friendship to share,  
 Young lord of the mountains, O'Cavanagh's heir ;  
 We meet not as foemen, we meet not in scathe,  
 And the red sword of slaughter shall rust in the sheath."

Thus spoke wily Glo'ster, the chief of the pale,  
 A warrior stern, clad in glittering mail ;  
 While in full pride of youth, bold of heart, high in blood,  
 Before him M'Murchad O'Cavanagh stood.

His stature was tall, and majestic his air,  
 Like the raven's jet wing was his long flowing hair ;†

\* The boundaries of the English settlements in Ireland, which, in the reign of Richard II, were the counties of Meath, Kildare, and Dublin, and a few towns along the coast.

† The ancient Irish wore their long hair floating over their shoulders, and were clad in mantles dyed of a saffron color, of an amazing length. Some of the English penal laws were enacted to shorten their mantles and their beards !

And proudly his saffron-dyed mantle he folded  
Round a form that strength sinew'd, and beauty had moulded.

“ No longer in dread shall the Sassenach gazing  
On O'Cavanagh's hills see the red beacon's blazing,  
Our forays of ruin for ever shall cease,  
And the plains of fair Leinster again smile in peace.

“ As a pledge of my friendship I give thee my hand,  
And dismiss to their mountains my own gallant band ;  
For alone will O'Cavanagh enter thy walls,  
And alone, save his bard, share the joys of thy halls.”

In silence departed his warrior train,  
And Tir-Connell has warned the rash chieftain in vain ;  
Then bow'd his grey head o'er the harp of his pride,  
But, watchful of danger, remain'd at his side.

Now the songs of the minstrels gave wing to the hours,  
And laughter resounds through the high-vaulted towers ;  
In the dim narrow casement Tir-Connell was plac'd,  
Nor join'd the rude revels, nor shar'd in the feast.

At his chieftain's command he now rais'd the wild songs  
Of the three sons of Usnoth,\* their woes, and their wrongs :  
In deep solemn numbers, he sang how they died,  
And his gold-wired clairsheck† responsively sighed.

The riot is hush'd at the sweet dying strain,  
But hark ! the roof echoes again and again,  
And with fingers of fire, sweeping over the strings,  
The *Ross-Catha's*‡ war-notes through the lofty hall rings.

The guests start in terror—M'Murchad's amaz'd—  
And stern grew his brow as on Connell he gaz'd :  
“ Cease—cease thy harsh numbers, thou mirth-marring seer,  
No danger *dare* threaten O'Cavanagh here.”

\* Their story is well known to the Irish reader. It is the original of M'Pherson's *Darthula*.

† The Irish harp. It has remained for a native artist to bring this ancient instrument to its present state of perfection.

‡ The song of war—never sung but on the eve or day of battle.

He has fill'd high with wine the gold cup at his side.  
Then rising,—“ Brave Glo'ster, I pledge thee !” he cried—  
Ere his lip press'd the cup, his eye glanc'd on the bard,  
Now gazing intent on the castle's court-yard.

And he heard the low murmurs of stifled alarms,  
And he saw through the casement men thronging to arms—  
He caught the bright sparkle of many a spear,  
And again the *Ross-Caths* ! rang loud on his ear.

He dash'd down the red wine, and he rush'd through the hall,  
And his bright falchion flash'd on the dark shadow'd wall ;  
Full fifty steel Saxons oppose him in vain—  
His right hand is wet with the blood of the slain.

Then down the steep winding stairs swiftly he flies ;  
The warder has cross'd him—that moment he dies,  
He has gain'd the wide portal—his dark eye flash'd fire—  
He springs on the Saxons—they shrink from his ire.

The draw-bridge, to bar his retreat, they have rais'd—  
One moment around him with fury he gaz'd ;  
Then darted like lightning the court-yard across,  
And with one gallant bound he has cleared the wide foss.

From the court-yard loud shouts of amazement arise ;  
From the towers the sharp twanging cross-bow replies ;  
Like a hail-storm the arrows are rattling apace,  
And the horsemen clang over the draw-bridge in chase.

He is safe, he is free, to the mountains away,  
Like the hunted wild deer he bounds over the lea ;  
Now, panting, he listens, while far, far behind,  
The loud shouts of the Saxons came deep on the wind.

In freedom once more, on his own mountain heather,  
He has dropp'd on one knee, his red hands clasp'd together—  
And panting and wearied, in silence he pray'd,  
Then shouting in triumph, he brandish'd his blade.

" I swear by the bright beams of yon setting sun,  
By this sword, weeping blood for the deeds it has done,  
While the red streams of life through this bosom shall steal,  
Those false-hearted strangers my vengeance will feel."

How dreadful that vengeance their annals can tell,  
When the heroes of Cressy\* round proud Richard fell;  
Their fresh laurels wither'd, and sullied their fame,  
And their past glories shrouded in sorrow and shame.

\* Richard II. landed at Waterford in the year 1390, at the head of thirty thousand foot, and ten thousand heavy armed cavalry:—the same army that gained such renown under the command of his father, the Black Prince, at the battle of Cressy—attended by the Duke of Glo'ster and a numerous train of nobility. The force of O'Cavanagh, to oppose the greatest army that ever landed in Ireland, consisted only of three thousand men, but so well armed and disciplined, that the English, who were taught to despise their rude mode of warfare, were astonished at their appearance and determined bravery. They advanced boldly to the attack, with loud shouts, and discharged their heavy spears, the force of which no armour could withstand, then slowly retreated to the woods, where their pursuers dare not follow. By thus harassing Richard's army, and cutting off their foraging parties and supplies, O'Cavanagh soon brought the invaders to great distress—though still retreating through the mountains, before the overwhelming force of the enemy, who strove, but in vain, to bring him to a general engagement. This masterly piece of warfare he pursued until the invading army were reduced to the greatest misery: their horses were almost entirely destroyed by want and fatigue, and nearly one half of their men had already perished by disease, famine, and the sword. In this state, they in turn retreated towards the sea coast, pursued by O'Cavanagh, who allowed them no rest, night nor day, from his repeated attacks. Some ships, laden with provisions from Dublin, having approached the coast for their relief, the famished soldiers rushed into the sea, fighting and killing each other, to obtain a temporary respite from the pangs of hunger. Such was the situation of Richard's army,—according to the description of the Earl of Totness. Under such circumstances, Richard could not hesitate a moment to save the remains of his army by treating with O'Cavanagh; he therefore commissioned the Duke of Glo'ster to meet him, who accordingly set forward to the appointed place, attended by a guard of two thousand horse, and one thousand archers. Froissard, an eye-witness of the interview, describes the Irish chieftain tall of stature, formed for agility and strength, a countenance haughty and severe, mounted on a swift and stately horse, darting from between two woods adjacent to the sea. Having arrived at a due distance, he halted, and, casting his spear from him, which he held in his right hand, advanced rapidly to the interview.

The conditions of this treaty were so shameful that the English were ashamed to own it. We find, in effect, that Richard drew off the feeble remains of his shattered army, and made the best of his way to Dublin; and when there, had the meanness to deny the treaty, and

Let the Saxons remember the plains of St. John,  
 When Lancaster 'gainst him their bravest led on ;  
 When the river ran red with the blood of the foe—  
 Long—long they'll remember the fatal Ath-Cro.

H. K.

## CLASSICAL ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH GARRETS.

We never think of a garret, but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poets and authors, come thronging on our imaginations. All ideas of the sins of the flesh evaporate on our entrance ; for if all the flesh that has ever inhabited a garret, were to be duly weighed in the balances, we are of opinion that it would not altogether amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness, the cradle and grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it in a sullen smile, or a flood of tears. A palace, a church, or a theatre, we can

offered a reward of three hundred marks for the head of O'Cavanagh, for he no longer chose to go in person in search of his formidable conqueror.

In the following reign of Henry IV., O'Cavanagh defeated the Duke of Lancaster, where the Phoenix Park is now situated—which formerly belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem—and the English were pursued to the very walls of Dublin ; and a dreadful havoc took place among the fugitives at the ford across the Liffey ; so that the river was completely dyed with their blood, to which the Irish gave the name of Ath-Cro, or the bloody ford. There is now a bridge built over the river, which is still called Bloody Bridge.

The English historians of the Pale are, of course, silent respecting the victories of this hero ; but the results and confirmation of them are to be found in the trepidation of the colony—their constant demand of men and money—the complaints of the English parliament for the burden of supporting the colony in Ireland, the immense armies that were raised, and their total discomfiture. In the year 1411, it was stipulated that two families should be sent to Ireland from every parish in England, and Lancaster held a parliament in *Trim* for the purpose of raising supplies ; and though aided by the zealous concurrence of Ormond and Kildare, was totally defeated by O'Cavanagh, as we have already related. The English paid tribute to the descendants of O'Cavanagh until the reign of Henry VIII. when an act of parliament was passed to repeal the *black rent*, or tribute to the Irish princes.



contrive to pass with some degree of indifference ; but a garret, a place where Goldsmith flourished, and Chatterton died, we can never presume to enter without first paying a tribute of reverence to the presiding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face ;—its tattered and thread-bare walls, like old Johnson's wig ; and its numberless " loop-holes of retreat " for the north wind to peep through, and cool the poet's imagination. The very forlornness of its situation inspires elevated ideas in proportion to its altitude : it seems isolated from the world, and adapted solely to the intimate connexion that genius holds with heaven.

It was in a lonely garret, far removed from all connexion with mortality, that Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of " Venice Preserved ; " and it was in a garret that he ate the stolen roll, which ultimately terminated in his death. It was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable *Hudibras*, and convulsed the king and the court with laughter, while he himself writhed in the gnawing pangs of starvation. Some one has thus aptly alluded to the circumstance :—

" When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give,—  
See him resolved to clay, and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust ;  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,  
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

A gentleman found Dryden in his old age exposed to the attacks of poverty, and pining in a garret, in an obscure corner of London. " You weep for my situation," exclaimed the venerable poet, on seeing him ; " but never mind, my young friend, the pang will be soon over." He died a few days afterwards. Poor Chatterton ! " the sleepless boy who perished in his pride," overcome by the pressure of poverty, and stung to the quick by the heartless neglect of a bigotted aristocrat, commenced his immortality in a garret in *Shoreditch*. For two days previous to his death he had eaten nothing ; his landlady pitying his desolate condition, invited

him to sup with her ; he spurned the invitation with contempt, and put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies on his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes, while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a common workhouse in Shoe-lane, unnoticed by epitaph or eulogy. When a nobleman happened by chance to call upon Johnson, he found this great author by profession in a state of the most desponding hopelessness ; a thing which an antiquarian might, perhaps, discover to have once been a table, was stationed in the middle of the garret ; a few unfinished papers and manuscripts were scattered about the uncarpeted floor, in every direction ; and the unfortunate owner of these curiosities had neither pens, ink, paper, nor credit to continue his lucubrations. It was about this time, when, threatened to be turned out of his literary pig-stye, that he applied to Richardson, the celebrated novelist, for assistance, who instantly sent him five pounds, a sum which relieved him from misery and a dungeon. Poor Goldsmith was once seated in his garret, where the *Deserted Village* was written, in familiar conversation with a friend, when his pride was considerably annoyed by the abrupt entrance of the little girl of the house, with " Pray, Mr. Goldsmith, can you lend Mrs. — a chamber-pot full of coals?" the mortified poet was obliged to return an answer in the negative, and endure the friendly but sarcastic condolence of his companion. In a garret, either in the Old Bailey, or in Green-arbour-court, the exquisite "*Citizen of the World*," and equally celebrated "*Vicar of Wakefield*," were written. Of the last mentioned work, the following ludicrous anecdote is not, we believe, generally known :— While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of his novel, he was roused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of his landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a huge bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunderstruck with surprise and consternation, he was unable to answer her demands, either then or in future ; at length the lady relieved the nature of his embarrassment, by offering to remit the liquidation of his debt, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse. His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced by great good luck to come in at the time, and, by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expences of his establishment,

consisting of only himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

A literary friend once called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret, without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin-tub turned up for a table, with a common trull by his side, and a half-emptied glass of brandy and water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness entertained by the immortal author of "Tom Jones;" by him whose genius handed down to posterity the inimitable character of Square, with his "eternal fitness of things."

A French poet and his family, (we forget their names,) being unable to procure subsistence by their literary exertions, came to the somewhat novel expedient of anticipating the period of their starvation. They blocked up the door of their garret with the miserable remnants of their furniture, and, locked in each other's arms, with their little children, starving, by their side, coolly awaited the period of their final release from the thralldom of existence. In the last hours of sinking nature, the door of their garret was forcibly burst open, and their friends entered, and beheld the parents dying, and the children dead. With some difficulty the former were restored to health, and lived to behold a youth of misery obliterated in an old age of honor and happiness.

Our modern Bloomfield, of rural and pastoral celebrity, wrote his "Farmer's Boy" in a garret, occupied by shoemakers, and pursued his poetical occupation amid the din of awls, and the clattering of heels. Collins composed his odes in some such miserable dwelling; and to complete the grand climax of intellect, and for ever to immortalize the name and reminiscences of a garret, this prodigious exertion of wit, this beautiful article, was written in one.

It is, we believe, generally known, that Johnson and Garrick resolved to try their fortunes in the metropolis at one and the same time. They reached London in a most pitiable condition, the one with a shirt and half a pair of breeches, the other, with two brace of stockings, without tops or bottoms, and took up their abode in an obscure corner of the metropolis, where they lived in a miserable garret for some time subsequent to their arrival. The histrionic reputation of Garrick burst out at last in all its meridian refulgence, while

the poor lexicographer was condemned to make the most of his solitary shirt, and lie in bed while the linen underwent the unusual but necessary ceremony of ablution. Many years afterwards, when both had attained unexampled celebrity, Johnson rallied Garrick at a dinner-party on their early poverty, and the meanness of the garret they had occupied. Garrick's pride was nettled at so unwelcome a recollection, and he equivocally denied the assertion, "Come, come," said the surly philosopher to the mortified tragedian, "don't forget old friends, Davy; thou knowest that we lived in a garret for many months, and that I reached London with three pence in my pocket, whilst thou, Davy, had only three half-pence in thine!"

What a ludicrous sight it must have been, to have suddenly popped upon Johnson, as he stood in a listless attitude at the corner of some blind alley, with Savage, or divers other wits for his companions, to whom he was dictating the precepts of wisdom, and laying hold of their ragged coats in order to insure attention! A contemporary satirist, we forget who it is, has somewhere mentioned, that he was standing with Savage and Johnson in the manner we have described, when a wag came up, and informed the alarmed company, that he had seen an unpleasant-looking gentleman skulking about like a hound in pursuit of a bag fox. The poets instantly decamped, Johnson waddling in the rear, afraid, most probably, of an unseasonable visit to the Bench, and fled to their garrets, with a celerity that set all competition at defiance. What a delicious sight to behold, though but for an instant, the undignified scampering of the grave big-wigged author of the "Rambler," followed by the galloping lankiness of Savage!

The famous satirist, Churchill, who, as Lord Byron observes, "once blazed the meteor of a season," was originally bred a clergyman; but whether from disgust to the sacred functions of a priest, or from despair of ever being able to obtain the loaves and fishes, or what is still more probable, from the natural caprice of genius, resigned his profession, and commenced author and politician. He met with the usual concomitants of literature, and composed his "Rosciad," partly at an obscure tavern, and partly in a garret in a remote quarter of the metropolis. As he was once wandering home drunk to his mean abode, he encountered a woman of the

town, who joined him, and seeing his gross inebriety, led him into a field in the neighbourhood of Battersea. On waking in the morning, the poet stretched out his arms with the intention of undrawing the curtains of the bed in which he supposed himself to be, and grasped a bundle of cabbages; to increase, if possible, his surprize, he discovered that he had been deposited on the capacious summit of a dunghill, with a prostitute snoring by his side. His first thought was to tax her with robbery; but, on finding his pocket-book safe, he was so pleased with her unusual fit of honesty, that he gave her two-thirds of his possessions, consisting at that time of about fifteen guineas, (an enormous sum for a poet in those days,) and took her to his garret, where she ever afterwards was a welcome visitor.

The celebrated Peter Pindar was notorious for his frequent and facetious allusions to garrets, from which, however, his habitual parsimony generally enabled him to escape. When he could find no fault with the productions of an author, it was his common practice to tax him with poverty, and a residence in Grub-street. Indigence was in his estimation on a par with guilt. Pope, in his "Dunciad," has shown himself of the same way of thinking—*Par nobile fratrum*.

Dr. Paul Hiffernan, a celebrated wit in the time of Johnson, once went to call on his friend Foote, or, as he was justly called, "the English Aristophanes," and without inquiring for his room, ran precipitately up into the garret. Foote, who at that time resided in a less aerial situation, called after him. "'Tis no use," replied Hiffernan, "to show me your room; whoever thought of asking, when every one knows that there never yet was a poet without his garret?"

The following are two letters that passed between Foote and his mother, who was as witty, intelligent, and eccentric, as her son. One is dated from a miserable garret, the other from prison, where the mother was confined for debt. They are quoted from memory; the exact transcript is to be met with in Cooke's Life of Foote:—

DEAR SAM.—I am in prison, and in want of money. Come and assist your loving mother.

Yours, &c. E. FOOTE.

DEAR MOTHER,—So am I! and can't get out again.

Yours truly, SAM. FOOTE.





THE CAPTIVE

## THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

The path of life, throughout, reveals  
 Unceasing trouble to the tomb ;  
 But truer grief the captive feels  
 When distant from his native home.

Should sleep his wearied frame o'ertake,  
 And his lov'd home in dreams appear,  
 His soul is harrow'd, when awake,  
 To find that he's no longer there.

When lost in scenes by fancy wrought,  
 He's cheer'd with prospects yet to come,  
 His chain recalls his absent thought,  
 The sweet remembrance of his home.

Should hospitality invite  
 His anxious mind from grief to roam,  
 Alas ! 'tis but a short delight,  
 Since distant from his native home.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

I saw his white plume wave in the fight,  
 And his eager sword in the sun so bright ;  
 I saw his steel armour all red with gore,  
 That often in battle was red before.

I watch'd his many and noble foes  
 Sink to the earth from the might of his blows ;  
 He is dead ! but with him dies not his glory :  
 He is dead ! but he's left a warlike story !

Those eyes that in battle so flashed with light,  
 Are dim and sunk low, and his cheek, is white  
 And that ruby hue from his lips is fled :  
 The bravest, the noblest, lies with the dead !



Let his monument be a plain tomb-stone,  
 No epitaph there, save his name alone ;  
 There shall not be seen an angel weeping  
 O'er the grave where the valiant is sleeping !

No cypress, no willow, shall lean o'er his tomb ;  
 Why should there be darkness ? why should there be gloom ?  
 An evergreen laurel, the only wreath,  
 Twin'd in its bloom on the bare brow of death !

*Birmingham.*

W.

### THE ALMANACK OF LIFE.

The progressive stage of man's existence bears a striking analogy to the vicissitudes of the seasons, comprising in each succeeding month the period of seven years ; a calculation which suppositiously extends the duration of life to the advanced age of eighty-four, beyond which all must be considered a dreary blank, neither profitable to ourselves, nor desirable to others.

**JANUARY.**—*Infancy.*—This month, which commences our year, may be justly compared with the infant state of man, whose faculties are yet in embryo. The sunshine of joy irradiates but transiently ; it illumines his early days with glances of pleasure, unsubstantial and evanescent ; a tedious night of helplessness and ignorance effaces the impressions made during the day. Artificial warmth, invigorating food, and refreshing sleep, are all that he requires or finds solace in.

**FEBRUARY.**—*From 7 to 14.*—The bud of intellect now expands to imbibe the genial rays of instruction, which the all-cheering luminary of spring nourishes into blossoms of early promise. All is gaiety and pleasure ; nature appears decked in vivid delightful colors, variegated, fresh, and blooming ; no gloom darkens the surrounding atmosphere ; every thing presses on the senses with the charm of novelty ; all is gaiety undisturbed and enchanting.

**MARCH.**—*14 to 21.*—This month is generally ushered in with boisterous winds, and nipping frosts. The hapless mariner beholds his vessel wrecked upon the very rocks which

bound his much-loved home. Vegetation perishes through severe and untimely frosts ; and deluging rains, descending with impetuous force, crush the springing blade, and despoil the beauty of the gay parterre. Even thus do the rude passions of man's soul break forth with resistless force at this unsettled period of existence, wrecking the fragile bark of youth : the tide of dissipation sweeps away the principles of virtue which have not had time to take root, and every noble energy is blighted by the destructive influence of bad example.

APRIL.—21 to 28.—Sunshine and showers now prevail alternately : the fruits of a good education appear emerging from the beauteous blossom, but as yet they are crude and imperfect. Nature appears in her most lively garb ; a few passing clouds may obscure the horizon, but they soon discharge themselves, and pass away. So do the temporary sorrows of youth disappear, leaving no painful recollections on the mind ; like the refreshing rain falls upon the earth, reviving drooping nature, so do the trivial disappointments of this early state serve but to render hope's perspective more alarming.

MAY.—28 to 35.—The face of nature now wears a fresher bloom : the gardens are luxuriously filled with flowers, the trees are covered with foliage, and the swelling corn begins to fill the ear. So is the body of man ripened to perfection, the morals are formed, and the strongest energies of the mind disclose themselves. He indulges in luxurious pleasures, and contributes to the gratification of others by the exertion of his useful and agreeable qualities.

JUNE.—35 to 42.—The summer is now before us ; we begin to gather the fruits, and already some of the spring flowers fade, and droop ; dense clouds obscure the sun even at noon-day ; vivid lightnings shoot across the sky ; and the thunder, in an unexpected moment, bursts over our heads. Thus does man already prepare to gather the fruits of his good works, or begin to dread the punishments of his transgressions. The simple hopes and pleasures of youth fade and wither in remembrance ; they obscure his reason, blight his virtues, and the misfortunes they occasion burst unexpectedly upon him, astonishing and appalling him even in the moments of pleasure and exultation. He perceives that the days of licentious enjoyment are short—that a long winter of remorse may suc-

ceed ; and happy is it for him if he profit by the hint which the season itself affords.

**JULY.**—42 to 49.—The bright days of summer are now passing away with swiftness unnoticed. The tempting fruits have been plucked from the trees, leaving them bare and unsightly ; others, of later growth, now bend beneath the lucious burthen. The hay has been got in, the corn is ripe for the sickle, and after-crops of grass begin to shoot from the earth. It is now that man is drawing toward the harvest of his happiness ; most of the pleasures which he once pursued with avidity have lost their zest ; those who have too early wasted their talents, remain neglected as an useless incumbrance upon the face of the earth, while those, who have preserved their morals uncorrupted, and suffered their judgments to be matured by experience, are sought after as precious fruits, and justly appreciated for their superior excellence. At this period, also, man beholds a new generation rising to perpetuate his virtues : his tender offspring calls for all his care and attention ; he looks anxiously forward to the period of its growth and improvement, in the fond hope that it will not only gladden his own heart, but contribute to the general benefit of society.

**AUGUST.**—49 to 56.—The yellow tints of autumn now begin to check our exultations, and remind us that earthly bliss is not permanent ; and, as the aspect of nature undergoes a gradual change, so does the face of man : his cheek begins to furrow, his locks turn grey, and the bloom of healthful vigour fades from his cheeks ; pleasure fatigues his relaxed frame, and exertion weakens his intellectual powers, which have now passed the period of improvement. The winter of age seems advancing with hasty strides,—more hasty than welcome. He looks back with regret to the hours of spring and summer, when all was gaiety and mirth ; they seem to have receded with equal rapidity, and the present hour is too often wasted in unprofitable retrospection and dissatisfied anticipation.

**SEPTEMBER.**—56 to 63.—This is the period of rest and recreation, feasting and revelry, when the season of labor is over. The harvest is got in, and the days are considerably shortened. Man now begins to seek refuge from oppressive cares and gloomy apprehensions, in convivial hilarity and unlimited indulgence at the social board. He has

gathered his harvest of knowledge, his toil is at an end, and he proudly exults in his vast acquisition, without reflecting how soon he may be called upon to render up a just account, and see his boasted stores transferred to others.

**OCTOBER.—63 to 70.**—The fields now appear dreary—the hedges bare; no melody fills the grove,—but rude howling winds sweep the earth, and scatter the straggling leaves in every direction. Thus, also, is man stripped of all his external graces; he becomes morose and sullen; his appearance no longer diffuses cheerfulness; he neither pleases, nor is pleased. The storms of calamity break on his devoted head, scattering his dearest connexions; friend after friend drops off, and is swept away; he remains disconsolate and cheerless.

**NOVEMBER.—70 to 77.**—Gloom and desolation now extend their depressing influence; every vestige of cultivation is buried beneath the deep encrusted snow; the meandering stream is bound in icy fetters, and heavy fogs obscure the face of heaven, wrapping all in impenetrable darkness: even thus are the faculties of man beclouded at this advanced period. The hoary frost of age settles on his head; the warm current of life freezes in his veins; his senses become torpid. No ray of intelligence illumines the gloom which surrounds him; no genial warmth re-animates his palsied frame.

**DECEMBER.—77 to 84.**—Behold now the life of man, with the season, drawing to its close. No material change has taken place in the aspect of things, yet even this dreaded epoch is more tolerable than the preceding, for the pains and privations of mortality seem near their termination. A fresh spring will appear, and vegetation flourish anew; and why should not the just man rejoice that his earthly course is also run, and that he is about to rest from all his labors.

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## RELICS OF OLD ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.

In the heart of England is situate a spot distinguished even now for the same primeval simplicity and patriarchal hospitality as were used in "the olden time." On the confines of Derbyshire, and towards the south-western border of the county of York, extends a large tract of country, shut out from the rest of the world by lofty mountains. In this seques-

tered region the inhabitants reside, remote from the bustle of the world, and unconscious of its changes. Their manners and habits have undergone little variation ; and their minds are rude and uncultivated as their forefather's. The sound of the axe is never heard in their patches of plantation ; and their habitations remain in the same state as when they were built, with the exception of the alteration and additions necessary to repair the ravages of time ; and these last are executed precisely in a similar style. It would seem as if innovation were sacrilege, and, departure from ancient custom, a crime. Secluded from communication with the world, from the nature of the country and its almost impassable roads, the people are born, live, and die, in the same cottage, without knowing of or seeking for, a richer or more fertile land. The furniture, and the inmates of each house, seem alike to be regarded as heir-looms by the owner, to be by him transmitted to the next possessor with equal ease. Each farm-house stands alone, enclosed with trees, to which belongs a large quantity of ground cultivated for every purpose needful for existence, whilst large flocks of sheep are sent to graze on the sterile hills surrounding. At one season of the year only do the inhabitants relax from their employments ; this is generally in August, and their grand festival, called the wakes, is held, and continues for a week : it was my lot once to visit this place during the joyful celebration of this feast. Whoever comes is welcome ; but should the family happen to be known, as in my case, then attention and hospitality are unbounded. After a ride over the hills, I must confess my appetite was exceedingly sharpened, and for the first day at least I did ample justice to the substantial viands which were served in profusion : the pressing request to induce me to eat were by no means ungrateful ; and I pleased my hospitable entertainers, by giving them the most satisfactory proofs of relishing their repast. After dinner, spirits were brought in, but my favorite beverage was the capital malt liquor, which " now in floods of amber shone." The song, and jest, and widely-pealing laugh, went round till day began to decline. Tea was then introduced, (a great rarity,) and our appetites, stimulated by the earnest solicitations of the dame, again did honor to the entertainment. Rural games followed ; and I, for one, could have no possible objection to them, since at forfeits I got " kisses not

a few" from the ruby lips of the blushing belles of the dale. To close the day, a tremendous supper smoked on the board, and with different amusements, assisted with potent draughts of liquor, we kept up the feast until what was deemed an extraordinary late hour—it was twelve o'clock. I was then conducted to the antique chamber appropriated for strangers, and left alone. I laid me down to sleep, but it was in vain; my fevered head, and distempered brain felt the effects of the debauch too strongly: for some time I tossed and tumbled about on the bed, till, finding the hope of repose fruitless, I determined to rise and enjoy the sweet refreshing dawn. Forthwith I dressed and went to the window, which opened on a beautiful prospect. The whole valley was before me; and the gray clouds, even while I gazed, began to assume the lovely tinge reflected from the first ray of the rising sun; gradually the light became more distinct and perceptible, till at length the mighty monarch of the East burst forth in all his effulgent beauty, "rejoicing as a giant to run his course." The mist which till this instant had covered the mountain's brow, now slowly wreathed in columns, and dispersed before the glorious luminary, who drew aside, as it were, the grand curtain of nature, and presented to my admiring eyes a clear and perfect view of the surrounding scenery. The tops of the trees, and the heights of the loftiest eminences, were gilded by the earliest beams of the "God of day," whilst the spray arising from the headlong dashing of a rude cascade glittered in his rays. I heard the barking of the watchdog, and soon afterwards beheld the shepherds unpenning their flocks, and driving them slowly to their respective districts: this sight strangely affected me; to them it was the commonest incidents of life, while it transported me to the distant and fabled plains of Arcadia, and brought on a train of feelings and sensations always so dear and seducing to the youthful heart, that I was afraid to dismiss it. I still continued to gaze, it is true, and even more intently than before, on the delightful variety and unequalled magnificence of the scene; but the eyes of my mind were on other objects, and far different thoughts engaged my attention than those which had recently occupied it. Long and tedious years of disappointment and vexation have dissipated the golden visions which then floated in my entranced imagination, and have stripped the heavenly enchant-

ments of all their dazzling and transcendant loveliness. The picture still exists, but it has lost all its charms ; its brilliancy is obscured, and its soft and shadowy beauty vanished, without leaving one cheering beam to enlighten its dull reality.

I was prevented from dwelling longer on my romantic fancies by a loud knocking at my door, and, on opening it, found the farmer with his dog and gun, ready prepared for an excursion on the moors, where he invited me to accompany him ; we went, and had some excellent sport. The only inconvenience I sustained was from the intolerable weight of my gun, which I verily believe to have been made in the early part of the last century, and most certainly before the time when the genteel light fowling-pieces at present in use were invented. On complaining a little of the burthen on my shoulder, I could perceive mine host's estimation of me to be somewhat lessened, and unfortunately I had nearly ruined myself entirely in his regard, by intimating, after six hours' good exercise among the hills, several times up to the knees in heather, and not unfrequently the same depth in water, that I should have no particular objection to return the nearest way home. He asked me quickly if I was tired ; and, by his contemptuous tone and air, I perceived that my reputation wholly depended on my saying " no," which I instantly replied, with all the fierceness of which I was capable ; and by way of removing the unfavorable impression of my former request, I forthwith strenuously urged our proceeding for a couple of hours longer ; this was the time stipulated for the good man's return, and he therefore readily assented. We resumed our sport. I shall never forget the fatigue I endured, and can only attribute my capability of supporting it from the circumstance of my constantly inhaling the re-invigorating air of the mountains. At last, loaded with game, we turned again to the dale, and arrived just as the anxious dame was waiting our approach to serve up dinner : I could not help remarking, that the farmer was as fresh as if he had only taken a short morning's walk, while I dragged my limbs after me in a complete state of exhaustion. It would be tiresome to enter into a further detail of the occurrences of the day, which would only be a repetition of the preceding. Three days I remained with this hospitable people ; and on the fourth, when I quitted them, I turned my horse's head with sadness from the vale, believing that I had







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**TAX GATHERER.**

left behind me the only relics of true old English independence, hospitality, and virtue, undebased by association, and uncontaminated by the world.

M.

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### THE TAX-GATHERER.

We have somewhere heard or read of a laudable custom existing in some foreign states, by which all the public executioners are gathered into one family compact, and from which stock government always looks for and meets with a due supply of rope-men, and wheel-men, making of the younger branches, turnkeys and assistants. It is a most wise ordination—a splendid invention to blunt the naughty prejudices of the world—to make the otherwise sufferers smirk and whistle in the sour, hard-lined face of public opinion. Thus, hangmen are great and invulnerable in their connexions; each may trace “a long *line* of ancestry.” Moreover, he has a living world of his own, ample enough to supply all the wants of mutual recognizance, sympathy and praise, which poor human nature, whether breaking stones in the highway, or cracking filberts in a regal hall, desires and pines for. With what delicate, yet peculiar care, must the education of the future hangmen be directed; what parental lessons on tender-heartedness and the locality of the jugular, must be needful, in order to sustain the renown of the house, and to make, as Dryden has it, a gentleman “die sweetly.” How ideas of self-importance must grow up with the young rogues! how they must leer at and speculate on the unhangd part of the community! perhaps some little Caligula in corduroy wishing, in all the yearnings of early genius, that the whole town-ship had but one neck. How complacently these puny varlets must play at marbles in the path-way of a field of hempseed! what significant looks they may send after the passengers! Can any one doubt the benefit, both political and social, of such constant intermarryings of the families of these humble branches of the executive? We think not.

It is now, perhaps, high time that we speak of our tax-gatherer; we have, indeed, from the first, been making an indirect, crab-like advance to him: some men are not to be run at full butt; and, we think, no man less so—here we put it

to the candor of our readers—than a tax-gatherer. We have spoken of the republican coalition—the Owen, New Harmony-like establishment of foreign hangmen. We think a hint might be taken from it for the benefit of our tax-gatherers; they are an ill-used race;—a reviled, abused *genus*. We feel for their privations; our pen weeps ink over their injuries. We roundly assert, that tax-gatherers should, like the unassuming law-officers before noted, make head against the mocks and scoffings of the world; they ought to consolidate—to become one body.

We have said tax-gatherers are an injured race; our proof, like a dutiful page, follows close upon the heels of, and gives his weapons to, the knight Assertion. There are two broad ways—not to mention the hundred alleys, the sweet green lanes—to a man's comfort and good opinion: firstly, the road of praise to his covering of flesh; secondly, the highway of approbation to its intellectual co-mate. Are there such ways to a tax-gatherer? alas! we think not. Or if there be, are they travelled—are they gone over?—never. The Muckalush-beath of honest Brulgruddery is not less frequented. Our proof is ready. We once more put it to our readers—at least, to our housekeeper-readers, for we are not to be tricked by the gratuitous candor of the tenants of lodgings for single gentlemen, “within twenty minutes walk of ‘Change’”—but we put it to those experienced persons, who really know what the face of a tax-gatherer is—who have stared at it, pondered on it, speculated on every feature and line of it—we put it to them, whether they ever saw a handsome tax-gatherer? We would not be dogmatic, but we think not. Now, is not this an afflicting state, that a man should, by absolute prejudice, be thus “curtailed of his fair proportions?” for it matters not, let the humble compiler of the revenue be bright and glistening as Sol, he is set down and noted as foul and murky as Erebus. We repeat it,—no tax-gatherer was ever thought, save by his wife, a good-looking man. (We much doubt whether a pawnbroker, knowing his customer, would advance a single doit on his miniature.) We now aim at proof the second. Did any of our readers (housekeepers again) meet with a really urbane, amiable, and milky-hearted tax-gatherer? If so, were ever his good qualities bruited?—No. His highest praise has been couched in “the man

is well enough :” a great eulogium certainly, if philosophically solved ;—but philosophy rarely mingles in our transactions with tax-gatherers : there, all is £. s. d. and matter of fact.

Let us, however, take “ one victim :” let us set out with our tax-gatherer on his morning’s round.

Well, the tax-gatherer has for the last hour been the unresisting victim of two battledores, a negative and an imperative ; he has been struck from house to house by “ Not at Home” and “ Call Again.” And here let us for a moment sympathize with the feelings (if he hath any feeling left) of the poor pedestrian, than whom the unclosed door no sooner reveals to the giggling servant, or to the daughter, who has come skipping and shaking her curls along the passage, and perhaps dwelling on the last note of *Di Tanti Palpiti*, or of *Arne’s Monster Away!*—no sooner does the tax-gatherer stand confessed, than the inhabitant looks blank—the visage lengthens—a business-like seriousness overspreads the face, and either set of the above three syllables drop heavily as bullets from the lips of beauty : sometimes, indeed, the transaction may be enlivened by a querulous shrillness of voice, a sudden bodily whisk of the party called upon, and at length, the conference be impressively terminated by a slamming-to of the door. Indeed, a curious man might find some employment in remarking on the entrance of the tax-gatherer into a retired and quiet street, how many of these portal concussions should attend him on his route : and then narrowly to observe the features of the visited, when they glance from the face of the tax-gatherer to the missile in his hand ;—that dreadful little book—that key to the *History of England*—and, like that history, the record of so many departed sovereigns. How the parties recoil from that puny volume ! they shrink back as they look on its unloosed brazen clasp, as though the jaws of a griffin were distended before them. If the man stood ready at the threshold, to hurl into the dwelling-house a Congreve-rocket, the habitant could not behold either the tax-gatherer, or his instrument, with greater trepidation. Ingenuity might be goaded to find pertinent similitudes to the book of a tax-man, with so many and such conflicting attributes it is endowed by its beholders. A sleeping snake, the paw of a

leopard, the bill of the butcher-bird, are all common and inexpressive similes. Its sober and harmless-looking covers, of humble sheep, are, in imagination, transformed into the skin of a tiger, that has desolated a village, swallowing a rajah, his body-guards, men, women, and young children ; or to that of a swine that has " eaten her nine farrow : " its pages are held to be veritable leaves from the upas-tree : there is also thunder in their rustling. Hard lot, to be deemed thus terrible, both in person and in agents. We feel for the tax-gatherer ; we feel for the slights that are put upon him,—the ready white lie which is hourly served out for him. Even infants that can scarcely stammer, the mere babes of the poor housekeeper, are taught to note his person well—to become deeply acquainted with his coat and gaiters, in order to give the " not at home " without error or prevarication.

But, say our readers—and, doubtless, feelingly they say—a day of reckoning does come. Truly, it does : but the tax-gatherer is almost the only man to whom the taking of money is not altogether a pleasurable process. Alas ! the coin told into his hand awakens no delirious throb, which, communicating with the neighbouring arteries, by some means (we are no anatomist), arrives at the heart, and awakens that internal music, which the eyes and mouth of a plodding dealer frequently indicate to be stirring within him. The payment is too often embittered by comment ; whilst counting out the money, there are some grievous interpolations. It may be, too, that he is the unwilling hearer of divers snatches of sentences, which an ill-minded man might brand as disaffected, nay, as being dwarf cousin-germans to the blood-streaked giant, Treason. Perhaps he has to deal with a sturdy old gentleman, who has magnanimously kept up a consistent growl against all parties, for the last forty years ; a man of substance, but close withal : one who was never guilty of any show or extravagance, save in the binding of the nine hundred volumes of Mr. Cobbett in extra-calf. Must we not sympathize with the tax-gatherer as the poor servant, closing the door, leaves him closetted with this antiquated malcontent ? Why does not Wilkie strike off such a scene ? Let us fancy the man of office a thin—(thin men of office are, we allow, anomalies)—meagre, unassuming person—his antagonist, round and red-faced : the first recognizing glance of the parties is,

with the short fitful grunt of the householder, worth all the remainder of the meeting. It is not to be supposed that the official visitor quits this house with feelings too much pampered with kindness and courtesy. His next interview may be with some bitter-witted wight, marvellously deep in history; who, to while away the time whilst the receipt is being written, asks our humble revenue officer, if he ever heard of Wat Tyler? and then, without waiting for a reply, adds, "he was a blacksmith, and with his hammer once knocked out the brains of a tax-gatherer,"—at the same time looking our subject full in the face, to discover whether sympathy for the departed, or a feeling of self-preservation predominates.

There are, to be sure, a few bright moments in the practice of our tax-gatherer. Some of these may be in his visit to a rare old lady, whose husband was loyal to the very eye-brows, and who was, in some way or other, disposed of for the benefit of his country—or perhaps her great grandfather was footman at the palace, or breeches-maker to one of the young princes. These persons are, however, we grieve to record it, rare as unicorns. Our tax-gatherer is also, in some few places, consulted as—next to the newspaper—the greatest oracle. Some quiet, lone, political widow, who has little else to do but to keep her eye on the movements of Messrs. Peel, Huskisson, and Canning, holds no mean opinion of our subject: this loquacious dame always dives into the very depths of finance, and perforce takes our tax-gatherer along with her. After buffeting with him all the conflicting billows of our home and foreign policy—after duly touching on the price of sugars, the imperial measure, and catholic emancipation, she startles him with this subtle question,—“when does he think the window lights will come off?” This is a query of some weight, and our tax-gatherer begs leave to defer his solution until the next meeting. Our officer does not, however, quit the widow, without first gallantly acquiescing in her acute deduction, that “if tobaccos fall, snuff *must* come down.”

Yet, what are these few blissful moments of relaxation compared to the many days of hard enduring of our tax-gatherer! What, if for a brief—alas! how brief—space his mental eye reposes, on what Mr. Burke calls “the soft green of the soul,” displayed by meek and placable woman, what “an-tres vast” he meets with in the ruder sex! How his loyalty is shocked and jarred by base and disaffected comparisons!

One customer, whose knocker our tax-gatherer could swear to, even to the minutest scratch or perforation, having many a time surveyed it for fifteen minutes in a shower, shocks beyond expression, the patriotism of his official visitor. He declares, whilst bringing forth his rate by sixpences, that, "for his part, he is always paying—he knows not where the money goes to:" he then, with a groan and much physical determination, thrusts the receipt into his fob; and then concludes his homily, by declaring that "he hears America is very prettily governed for five hundred a year, and potatoes are just as dear there as in England." These, and a thousand like these, are what our man of the little book is doomed to suffer.

It may be urged, that we have endowed our tax-gatherer with too much meekness—that he is a collector for a romantic tale—and that our real, mundane, gaitered—(he mostly wears gaiters)—tax-gatherer, is of a more repelling and dogmatic kind. Is it to be wondered at if, in the end, he really becomes so? Let the above narrated exigencies account for the transition. If a man's heart be soft as the back of a glow-worm, there are buffetings and affronts which will render it repulsive as the mail of the armadillo; if the features of the young tax-gatherer display candor and good-nature, can we wonder if the cheeks of the more experienced collector be wholly official—be, in fact, like the royal arms, adorned with a *Dieu et mon Droit*? Verily, tax-gatherers are not the folks that carry away the enviable posts of this world.

We trust we have done some little service to the tax-gatherer. And yet, perhaps, we may not be altogether considered a candid advocate, being a housekeeper of twenty years' standing, and the parent of ten small children.

We shall conclude by repeating, that a tax-gatherer is to be compassionated. In the metropolis, indeed, and in large cities, his fate may be more endurable; but, in a provincial district, where he calls on every inhabitant, it is an employment not befitting mere mortal bones and sinews. We have said that a tax-gatherer is shunned, and, in a manner, generally maltreated; so rooted in us is this opinion, that we should hold the man to afford a splendid instance of magnanimity and absence from vulgar prejudice, who could have it indisputably authenticated, that he ever, during his official visit, invited the tax-gatherer to take—wine and cake.

J.



## THE DOOMED SHIP.\*

A LEGEND OF THE ATLANTIC.

Lightly the south wind kissed the sea,  
 As it slept in deep tranquillity,  
 And the crescent moon was bathed in light,  
 Like a silver loop of the curtained night,  
 And the stars were twinkling bright and high,  
 Like human eyes, in the ample sky.

Along the shore of the beautiful bay,  
 The Kазie ploughed on her stately way ;

\* Among the superstitions which prevailed in the colonies, during the early times of the settlements, there seems to have been a singular one about phantom ships. The superstitious fancies of men are always apt to turn upon those objects which concern their daily occupations. The solitary ship, which, from year to year, came like a raven in the wilderness, bringing to the inhabitants of a settlement the comforts of life from the world from which they were cut off, was apt to be present to their dreams, whether sleeping or waking. The accidental sight from shore of a sail gliding along the horizon in those, as yet, lonely seas, was apt to be a matter of much talk and speculation. There is mention made by one of the early New England writers, of a ship navigated by witches, with a great horse that stood by the main-mast. I have met with another story, somewhere, of a ship that drove on shore, in fair, sunny, tranquil weather, with sails all set, and a table spread in the cabin, as if to regale a number of guests, yet not a living being on board. These phantom ships always sailed in the eye of the wind, or ploughed their way with great velocity, making the smooth sea foam before their bows, when not a breath of air was stirring.—*Washington Irving.*



The spray was dashed from her cleaving prow,  
 And fell like gems to the waves below,  
 And the mariners laughed with joy to see  
 The track she left on her foaming lee.

Time glowed on its axle. Away, like light,  
 The hours had fled in their traceless flight.  
 The ship had entered the heaving main,  
 And sullenly ploughed the untrodden plain.  
 The sailors slept; but the face of the sky  
 Was darkened by clouds that were coming nigh,  
 And the vessel rocked to the rising swell,  
 And the sails flapped loose, or idly fell,  
 And the helmsman's brow grew troubled fast,  
 As the giant clouds went driving past.

Now, as far on the sea as the sight could lie,  
 Where the ocean joined to the stooping sky,  
 Seen dim through the mist like the moon in her wane,  
 Strange gleamings of light flashed again and again.  
 A moment—the blood, like electrical light,  
 Rushes back on the heart—the doom'd ship is in sight!  
 And up to the sky went a shrieking of fear,  
 As the light on her quarter flashed fearfully near.

Ah! well may the gray-haired seaman tell  
 The tale of that vessel he knows so well;  
 That the spirits of some who were murderers at sea,  
 On the deck of that ship are known to be,  
 With a sense of life and a perishing thirst,  
 On the sight of the living in storm they burst,  
 For ever in chase, with a fearful way,  
 Of relief for whose coming they may not stay.

Nearer, still nearer, their shouts are heard;  
 They are chasing a ship with the speed of a bird;  
 The furrow is deep in the waters they sever—  
 And the ship they pursue has gone down for ever!

On came the prison of souls to view,  
 Enveloped in clouds of a fiery hue;  
 Her bellying sails gave way to the blast,  
 And bent the lithe topsail and stately mast,  
 While in strong relief on the lurid glow,  
 Was painted each spar of the "mariners' foe."





MR. CUMMINGS.

AS

TRAMETER.

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On—fearfully on!—the warm blood froze;  
 As the shriek of undying thirst arose—  
 An instant—she passed! and the trough of the sea  
 Received the trim form of the gallant *Kazie*.  
 Another—and like the fleet swallow that flings  
 On the blue summer heaven his rapturous wings,  
 The gallant *Kazie* to the waters leant,  
 And sprang on her course like a shaft well sent.

The mariners still, with a trembling lip,  
 Tell the stirring tale of the fated ship;  
 Yet still do they venture abroad on the sea,  
 And tread the trim decks of the gallant *Kazie*.

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### CHARLES KEMBLE,

The younger brother of the celebrated John Kemble was born at Brecknock, in Wales, on the 25th of November, 1775, and was the son of Mr. Roger Kemble, the manager of a provincial company of comedians. His sister, Mrs. Siddons, was also born in the same town.

At the age of thirteen, Charles was placed by his brother John, at the college of Douay, in Flanders, where he remained three years. On his return to London, he was appointed to a clerkship in the post-office; but the duties of this situation being irksome, and the salary inconsiderable, he became disgusted with it and resolved not to

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“ Tie  
 His every thought down to the desk, and spend  
 The morning of his life in adding figures,  
 With accurate monotony.”

The splendid success of his brother and sister, incited him to attempt the profession of the stage; and, with little previous preparation, he commenced his theatrical career, in 1792, at Sheffield, as *Orlando*, in “*As You Like It*,” in which he was received with great applause. He afterwards appeared at Edinburgh and Newcastle, when, from the success he had met with, he resolved to try his fortune in London, and made his first appearance before a metropolitan audience as *Malcolm*, in “*Macbeth*.” He soon rose to characters of more consequence; but

his personification of *Alonso*," in "*Pizarro*, first established his professional reputation. He afterwards appeared at the Haymarket, where, in 1800, he produced a play translated from the French, called "*The Point of Honor*," which was well received, and is still occasionally performed. In 1803, he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, when his brother was manager; here he had a wider field for the display of his talents, and he has since continued at the same house, sustaining a variety of characters in the highest walks of the drama. In characters, displaying the tender passion, like *Romeo*, he excels beyond any other actor of the present day; but in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and the first rank of tragedy, he is far excelled both by Young and Macready.

Besides "*The Point of Honor*," Mr. C. Kemble has produced "*The Wanderer, or Rights of Hospitality*," translated from the German of Kotzebue; "*Plot and Counterplot, or the Portrait of Cervantes*," a farce, from the French of Mons. Dieulafoy; "*Kamschatka, or the Slave's Tribute*," a drama, from the German of Kotzebue; "*The Child of Chance*," a farce; and the "*Brazen Bust*," a melodrama, from the French. None of these have been very successful, and the last four were consigned to oblivion on the third or fourth nights of performance.

## THE COOKS' ADVERTISEMENT.

BY DR. KITCHENER.

Fat Moll, the cook, who had a certain spice

Of humor in her, even though out of place,  
By advertising gave the town advice

That she was willing to renew her race,  
And roast, and boil, and bake, and stew, and sweat and pant,  
For any regular PLAIN FAMILY in want.

Now Mistress Mugg, whose features, grim and droll,  
Were imaged in her children and her spouse,  
To take her place invited monstrous Moll;

Who cried, while wond'ring at the ill-looking house,  
"For ordinary or plain, I'd toil, 'tis true,  
But, curse me, if I'll cook for such an ugly crew!"

## THE SOLDIER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

When I awoke on the 6th of October, 1806, which is the anniversary of my birth, I was seized with a cold shivering. "In another year," I said to myself. "you will be forty."

At nineteen, a man wishes impatiently that he had reached twenty; at twenty-nine, he is less anxious about the return of his birth-day; but at forty! what man can think of it without dismay, and particularly if he is not yet married. This was precisely my position; I was nearly forty, unmarried, and without present means or future views, excepting such as were presented to be by my being a candidate in theology. What availed me the years I had spent in study, or the education by which I had labored to profit? I had neither parents, friends, nor patrons. I gained a scanty subsistence by giving lessons, and in my leisure moments I was an author; that is to say, I wrote for the newspapers and magazines—and every body knows how badly they pay.

I confess that I was generally esteemed: people said that I was an honest man; but here their good offices stopped, and nobody asked me to dinner. The sweet illusions of my youth had disappeared. Other persons, who were inferior to me in acquirements, had outstripped me in the world, and, by the interest and help of their friends, were established. Folks pitied me, and I would rather they should have hated me: and my good, kind Charlotte! whose constancy to me seemed to have doomed her charms to fade away in single blessedness! this thought brought tears into my eyes: I sobbed and wept like a child, as I exclaimed, "Oh that my father had made me a cobbler!"

Charlotte had been my betrothed for nine years. Gentle and beautiful as she was, she was alone in the world, and as poor as I: she had no hope but in me. Her father was an aulic counsellor, who died suddenly on receiving the news of a bankruptcy, by which he lost all his fortune. Her mother lived in a little town on the frontiers of Bohemia, and was too poor to keep her daughter. Charlotte was reduced to become companion, or, to speak more plainly, lady's maid, in a rich family at Berlin; and all that she could spare from her earn-

ings was devoted to the support of her mother. Notwithstanding the cheerfulness of my disposition I should have given way to despair, but for the consolations of Charlotte.

These reflections, which I made while I was dressing, were interrupted by the postman, who brought me a letter, which cost me nine-pence, a large sum to a man whose purse is nearly empty. "Shall I open it now, or to-morrow?" I said, "if it is bad news, arriving on my birth-day, it will be a pre-sage of the year which is to come." When one is poor, one is always superstitious; I tossed up, and fate decided that I was not to open my letter: but curiosity whispered me to defy augury. I took courage—broke the seal; I read it, re-read it, to be sure—and tears of joy and gratitude rushed into my eyes. It was from my only protector, a merchant of Frankfurt on the Maine, to whom I had been tutor. He had procured me a small living in the estates of a count, which would yield me 100 florins a year, a house and garden; and, if I should have the good fortune to please the count, the prospect of becoming his son's tutor, with a reasonable salary. I finished dressing, and ran with my letter to my only friend, whom, happily, I found alone.

She saw that some extraordinary event must have happened, to have changed the sobriety which usually characterised my deportment. With hesitating and faltering accents, I explained to her the good fortune that had befallen me, and, reminding her of the fidelity with which we had kept to our vows in poverty, asked her if she was prepared to share with me my altered fortunes. Never before had she appeared so beautiful as when the expressions of joy, which my news excited, mantled in her features. She read the letter again and again, thanked heaven devoutly for the prospect of happiness which opened before us, and in a few minutes we had arranged that she should tender her resignation, that I should give up my pupils, and that the banns of marriage should forthwith be published.

The interim was to be employed in my visit to Magdeburg, which admitted of no delay; and, a friend having offered to lend me a small carriage, I prepared to set out. The circumstances of the times were somewhat critical; for the alarm of war was spread every where. Our monarch, at the head of his army, was in Thuringia, opposing the invincible Napo-

leon. The inhabitants of Berlin were, however, not much disturbed, because they had no doubt that in fifteen days the French would be driven back beyond the Rhine. I shared the common opinion, and had, by way of precaution, composed twenty-five military songs, celebrating the triumphs and the exploits of the Prussians. I had described very accurately the battles that were to be fought, and had left blanks for the names of the places. There could be no doubt that any bookseller in Berlin would be glad to buy them of me ; but I took them with me to Magdeburg, in case I should find it expedient to publish them in that city.

On the 14th of October, the day on which the ancient glory of Prussia departed on the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, I bade adieu to Charlotte, and, like a philosopher and a man of courage, smiled at the ominous forebodings which oppressed her mind. With my appointment and my military songs in my pocket, I proceeded gaily on my route, until I reached Brandebourg, where everybody was talking of a sanguinary battle, in which the Frenchmen had been wholly defeated and cut to pieces. "Where is the emperor?" I asked. "No one knows," was the reply. "And Marshal Bessieres?" "He is dead." "And Marshal Davoust?"—"He is dead." "And Marshal Ney?" "He is dead too ; they are all dead."

I could not contain myself and was about to produce my triumphant songs, but an old man, who was near me, took his pipe from his mouth, and whispered, "Would to God all this was true ; but the fact is, that some great misfortune must have happened." I was terrified. I let my songs remain where they were. I was at Magdebourg, and the emperor might possibly place himself and his army between me and Charlotte. And yet, as everybody, but the old man, believed that the Prussians had been victorious, I consoled myself by joining the opinion of the majority, and went quietly to sleep. On the following day, I met several couriers on the road, and their silence renewed my fears, that they were not the bearers of joyful tidings.

When I arrived at a small village, between Zieser and Burg, I found almost the whole of the population in the street, standing before a great house, at the door of which stood some horses saddled, and at the windows I saw several Prussian



hussars. I asked what was the news, and was told, that all was lost; that the French were marching rapidly onwards, and in an hour might be there. To ascertain the truth of this statement, to which I did not give implicit credit, I alighted, and, entering the house, found the same story in every one's mouth. They were talking, besides, of a major, who had been so badly wounded, that he could not continue his route on horseback, and whose hussars had come to fetch a post-chaise, which was sent for somewhere in the neighbourhood. I called for some beer, for the purpose of learning more from the conversation of the people who were about me, when the hussars immediately quitted the room. It was said they were going off. I went to the window to see; they set off at a gallop, and my chaise was in the middle of the troop. It was in vain that I cried "stop," or that I hurried down; before I could reach the street, all traces of them had disappeared, and nobody knew who the major was. Folks were too busy to attend to my complaints; they were thinking of the French army's advance. But what was I to do? The count, my new patron, was waiting me at Magdebourg, and I had no means of getting thither. Luckily, I had all my money in my pockets; but my clothes and linen were in the chaise. It was a great trial of the temper of a pastor; but I endured it as well as I could, and, having provided myself with a stick, I set off manfully on foot, for Magdebourg, wondering how I should be able to make amends to my friend for his horses and chaise.

As I was making my way, not quite so gaily as I had set out, I was accosted by a young man, whom I had known at Berlin, and to whom I had given the nickname of Charlemagne, because he pretended that his family pedigree might be traced to that hero. He was a lieutenant of infantry, and was now accompanied by a detachment of his troop. "Whither are you bound, doctor?" he asked. "To Magdebourg," I replied. "You will never reach it," he said; "the French are besieging it with 50,000 men. Come back with us to Berlin.—The enemy are at our heels.—All is lost. The Duke of Brunswick is dead;—General Möllendorf is a prisoner; and nobody knows where the king is. The army of reserve, under Prince Eugene, of Wurtemberg, has been defeated at Halle——." "But I must go to Magdebourg,"

interrupted I. "Then," he rejoined, "you must fall into the hands of the French." At this moment, two dragoons, came along at full gallop, and cried, as they passed, "The enemy has crossed the Elbe, at Wittemberg." "Good bye, doctor," said the lieutenant, and his men marched in double quick time. I could not raise the siege of Magdebourg alone, so I turned my back on the count, my patron, and bade adieu to my living, my house in the country, and my marriage.

I did not think that fate could have dealt so harshly with me. The battle of Jena had destroyed all my hopes at the moment when they seemed to be brightest. Once more I was a teacher, an old bachelor, and poor, even to beggary. "Which of us," I said to myself, "has lost the most by this victory of the French—the king, or I?"

Still I did not commit the folly of despairing. I put myself under the protection of Charlemagne, who made me the chaplain of his troop, and was so good as to show me how the battle of Jena would not have been lost, if he had had the command, instead of the Duke of Brunswick.

We continued our march for several days, during which, our company was constantly increased by the accession of some stragglers, until, at last, we amounted to 200 men, a body quite sufficient to inspire respect among the peasantry, and to insure from them the supply of provisions, through fear of our resorting to force. It was, I think, on the fourth day of our march, that Charlemagne drew me aside, and told me that he had resolved to strike an important blow. "I have been," he said, "a lieutenant for more than eight years, and I mean to become a general. I have already 200 men, and, by the time I reach the banks of the Oder, I shall have 2000; with this force, my design is to make an irruption into Saxony, and attack the enemy's rear."

"And you are not going to Berlin, then?" I asked, thinking of nothing but my dear Charlotte.

"No," he replied—"to Mittenwald; and, as I think the office of chaplain is far below your merit, you shall be my adjutant-general. I know you understand the mathematics, and that you can draw—two qualifications which will suit your new post admirably, and be very useful to us." It was in vain to object. I abandoned my black coat for a regimental one, and mounted the horse to which my rank entitled me.

Charlemagne reviewed his army, and made a speech to them about the glory of fighting and dying for one's country, which was received with enthusiasm by the troops, who declared, unanimously, their readiness to follow their general.

But, if there had been any difference of opinion on this point, it would soon have been removed by the news which we received that the French had entered Berlin. There was now no choice, but to pursue the plan which Charlemagne had laid down, and we marched for the Oder. A crowd of painful and perplexing thoughts occupied my mind : the sudden revolution, by which, in a few days, our powerful country had fallen into the power of the enemy ; the Prussian army, once the terror of the world, wholly destroyed ; a flourishing kingdom overturned by a single battle ; my intended wife in the power of a people so renowned for gallantry as the French ; my patron, the count, shut up in the city which Tilly formerly sacked ; my parsonage-house—heaven only knew what had become of that ; and I, a peaceful teacher of philosophy and the belles lettres, master of arts, and priest that was to have been, become, by the same revolution of Fortune's wheel, the adjutant-general of the renowned Charlemagne. It was, however, no time for reflection, and we made our way as well as we could, by the cross roads, towards Silicia.

We had taken up our quarters for the night in a very miserable little village, and the general and I were discussing the next day's route, when, on a sudden, we heard a discharge of fire-arms. We started up, and I was taken with a shivering, which formed no very flattering prognostic of my future military exploits. The general was too busy to observe it ; he hastened out to learn the cause of this alarm, and I, following him, we soon found that it was occasioned by an attack on our out-post. Charlemagne ordered me to march, at the head of twenty men, to the church-yard, where the firing had been heard ; and I, half stupid with terror, obeyed him, complaining, nevertheless, internally, that he, who knew I understood nothing of warfare, should put me on such an expediton. On we marched, in the dark, and I had just given my troop orders to fire on what I took for the enemy's front rank, and which turned out to be only a wall, when a loud cry for "quarter" suspended our operations. Five French soldiers, of a light infantry regiment, made their appearance from be-

hind the wall, and surrendered their arms to the master of arts, who would never have seen them if they had remained silent. I returned victorious from this my first enterprise, and was highly praised for my coolness and courage by Charlemagne, who promised to represent my behaviour to the king in an advantageous manner.

We learnt from the prisoners that the advanced guard of a detachment of the French army under Marshal Davoust, to which they belonged, had begun the attack ; but that, fancying, from the number of our sentinels, that we were much stronger than we really were, they retired after a slight skirmish, leaving our captives, whose impetuosity had carried them somewhat too far. When I translated this into German to Charlemagne, he was delighted ; for he saw the opportunity, for which he had so long panted, had arrived, and he should now have the real happiness of attacking the rear of the French army. For my own part, I treated my prisoners with the greatest care and consideration ; and what pleased me the most was, that my victory had not cost one drop of blood to any human being.

The morning soon arrived, and I knew that it must soon bring upon us the French force, who, in the light of day, would repair the mistake which the darkness of the night had occasioned. Charlemagne, however, nothing dismayed at the sound of the French drums, which continued to become more distinct, took up a position on a plain just beyond the village, and arranged his front with great coolness. He then harangued his men : " Gentlemen," he said, " do not forget this day that you are Pfussians. We have no colors ; but, in the charge, keep your eyes on the feather in my cap ; that shall direct you in the path of glory. If," he continued, when the huzzas, which this touch of eloquence excited, had somewhat subsided, " the numbers of our enemies preclude the hope of conquering them, at least let us prevent them from conquering us. The worst that can befall us, will be to sup to-night with Frederick the Great and his immortal warriors, instead of supping, as we did last night, in a miserable village." This parody on Leonidas's address to his devoted band at Thermopylæ was received with real enthusiasm, and, before the shouts had ended, the French force came in sight. I was frightened out of my wits, and must confess, that my

conception of what passed after this was not clear enough to enable me to relate it accurately. I remember that Charlemagne exhorted me, just before the battle began, to curb the impetuosity of my courage. Immediately afterwards, the enemy's fire began. "Bang—bang!" resounded on all sides. I pulled my hat over my ears, to deaden the sound as much as possible. My own troop began to fire; and my horse, who was as much frightened as myself, set off with me at full gallop. Three French chasseurs fired on me; but, having missed, and seeing that I approached them still furiously, and sword in hand, they turned about. I, or rather my horse, over whom I had lost all control, continued to pursue them, to their astonishment, and my own terror, until at length I lost my stirrup; a bullet struck my horse, and I fell to the earth. "Farewell, my Charlotte! farewell, vain and deceitful world!" I exclaimed, in the firm belief that the bullet had passed through my body, and that my days were ended. The chasseurs came to pick me up; and, finding that I was still alive, demanded my sword. I was in no condition to refuse, and, surrendering it, I received many compliments from my generous enemies on the courage I had displayed. I was carried before the commanding officer of the troop; and, on the way thither, the foot soldiers, to whose care I was committed, obligingly eased me of my purse, my watch, and a ring which Charlotte had given me. The colonel asked me what rank I held. I could not reply a teacher of philosophy, so I boldly announced myself as adjutant-general. Out of respect to that rank, my conquerors made me sit down to breakfast with them, and kindly consoled me for my disgrace, by reminding me that war had its chances, against which courage could do nothing. I was soon left alone, the officers having gone whither their duty called them; and, having nothing better to do, I began to ruminate on my strange destiny. I recollected at this moment my triumphal songs, and, thinking that if they were found upon me, I might experience some disagreeable consequences, I looked cautiously about to see if any one was observing me, and then threw them into the fire. While I was watching the progress of their being consumed, with at least as much pleasure as their composition had caused me, and was not sorry to find, that in my hurry I had also thrown away my appointment to the living, the same soldiers

who had taken my watch and money came up, and asked what I was burning. I replied, but not without hesitation, that they were family papers—letters, things of no account; but it did not suit the purpose of my questioners to believe me; they stripped me of my hat, boots, and cloak, and ordered me to follow two of their troop to the head-quarters. In this condition, half naked, without hat or shoes, I was marched through horrible roads, in a damp day at the latter end of October, to the village in which the general's quarters were. He was in a pretty little country house just without the village; sentinels, mounted and on foot, guarded the door, and officers of various ranks were going quickly in and out of the house. I was marched into a sort of military office, where I was asked my name and rank. Some of the officers exclaimed against the treatment I had undergone, and one of them having promised to procure me some clothes, I was dismissed, to join the other prisoners. The first object that my eyes fell on, when I entered the room destined for my companions in misfortune, was the gallant Charlemagne, who was eating his soup-maigre from a bowl, which an old woman, who had followed our regiment as a kind of sutler, held in her lap. "Ah! general," I cried, after I had embraced him, "is this the supper you talked about eating to-night with Frederick the Great, and his immortal warriors?"

"I am delighted to find you still alive," he cried; "because our king has another brave officer spared to serve him. But why did you not moderate your fury? I saw your attack upon the three chasseurs, and how you put them to flight. Your example animated the drooping courage of my troop; we fought bravely for half an hour, and then, seeing that we were surrounded, were obliged to lay down our arms. But come and partake our supper. While I was discussing the soup, the officer of the guard returned, and, inquiring for the adjutant-general, made me many apologies for the ill behaviour of the foot soldiers; at the same time he brought me some clothes, and several bottles of wine. I made suitable acknowledgments to my generous conqueror, and availed myself of his bounty. On the following day we were marched to Francfort-on-the-Oder, which gave me no small uneasiness; because, it occurred to me as very probable, that in that town, many of the inhabitants of which I knew, some

persons might recognise me, and my captors would hear the adjutant-general called "Doctor." I pulled my hat over my eyes as I entered the town, and luckily passed without any of the inconvenience I anticipated.

We were quartered in a little inn, with a guard of honor at the door; and, although we offered our parole that we would not attempt to escape, we were refused permission to go into the town. When it became dark I went down stairs, and, finding no person to oppose me, walked through the streets to the town-gate, where the sentinel, taking me probably for a French officer, offered no objection to my passing through. As soon as I had cleared the gate, I manfully took to my heels, and ran as hard as I could for about an hour. At the end of that time, being quite out of breath, and very hungry, I began to ask the adjutant-general what he intended to do. I knew not where I was, nor how I should satisfy the hunger that had begun to torment me; and hunger is never so sharp as when one has no means of satisfying it, and life never more dear than when one knows not how to sustain it. At this moment I heard the barking of dogs, and saw lights, which convinced me that I approached a village. Before the only inn of the place stood a small carriage, drawn by two horses, whose heads were turned towards the road I was pursuing. Nobody was in the coach. I felt in my pockets, but could not find the smallest piece of money. My hunger tormented me beyond bearing. As an officer, I could not beg, still less was I inclined to starve, and entered the stable without exactly knowing what I intended to do. I saw, lying on an old corn-bin, a round hat, a smock-frock, and a whip. Blessed be the man who invented presence of mind! In the twinkling of an eye my uniform was off, and the countryman's clothes on, and I walked quietly out of the stable, intending to get behind the carriage when it should set off. While I was proceeding, I was surprised by being struck two violent blows, which tumbled me into the mud; while the Frenchman, to whom I was indebted for this favor, called to me, with many imprecations, to make haste. Before I could guess the cause of this treatment, he had lifted me up again by the collar, and, pushing me towards the seat, jumped into the carriage, and bade me drive on. It was clear he took me for the driver of his coach, and, as I had no inclination to rec-

tify his mistake, I did his bidding, and whipped the horses to their utmost speed. This appeared to satisfy my new master extremely, who, probably, had his reasons, not less forcible than mine, to get away from the French army. I perceived by the light of the moon, when I could venture to turn my head round, that he was a French commissary. Our conversation was extremely laconic, as, in conformity with my character, I pretended not to understand French. He asked me if it was far to Posen, and whether there were many Prussians there : to both of which questions, when I replied in the affirmative, he again urged me to drive as fast as possible. While I was thus pursuing the road to Poland, and thinking that I was in the best possible disposition for composing a sermon on resignation, to be preached, if ever I should get my living, I saw the glittering of arms before me. The commissary saw them at the same time, and cocked his pistols. Some soldiers, who were in the road, called out to me to stop. My master bid me go on, and I, believing that the soldiers were a part of the French army, told them he was a French general. Again they cried out to stop, and the pretended general, jumping out of the coach, fired upon them. The fire was returned, my horses became frightened and set off at full gallop, which I did not try to check ; while the clashing of sabres, and the noise of fire-arms sounded in my ears. Soon afterwards nothing was to be heard, and, thanks to the sagacity and speed of my horses, I was safe ; to my great surprise, I was not even wounded. It would have been madness to return, and what became of the poor commissary I could never discover. A small village was now before me, where I intended to stop to rest my horses, which were now almost spent. Perhaps the commissary might rejoin me ; but, if he did not, what was I to do with the coach and horses, which I had no right to sell, and which I could not keep. While I was in this perplexity I arrived at the inn, where I had my horses stabled, and got some warm beer for myself. I had no money, but I intended, in case of necessity, to leave my hat and my smock frock, neither of which fitted me, in payment of my reckoning. While I was sitting near the fire, the hostess asked if I would take a young woman to a neighbouring town. I replied that I would willingly, but that I intended to set off at day-break ; and, having arranged with



the hostess what the traveller should pay me, I went to lie down in the stable. It may be imagined that I did not sleep much ; and as soon as the day began to appear, I arose, and went to inspect the carriage : it was pierced through with musket balls—the scabbard of a sword lay at the bottom, a pipe was on the seat, and a coffer under it, which was locked. I bade the hostess take the money for myself and my horses, from what the traveller was to pay me, and seated myself in the carriage. The passenger got in immediately afterwards, but the morning was so dark, and she was so muffled up, that I could not distinguish whether she was young or old. She placed herself in the opposite corner, and was soon asleep. The fatigues of the night overpowered me, and, as the road was perfectly straight, I left the horses to their own guidance, and, following the example of my companion, fell into a sound sleep, and dreamt of Charlotte and my living. I do not know how long I slept ; but I was awake, by the jolting of the carriage, as the horses passed over a bridge : it was now quite daylight. I looked at my companion, whose eyes I found fixed on mine. I looked again, for I believed that the sudden light had deceived me ; then I thought that I was dreaming still, for Charlotte seemed to be before me. “ Is it indeed you ? ” she asked, looking at my mustachios, the single remnant of my ancient costume of adjutant-general—then at my ragged smock-frock, covered with mud. “ Indeed it is,” I replied ; “ but tell me, Charlotte, how you came here.” The joy which we felt at this sudden meeting, after a separation which we believed would have been eternal, prevented us from replying. We shed tears of joy, and remained locked in each other’s arms for some minutes. As soon as I could speak, I recounted to Charlotte the adventures of my military life. Her’s were much more simple :—her mother had sent for her ; she had come by a coach to Frankfort ; and, as at that place the French had put all the carriages and horses in requisition, she proceeded on foot to the village where I had found her. We stopped at the next town to breakfast, where the barber removed my mustachios, and Charlotte had procured for me a coat and hat ; so that I could sit by her side without attracting too much notice. When we pursued our road, we began to talk over our affairs. We agreed that, as the banns had

been published, our marriage must necessarily take place. I was to write to my friend at Frankfort, to get information about the living to which I had been appointed. Charlotte had saved about 100 crowns, which would suffice for our immediate wants; and, in case of the worst, I could establish a school somewhere. While we were talking of the felicity which we should enjoy in the midst of our poverty, we heard something fall at our feet. I looked—it was a louis-d'or: I asked Charlotte if she had dropped it, but she had no gold. Immediately after a similar noise was heard, and again a louis-d'or fell. "It must be some benevolent fairy," I exclaimed, "who has heard our conversation;" and while I was speaking, the same thing happened a third time. I was convinced there must be something extraordinary in this, and, stopping the horses, I commenced a search, when I perceived, through a small space in the lid of the coffer, which was under the seat, a fourth piece of gold. I forced open the coffer, and discovered the cause of the noise which I had heard, but which I had taken for a chain. A bag, filled with gold, had come undone; other bags, more solid, were piled one upon another. How the commissary had become possessed of this treasure I knew not; but I knew that it did not belong to me and Charlotte, and I put back the three louis into the bag, which we fastened, and continued our journey as if nothing had happened. Charlotte's mother was delighted to see us, and to her we confided the care of our treasure. I announced in the public journals, at many different times, that I had found a coach, horses, and a considerable sum of money, and invited the owner to claim them. My attempts to discover him were vain—no one ever appeared. In this happy manner did my adventures terminate: I was richer than I ever hoped to be, and the admirable Charlotte was my wife. I sent my friend, at Berlin, a present, more than sufficient for the loss of his carriage, which the major had carried off: I renounced my clerical functions, and bought a delightful little estate in the country, where I live in perfect happiness, with Charlotte and her mother.

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## TROY.

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

Resplendent from her palaces,  
 Princes and nobles came ;  
 And altars, 'mid her holy trees,  
 To heaven laugh'd up their flame.  
 Her fountains beam'd with golden hue,  
 Her towers and temples bright,  
 O'er the far-shining landscape threw  
 A rich and gorgeous light.

The tones of lutes sang through the air,  
 With syren voices sweet,  
 As maidens, grac'd with sunny hair,  
 O'er marble pass'd their feet;  
 A cloudless beauty ting'd the sky,  
 Sublime in its repose ;  
 And streams, that flow'd in music by,  
 Were radiant as the rose.

Light, music, love, and sanctity,  
 Are here immortal things ;  
 And hearts adore the city free,  
 Of empires and of kings !  
 Triumphal yet her banner shines  
 On mountain, fane, and isle ;  
 And warriors offer at her shrines,  
 Their proudest vows and spoil.

Away—away—the Grecian band  
 From their lov'd homes have gone ;  
 And she—a Niobé ! shall stand  
 O'er altars quench'd and lone.  
 Sadden the heart with grief intense—  
 Mute let the trumpet lie,  
 And, from her dim'd magnificence,  
 Yield Priam's son to die !

Alas ! could we forego the spell  
 That binds us down to earth ;  
 The forms on which our raptures dwell,  
 The eyes illum'd with mirth ;  
 If, from these idols, we could flee  
 With souls that lack no wing ;  
 Oh grave ! where would thy triumph be ?  
 And where, bleak Death, thy sting ?

*Deal.*

## WHERE ARE YE, VISIONS OF DELIGHT ?

BY SHELTON MACKENZIE, ESQ.

And hopes that promised happy hours  
 Melt like the dew on summer flowers.—*Wallace.*

Where are ye, visions of delight,—  
 And dreams of happy hours,  
 That in the silence of the night,  
 Were gay, and beautiful, and bright,  
 As gleams from Eden's bowers ?

Gone !—like the forms we fondly love,  
 Or like the Summer's sweetness ;  
 We prized ye far, oh, far above  
 All earthly things, yet now ye move  
 With evolution's fleetness.

Where are ye, hopes of boyhood's days ?  
 In joy your spells were spoken ;  
 Amid the false world's heartless ways  
 I looked to meet your glorious rays,  
 And find ye crushed and broken !

Ye speak not !—oh, ye, too, are flown,—  
 Ye were too fair to last ;  
 And sorrow now may claim her own,  
 Since fate has left me here alone,  
 The memory of the past.

*Birmingham.*

## GAMBLING AND DISSIPATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

*Ipsæ saluberrima vici.—Virgil*

Whilst ruminating upon the various vices which corrupt the morals of society, and make mankind miserable, my imagination conducted me from the regions of the ordinary occupations of life ; and wandering through a narrow winding path beset with shrubbery, so dense as almost to exclude the light of day, I at length arrived at a vast and sooty-looking mansion. The exterior of the building I had neither time nor disposition to notice ; for curiosity (my attendant genius on this excursion,) hurried me forward to the door,—anxious to discover who could be the inhabitants of a dwelling so strangely situated—so far removed from the “ busy ham of men.” Upon entering, I beheld a bloated female figure, sitting at the extremity of the hall, resting one hand upon a cork-screw, and holding a goblet in the other. Her swollen features, the inflammatory appearance of her eyes, and the dullness of her countenance, too plainly told me, this was the genius of dissipation. At a little distance from her, a bubbling fountain issued from the ground, which I afterwards discovered to be the source of Lethe, the river of Pluto’s dreary realm. Near this stood a huge decanter, labelled “ The universal remedy,” together with these exhortations,—“ Here mortals, drown your sorrows ; here quench the flame of despair, which disappointment has kindled in your breasts ; here wash out the spots of a stained reputation ; here cure the bruises which merciless fortune may have inflicted upon you.”

Astonished at these novel appearances, and fixing my eyes upon the genius, I began involuntarily to utter,—“ Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d !” when my attention was arrested, and turned towards another part of the room. Here a figure met my view, having to the former no sort of similarity : her countenance wore a smile of such counterfeit innocence, her attire was adjusted with so much grace, and every thing about her bore such a resemblance to unmeaning simplicity, that the young were charmed with the sight, and the old could hardly behold without admiration—the goddess

of gambling. She was throned on a checker-board ; her sceptre was the cue of a billiard-table ; and she was worshipped upon an altar carved into the shape of a dice-box. Near her, supported by a small pedestal, lay a volume of leaves stamped on one side with hieroglyphical spots of black and red : this I readily concluded to be her bible, or koran. At intervals, around her throne, were arranged groups of persons, religiously engaged in the worship of their goddess. The method of reading their bible was entirely novel, and their language, to me at least, perfectly unintelligible. Nothing, I am persuaded, can be in any degree like it, except the manner of the barbarous Peruvians, who are said to communicate their ideas by knotted chords of various colors. Each, in turn, threw down a leaf of the volume upon the table, and the last gathering all into a pack, exclaimed " high—low—jack—and the game." To some, these appeared to be words of consolation, but, to others, the sentence of misery. The countenances of a part were suddenly enlivened ; while those of the rest were proportionably dejected.

The worshippers of this goddess were not confined to any particular class, but consisted, as in other occupations, of the young, the middle aged, and the old. The first of these entered upon their duties with the utmost cheerfulness and zeal. No other object seemed to possess charms, or have any effect in dividing the attention. Night was consumed in the perusal of their bible, and day wasted in sleep. The middle aged were more indifferent, performing their rites, not from the pleasure derived from them, but because they had become habituated to the worship, and were rendered unfit for any other kind of business. The old, so far from engaging in the ceremonies of the goddess, spent their time in idleness, oscillancy, and sleep, destitute of all comfort in life, or hopes of happiness of death, they had become the victims of misery, and the votaries of despair. The remembrance of past crimes, and the fear of future punishment, continually soured their existence, and made them the objects rather of pity than of contempt. A life loaded with sins, and a judgment, awarding their " wages," were the only pictures which their imagination presented.

I was not a little surprised to see females engaged in the adoration of this enticing deity. When I considered that

every lover (and who is not a lover in turn?) exalted in imagination his dulcinea to the rank of an acting angel; and when I took into account the high estimation in which the fair are universally held by the other sex, I could not but wonder that the "ornaments of creation" should embellish the temple of vice. But such was the fact: I saw numbers of females casting down their leaves with all the spite of disappointment, occasionally dyeing those cheeks with the crimson of indignation, which should never be suffused but with the blush of modesty.

At this moment the whole assembly rose to pay their vows to the genius of dissipation, and take a sip of the fountain of Lethe. Here was exhibited another scene of disgust:—some scarcely stirred from the fountain:—some succeeded in getting a short distance: a part returned to their former places, and again began the worship of their favorite goddess. The young, to use a figure, skipped about with as buoyant hearts as ever floated on animal spirits; the middle aged came with a less accelerated pace; while the old, "with many a weary step, and many a groan," staggered back to their situations. Now joy and boisterous pleasure were depicted on every countenance. Impressions of former sorrows were obliterated—disappointments were forgotten, and all were ready to perform any thing in which their headstrong passions might prompt them to engage. Accordingly, they had not been long employed in worship, before contention arose, and half of the assembly was involved in a pugilistic battle. The females screamed—the old raised their staves to restore peace,—but all in vain. The contending parties would neither listen to the voice of female persuasion, nor obey the commands of gray-headed authority. The tumult, at first, thickened, then gradually died away. The combatants, weakened by intoxication, and worn out with fatigue, dropped off, one after another, and, some upon the benches, some upon the tables, and others upon the floor, all sunk to rest, enjoying the miseries of sleep in the disturbed dreams of guilty consciences.

My curiosity was now fairly glutted; and I left the place almost willing to believe, that, under all circumstances,

"Vice, to be hated, needs but to be seen"

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## GENEROSITY. AN APOLOGUE.

*Ples nobilliam tu quoque.—Hor.*

Generosity chiefly consists in doing good to our enemies ; a truth, of which the following apologue may serve for an illustration.

A certain father of a family, a native of the east, being advanced in years, and desirous of settling his worldly affairs, divided his property between his three sons.

“ Nothing now remains to me,” said he to them, “ but a diamond of great value : this I have determined to appropriate to whichever of you shall, within three months, perform the most noble, the most generous action.”

The three sons departed from the presence of their father, and returned by the appointed time. When they presented themselves before their judge, the eldest began thus :—

“ Father,” said he, “ during my absence I met with a stranger, so circumstanced that he was under a necessity of entrusting me with the whole of his fortune. He had no written security from me, nor could he possibly bring any evidence—any proof whatsoever, of the deposit ; yet I faithfully returned him all. Was there not in this action something highly commendable ?”

“ Thou hast done what it was incumbent on thee to do, my son,” replied the old man ; “ he that could act otherwise would be unworthy to live ; for honesty is a duty. Thy action is an action of justice, not of generosity.”

After this the second son advanced :—

“ As I was travelling,” said he, “ I came to a lake, in which I beheld a child struggling with death ; I plunged into it, and saved his life in the presence of a number of the neighbouring villagers, all of whom can attest the truth of what I assert.”

“ It was well done,” interrupted the old man ; “ but still there was in thy exploit nothing of generosity ; thou obeyedst only the dictates of humanity.”

At length the youngest of the three came forward :—

“ I happened,” said he, “ to meet with a man whom I knew to be my mortal enemy, and who, having bewildered himself in the dead of night, had unknowingly fallen asleep



upon the brink of a frightful precipice. The least motion would infallibly have plunged him headlong into a fathomless abyss ; but, though his life was in my hands, I yet awakened him with the greatest possible precaution, and removed him from his danger."

" Ah ! my son," exclaimed the venerable parent, with transport, " to thee belongs the diamond ; well hast thou deserved it ! "

## THE BATTLE SONG OF LODBROG.

BY JAMES KNOX.

Regner Lodbrog was a king of Denmark, and lived in the eighth century ; he was famous for his wars and victories, and was an eminent scald, or poet.—*Dr. Blair's Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian.*

Give me my sword ! Shall Odin's son  
Beneath his foeman quail ?  
Shall he who leads the valiant on,  
Himself in valor fail ?  
No, no ! my spirit with delight  
Awaits on battle's call,  
And dearer is the bloody fight  
To me than festival.

Unfurl my banner ! When its folds  
Are fluttering on the breeze,  
Each chief shall feel, as he beholds,  
His soul within him freeze.  
For, rear'd on high, 'twill seem to him,  
Astonish'd and dismay'd,  
A token that his glory's dim,  
And that his fame doth fade.

Assemble now, ye hawks of heaven !  
Draw near, ye birds of prey !  
For on the battle field is given  
A feast to ye to-day.  
A banquet of the blood of kings,  
And flesh of mighty men ;  
Then gather on your rapid wings,  
And follow in my train !

## THE POET'S FATE.

BY MISS JEWSEY, AUTHORESS OF "PHANTASMACORIA," &c.

We poets in our youth begin in gladness  
But thereof comes in the end, despondency and madness.  
*Wordsworth.*

What is the poet's fate?—In life's young spring  
His soul expandeth like a flow'r in the sun;  
Smiling and smiled on by each living thing,  
As though it ne'er would be a withered one.  
Or, like a bird in its first flight to heaven  
Giving forth music with a spendthrift's joy,  
As though such precious stores of both were given,  
That joy could never change; or music never cloy.

Awhile, a *little* while,—and then depart  
His fond imaginings, and inward gladness;  
Feelings that twined like flowers around his heart  
Are plucked by time, or trodden down by sadness.  
Ambition tempts him with its fierce frail joy,  
Scorning the world, he trembles for its favor,  
And now a tyrant, and again a toy,  
Its choicest nectar hath a wormwood savor.

'Tis his, to travel in some kingly hour  
With sun-like strength to inspiration's goal;  
To claim mankind of every clime his dower,  
His range, the universe;—his home, the soul!  
'Tis his—to fall from inspiration's heaven,  
And feel the wretchedness that hath no name;—  
His—to be often blamed—less oft forgiven;  
His—frequent penury, and not seldom shame:—  
His—fierce extremes of glory and of gloom,  
Perchance an early fame, but oft—an earlier tomb?

## EPIGRAM.

THE REASON WHY WOMEN ARE WITHOUT BEARDS.

How wisely Nature ordering all below,  
Forbad a beard on woman's chin to grow;  
For how could she be shav'd, whate'er the skill,  
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?

## THE WANDERING JEW.

## SALATHIEL AMONG THE ANTIQUES.

I am emboldened to offer the following authentic anecdotes to the public, because I know that the most trivial circumstances relative to extraordinary persons are highly gratifying to this biography-mad age. Since the publication of the Rev. Mr. Croly's "Salathiel," that singular personage, commonly known as the Wandering Jew, has excited great general interest, and therefore I make no further apology for communicating to the world what I know about him.

I was well acquainted with Salathiel, some time ago, in Italy, and a very pleasant fellow he was; not grave and melancholy, as Croly, who evidently never saw him, would have us believe; but a shrewd, jolly dog, who, having no settled income, but living by his wits, would make himself vastly agreeable at a dinner party, in hopes of getting invited a second time; for, owing to his roving disposition, the poor fellow had well exemplified the truth of the adage, which says, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." It was very necessary, also, for his acquaintance to guard against the consequences of one very bad propensity of Salathiel's, which was that of borrowing money; for having, as I said before, nothing to live upon, he was very apt to inquire whether one had a spare ten pounds about one; and then, cursed as he was with a wandering spirit, he would be off the next morning, heaven only knows where, and never return to the same place till his creditors were dead, and gone to the third and fourth generation. But this by the way.

At a time when many curiosities were brought into the Neapolitan Museum from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, I was unwilling to lose the opportunity afforded me of visiting them and the other antiques, in company with a person so capable of elucidating those antiquities, which, at one period of his existence, were his cotemporaries. Accordingly, I prevailed on him to go with me to see the collection; and here I must warn the directors of all such establishments, if they have the least regard for the character of their medals, marbles, and inscriptions, to be very careful how they admit Salathiel; for he plays the very devil with antiquity, and is

enough to destroy the credit of a whole antiquarian university.

A learned and obliging professor undertook to explain the meaning of the various precious fragments preserved in the establishment, and first displayed to us a collection of coins of all ages. Salathiel had no sooner cast his eyes upon them, than he whispered to me that he perceived a great many bad coppers among them, and pointed out a counterfeit Denarius, with a hole in it, which he declared he remembered having given, as a pocket-piece, to pacify a little squalling brat, in the reign of Otho. On the professor's proceeding to explain the hole in it, as signifying the emperor's having been wounded, Salathiel swore he was in the wrong, for it was the child's mother who did it for luck.

Our guide next proceeded to descant on the virtues of a small silver vessel dug out of Herculaneum, which was supposed, from certain circumstances, to have been used in religious ceremonies; but it was proved to a certainty to have been given by the nymph Egeria to Numa Pompilius, and also to have belonged to Julius Cæsar, when he was Pontifex Maximus. "Pray, sir," said Salathiel, "will you have the goodness to let us see it? Indeed, when I was in ancient Rome, and also at Herculaneum last, I never remember hearing of such a curiosity. Pray let me see it." The professor triumphantly produced it. "By Jupiter!" exclaimed the wandering Jew, "by Jupiter! the identical salt cellar that my thief of a slave, Geta, ran off with one fine morning. Well, I am glad the rascal was smothered for his pains at any rate."

This almost upset the poor professor's patience. To find all his visions,—to say nothing of a long dissertation he had written on the subject,—all wasted upon a salt-cellar, was too much for mortal man to bear, more particularly an antiquary. However, in hopes of silencing the abominable discoveries of my companion, he offered to show us, as a special favor, an antique, the genuineness and importance of which were indubitable. To this we were conducted with all becoming reverence and ceremony. It was an ancient painting, representing an armed Roman warrior, leading by a halter a barbarian captive, whose body was uncouthly tattooed, and who had the skin of a beast thrown over his shoulders. Un-

derneath this figure was the following awful inscription, rendered still more appalling by the *lacunæ* that occurred in it: it was as follows:—

H I C.  
VI--S. BRITANN-S.  
V. T. O.  
VI ET VR.

The professor, sure of his mark, then proceeded with the confidence of science to tell us that this picture was painted to celebrate the expedition of the Emperor Claudius into Britain. "The figure of the barbarian," said he, "you will observe, from its being tattooed, proves to be that of a Briton, led captive by a legionary soldier. Allow me to fill up the hiatus, which time has caused in the inscription, and I can satisfactorily demonstrate the truth of what I affirm."

The learned gentleman then proceeded. H, I, C, stands for *Hic Imperator Claudius*; VI - - S BRITANN - S, is undoubtedly *Victis Britannis*, by the most natural method of filling up the *lacunæ*. The initials V. T. O. signify *Votivâ Tabulâ Ornat*. VI. short for *Virtutem*; supply the following hiatus by an A, which gives A E T short for *Æternam*, V. R. *Vrbis Romanæ*. Put this together, and it signifies,—*Here the Emperor Claudius, having conquered the Britons, adorns with a votive picture the eternal valor of the Roman city*. Now, gentlemen, what do you say to that?"

"Thus much," replied the wandering Jew. "I remember when the Emperor Claudius returned from Britain, one of his soldiers, who had taken a native savage, brought him over to Italy, painted as he was. Britons had been seen in Rome before; but, as they were curiosities at that time in the municipal towns and villages, the soldier had a covered cart made and showed his monster about the country, and, to attract customers, had this sign painted. I remember very well going to see this sight in a Calabrian village, and recollect this board very well. If you will allow me, I think I can explain the inscription in such a manner as will justify my assertion.

*Hic vivus Britannus vno tantum obolo videtur*, which signifies, in plain English, *Here is a live Briton to be seen for only one penny*."

Thereupon we were turned out of the museum, and in the course of the day received an order to quit the Neapolitan territory in four-and-twenty hours.

X. Y. Z.

## THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

A TALE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

A few hundred yards from the small stream which, known by the whites under the appellation of "Line Creek," divides the territory of the Muscogees or Creek confederacy from the state of Alabama, stands, or rather stood, a ruined cottage of logs. Travelling through the wilderness, several years ago, I passed this desolate spot. The walls, blackened by the smoke of many fires, and in part already decayed, stood tottering to their fall; the roof was entirely gone; a part only of the chimney was left, built in the custom of that country, of split sticks, and thickly plastered on the inside with mud. The fences had fallen around a small field which showed traces of former cultivation, and was now fast filling up with briars, plumb bushes, and sedge grass, where the still evident marks of the hoe and the cornfield gave proof that human beings had once found there a home. The mists of night were closing around us, the dark magnolia forest which frowned on the secluded spot, and the thick and gloomy swamp of the Line Creek, which stretched its unhealthful morass almost to the door, gave to the whole scene the stillness and horror of death. Although habituated, during a journey of many days, to the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, I was struck with the peculiarly lugubrious aspect of the scene, and with an undefinable feeling of melancholy; I stopped my horse to survey it more at leisure. My companion, who had ridden a few yards in advance, not hearing the accustomed sound of my horse's tramp, turned his head to learn the cause of my lingering, and rode back to the spot where I had halted.

"Here," said he "is Ritey's grave. Remark that small mound of earth resembling the heap of soil accumulated from a fallen tree, and which is, in truth, the effect of the trunk to which those decayed pinknots once belonged; there the murderer fell, and there he lies buried."

Not being so familiar with the legends of this wild region as to remember the story of the man, whose crime and death had given a name to this lonely scene of desolation, I inquired into his history, and listened, in deep and silent interest, to a tale of revenge and remorse, strongly illustrative of the aboriginal character.

Barney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation is now forgotten—was a petty chieftain belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being a “half breed,” and, like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full-blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people of his father as allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favor of the United States in the dissensions among the Creek nation, and, after the breaking out of war, in 1812, joined the American forces with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger, and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved by his activity, of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander in chief, and Riley’s name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to his people honored with the thanks of his “Great Father,” and sat down to cultivate his fields, and pursue the chase, as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council he was still young, and, devoting himself to his *one* wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy.

About this time, the restoration of tranquillity, and the opening of the rich lands just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans hastening to these fertile countries at the West. The country, from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness; and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Travelling was of course hazardous and insecure, and persons, who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well-known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries.

Of this class was L——. I knew him formerly, and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank

and manly, open to kindness, and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him, and "eyes unused to weep" glistened in bidding "God speed!" to their old associate. L—— had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage, and fidelity. Under his direction, he led his small family of slaves towards the spot upon which he had fixed for his future home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace. Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L—— was easily excited to anger, and, though ready to atone for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always control his passions before their out-burst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L——, was treasured up by Riley, with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet, too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions, and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlements.

The story of L——'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe but simple—"blood for blood"—and he "might run who read them." On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed, and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had possessed his thoughts, and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled at the council, at the public square, he stood up and addressed them.

"Fathers!" said he, "I have killed my brother—my friend: he struck me, and I slew him. That honor, which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed, or to attempt to escape the punishment you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live: my life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken: all I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it, like



a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it, I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall, and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him.”

Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death-song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in the front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved, and unappalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backward so composedly as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel, whose ruins mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile, or to mingle with her tribe: she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband. The Indian shuns the spot, for he deems that the spirit of the murderer inhabits it. The traveller views the scene with curiosity and horror, on account of its story, and, pausing for a few moments to survey this lonely and desolate glade, hastens on to more fearful and happy regions. With this short narrative we put spurs to our horses, and, hurrying along the road, in a few moments found ourselves beyond the gloomy and tangled forests of the Creek.

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### THE DYING KNIGHT.

They told him that the tyrant's power  
Hung o'er his country dear,  
And there were none in that sad hour,  
But turn'd away for fear;  
They told him that no soul of war;  
Inspir'd by freedom's ray,  
Would mount the reeking battle-car  
And lead them to the fray.

He rose from off his dying bed,  
 And left his couch of rest ;  
 " Come, lace my helmet on my head,  
 And my cuirass on my breast,  
 And give to me the polish'd brand,  
 I did not wear in vain,  
 When I drove from out my native land,  
 The invader and his train."

He firmly grasp'd the trusty blade,  
 And turn'd to heaven his eye,  
 Invoking thence the holy aid,  
 That blesses victory :  
 It was in vain—for death had seal'd,  
 That heart so firmly true,  
 And the light that speaking glance reveal'd  
 Was the last those eyes e'er knew.

And " oh !" he cried, " for one short hour,  
 Of my lost strength, to show  
 How much a freeman's arm has power,  
 To quell a tyrant foe :"  
 He sigh'd a prayer for his own dear land,  
 As ebb'd his parting breath,  
 And cloth'd in steel, with sword in hand,  
 He bowed himself to death.

CHRISTOPHER.

## A REFLECTION AT SEA.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

The sunny clouds are voyaging  
 Within a sea of light ;  
 And Dian's gem serenely gleams,  
 Where isles with heaven unite.

So, gracious God ! may I pursue  
 My voyage o'er life's sea ;  
 And, when the future on me gleams,  
 Unite my soul with thee !

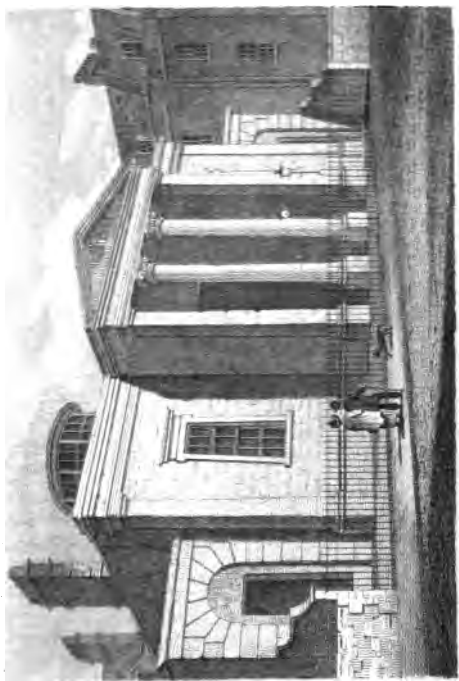
*Deal.*

## ALPINE ALBUMS.

You find, in some of the rudest passes of the Alps, homely inns, which public beneficence has erected for the convenience of the weary and benighted traveller. In most of these inns albums are kept to record the names of those, whose curiosity has led them into these regions of barrenness ; and the album is not unfrequently the only book in the house. In the album of the Grand Chartreuse, Gray, on his way to Geneva, recorded his deathless name, and left that exquisite Latin ode, beginning, " O ! tu severi religio loci ! " an ode which is indeed " pure nectar." It is curious to observe in these books the differences of national character. The Englishman usually writes his name only, without explanation or comment. The Frenchman records something of his feelings, destination or business ; commonly adding a line of poetry, an epigram, or some exclamation of pleasure or disgust. The German leaves a long dissertation upon the state of the roads, the accommodations, &c. ; detailing at full length whence he came, and whither he is going, through long pages of crabbed writing.

In one of the highest regions of the Swiss Alps, after a day of excessive labor in reaching the summit of our journey near those thrones erected ages ago for the majesty of nature, we stopped, fatigued and dispirited, on a spot destined to eternal barrenness, where we found one of these rude but hospitable inns, open to receive us. There was not another human habitation within many miles. All the soil, which we could see, had been brought thither, and placed carefully round the cottage, to nourish a few cabbages and lettuces. There were some goats, which supplied the cottages with milk ; a few fowls lived in the house ; and the greatest luxuries of the place were new-made cheeses, and some wild Alpine mutton, the rare provision of the traveller. Yet here nature had thrown off the veil, and appeared in all her sublimity !—summits of bare granite rose all around us. The snow-clad tops of distant Alps seemed to chill the moon-beams that lighted on them ; and we felt all the charms of the picturesque, mingled with the awe inspired by unchangeable grandeur. We seemed to have reached the original elevations of the globe, o'ertopping for ever the tumults, the vices, and the miseries





FREMASON'S JAIL, BAYTIC.

of ordinary existence, far out of hearing of the murmurs of a busy world, which discord ravages, and luxury corrupts. We asked for the album, and a large folio was brought to us, almost filled with the scrawls of every nation on earth that could write. Instantly our fatigue was forgotten, and the evening passed away pleasantly in the entertainment which this book afforded us. I copied the following French couplet :—

“ Dans ces sauvages lieux tout orgueil s’humanise ;  
 Dieu s’y montre plus grand ; l’homme s’y pulvérise ! ”  
 (Signed.) P. ED. TRENIER.”

I wish I could preserve the elegance, as well as the condensed sentiment, of the original :—

“ Still are these rugged realms ; e’en pride is hush’d ;  
 God seems more grand ; man crumbles into dust.”

### FREEMASONS’ HALL, BATH.

In Church-street, Bath, stands the Freemasons’ Hall, an elegant building of free stone, and a great ornament to the city. The exterior is a fine piece of Grecian architecture, and has a small portico in front, with pillars of the Ionic order. On the top of the building are symbols of masonry, and figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The building owes its origin and completion to Mr. Witney, a chemist, in Bath, and the architect is Mr. Wilkins, author of *Magna Græciæ*, who has preserved a strict Masonic appearance in the building, even to the very knockers, which are triangular.

The interior of this edifice is very complete and convenient. The great room, or hall, is fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. Opposite the entrance from the hall door, at the bottom of the room, stands the master’s chair, upon an elevation, with an ascent of three steps, of black and white marble, supported by two lions. Over the chair is a neat gallery, supported by pillars, in the centre of which is an exquisitely fine-toned organ. In the front of the gallery is the “all-seeing eye,” handsomely painted : the whole is lighted by well sky-lights, and ornamented with handsome chandeliers.

The first stone of this building was laid on the 28th of July, 1817, in the presence of the four lodges of masons belonging to Bath; and on the 28th of September, 1818, the hall was opened, when Dr. Gavin Browne delivered an elegant oration on the occasion, and the new and fine-toned organ was opened. The whole expense of the building was three thousand pounds.

### THE POET'S DREAM.

The poet sleeps in his attic rude,  
And visions over his brain are dancing;  
Now he sees, in frolic mood,  
The tiny fays of night advancing.

Round and round, in their careless glee,  
The clear blue lake they softly skim,  
And oft in their wayward revelry,  
They point their ebony wands at him.

Now, to the measure of elfin lyre,  
And lute, they move in their reckless play;  
Or with wands erect, in gay attire,  
Featly, march on their star-lit way.

Hushed are elfin lyre and lute,—  
'Tis the thrilling bugle and rolling drum;  
A column of soldiers, proud and mute,  
Hither in bold array they come.

Fierce, they encounter the shadowy foe,—  
He hears the roar and the din of war,  
The clarion peal, and the shriek of woe,  
And sees the lances gleaming far.

The poet arose at the break of day,  
With a firm and heroic air,  
And he framed a glowing and martial lay  
Of deeds that were done in the olden day;  
Of knights, who their bold compeers did slay,  
Mid the cymbals' clash, and the trumpets' bray,  
And were crowned with palm trees there.



## A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. JUOY.

BY W. JERDAN, ESQ.

Dans ces lieux souterrains, dans ces sombres abîmes,  
La mort confusément, entasse ses victimes.

*Leguë, Poëme des Sépultures.*

Gli uomini hanno in orrore la morte, io no.—*Tasso.*

In these dark vaults, in wild confusion laid,  
Death's victims rest—the temple of the dead.

I have often heard the painter, Robert, recount, and always with increased interest, his adventure in the catacombs of Rome. The plain and simple recital of his fears and agonies in this frightful situation, excites in me, after the lapse of twenty years, an emotion of terror, which cannot, perhaps, be produced by the whole of the admirable poem of M. de Lille on the same subject. I remember the opening of this moving episode.

Sous les remparts de Rome et sous ces vastes plaines,  
Sont des autres profundo, des voûtes souterraines.  
Qui, pendant deux milles ans, creusés par les humains,  
Donnèrent leur rochers aux palais des Romains.

29.

z



Avec ses monumens et sa magnificence,  
 Rome entière sortit de cet abîme immense :  
 Depuis, loin du regard et du fer des Tyrans,  
 L'église encore naissante y cacha ses enfans,  
 Jusqu'au jour où du sein de cette nuit profonde,  
 Triomphante, elle vint donner ses lois au monde,  
 Et marqua de la Croix les drapeaux de Césars.

The catacombs are an object of curiosity to all travellers whom the love of the arts attract to Italy; they throng to visit these dark galleries, (peopled with illustrious recollections,) whose monuments in fresco and bas reliefs have served so long as models for the imitation of our greatest artists. Several authors have described the catacombs of Naples, and particularly those of Rome with the most minute detail. In the first rank of these literary gnomes, stands Bosio, who, in the year 1632, published a description of the catacombs of the last named city, under the title of "*Roma Sotteranea*," which has since been translated into Latin, by Aringhi. The name of Bosio's work is the more apt, because it contains in effect an itinerary of a *subterraneous Rome*, and the catacombs are there depicted as the road, by which every one must travel.

The perusal of this work, which is exceedingly commendable for its fidelity, learning, and curious research, begot in me a great desire to undertake a little subterranean tour at Paris, and to range through that part of the quarries, which extend under the plain of the lesser Mont Rouge, to which their new occupation caused the names of Catacombs to be given. The day of All Souls is now approaching, an epoch, at which I usually devote a few hours to those monuments, which, as the author of "*Studies of Nature*," eloquently says, are placed upon the boundaries of two worlds. I am not a disciple of the melancholy Young, who is eternally crying in a monotonous and lamentable voice,

Death be your theme in every place and hour.

Nothing seems to be more contrary to men's nature and happiness, than this axiom of a gloomy moralist, who, under the pretence of familiarising us with an inevitable evil, is perpetually placing its image before us. Voltaire, on the other

hand, says rightly "The continual contemplation of death deceives us; it prevents us from living." I still less approve of those learned triflers—of those Sybarite philosophers, who repel every serious reflection, and sport on the surface of life, without daring to think upon its end. To enjoy it perfectly, it appears to me that its probable duration should occasionally be considered, and we should not be afraid to survey the ravages of time, if we wish to know its value, and regulate its use.

Last Monday, at Madame de R\*\*\*, I mentioned my intention to pay a visit to the catacombs, and, as the license sent me by the inspector-general of the mines afforded me an opportunity of taking a companion, several persons offered themselves: I could take but one; and though it was very clear that I would have given the preference to the young lady of the house, one of the prettiest and most amiable girls in Paris, Madame de Sesanne would absolutely venture upon this mysterious promenade with me. I feared the effect on the imagination of twenty years of age, and at first made several objections, in which her mother supported me; but nothing could induce her to renounce the project. She "had heard that in the year 1788, Madame de Polignac and Madame de Guiche had spent a whole day in these gloomy caverns; she did not think herself less courageous, and had so much confidence, too, in her old hermit." It was at length agreed that she should call for me in her carriage next day at noon.

Madame de Sesanne was punctual to the gloomy rendezvous, and with our pockets crammed with wax tapers and phosphoric matches, (as if we intended to make a fortnight's stay under ground,) we drove towards the barrier d'Enfer,\* remarking on the singularity of the connexion between this name and the place which we were about to visit.

The principal of the works, who had been apprised of our visit the night before, conducted us by a straight staircase under the first vaults, 90 feet below the surface of the earth. For above a quarter of an hour, we followed the windings of a narrow gallery, where from time to time, we noticed inscriptions of the date of the year, in which the different parts of these quarries were undertaken. On the roof of the vault and the

\* *Gate of Hell.* The long street which leads to the catacombs, is also called the *Street of Hell.*

whole along of our way from the entrance of the catacombs, a black line has been traced, which might on occasion serve as a clue to any bewildered traveller who lost himself in the mazes of this labyrinth. Some projecting rocks, or a fissure in the walls, at distant intervals, interrupted the uniform aspect of this gallery, into which several smaller branches communicated, which extend themselves under the faubourg St. Jacques, as far as the extremity of the faubourg St. Germain.

Our guide made us quit for a little the course of the catacombs, and conducted us to a gallery, known by the name of *Port Mahon*. In this quarter, a soldier who had followed Marshal Richlieu to Minorca, in the year 1756, and whom his reformation had doomed to work in these quarries, amused himself at his leisure hours in modelling in the rock a plan of the fortifications of that island. This monument, which is not one under the cognisance of the art, testifies, nevertheless, in a most striking manner, the skill, the memory, and, above all, the patience of the man, who, without any knowledge of architecture, without means, and without proper tools, could, unassisted, execute such a work. My gentle companion was much afflicted at learning, from a few words engraven on the stone, that this industrious man, after five years employment without wages on this piece of art, perished a few paces from the spot on which she stood, by the fall of a part of the rock, which he was endeavouring to prop up.

The catacombs being the exclusive object of our curiosity, we desired our guide to conduct us to them, and we stopped but a single moment to observe a frightful, yet picturesque, ruin. Several pieces of rock, supported in equilibrium on their angular points; the strange position of these masses, suspended in air, whose fall seemed threatened by every breath of wind, presents a configuration so wonderful, that many painters of decorations have made it the subject of study.

We reached at last a sort of vestibule, at the bottom of which was a black door, ornamented with two pillars of the Tuscan order, and surmounted with this inscription :—

Has ultra metas requiescant, beatam spem expectantes.

The moment we set our feet in this dark enclosure, my young companion involuntarily drew closer to me, and I was

startled at her paleness and sudden alteration of countenance ; she made use of salts, with which I had provided myself, and said, while endeavouring to force a smile, " don't be alarmed—it is from a sudden impression on my mind, and not from fear."

We entered this palace of death ; his frightful attributes surrounded us—the walls are covered with them : piles of bones are moulded into arches, or raised into columns, and art has formed from these wrecks of human nature, a species of mosaic work, whose regular appearance adds to the solemn sensation inspired by the place. Death, in the bosom of these catacombs, has something in it less repulsive than elsewhere : his ravages are past, the sepulchral worm has devoured its prey, and the remains have no longer any thing to fear, but from the hand of time, which will eventually crumble them into dust.

All the ancient cemeteries of Paris, all the churches have emptied into these vast caverns the spoils of human kind, which had been for ages deposited with them. Ten generations are met and absorbed here ; and this subterraneous population is estimated at three times the number of those who inhabit and agitate the surface of the soil.

Inscriptions, placed on small columns, point out the different quarters of Paris to which these relics once belonged. There, every distinction of sex, fortune, and rank, has completely disappeared. The rich, robbed of his marble mausoleum ; the poor, bereft a little sooner of his fir coffin, here mingle together their last remains ; and it is here, indeed, that equality commences. What reflections—what sublime ideas arise from such images ! The author of the " Genius of Christianity" deserves the office of being their interpreter. " The whole soul," says he, " trembles at the contemplation of so much inanity, and so much grandeur. While we seek in vain for expressions sufficiently majestic to describe what is so high, words sufficiently low are at the same time wanting to depict what is so vile. Every thing proclaims that we are in the empire of ruins, and in the very smell of the dust, spread under the funereal arches, we seem to breathe times that are past."

Emily, recovering her resolution, had quitted my arm, and, with the taper in her hand, wandered in silence over the

cheerless dwelling of the dead. The numerous inscriptions, religious, philosophical, and moral, traced on the walls, by turns attracted her attention. She bid me remark the following verses of Malfilâtre, which I believe are unpublished.

Insensés ! nous parlons en maîtres,  
 Nous qui, dans l'Océan des êtres  
 Nageons tristement confondus !  
 Nous, dont l'existence légère,  
 Pareille à l'ombre passagère,  
 Commence, paraît, et n'est plus.\*

She desired me to translate the Latin sentences for her. When I came to this,—

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco ?  
 Quo non nata jacent ?

and informed her that it signified

You seek where you shall be after death ?  
 Where were you before your birth ?

“ I don't see,” said she, “ either the justice or the morality of this maxim, and I am particularly at a loss to conceive that it has any thing in common with that from Addison, which I read a little further on,—

“ If the soul ends with the body, whence, then, does our presentiment of immortality come ?”

“ I do not approve of it any more than yourself,” replied I, “ and particularly in such a place as this. Contradictory opinions mingled together, weaken, at least, if they do not destroy each other. I love to believe that doubt quits man at the gate of the tomb, but hope descends with him to point out eternity on the opposite shore.”

\* Blind mortals here, your masters view,  
 'Mid seas of beings once like you  
 We swim whole gloomy silent years,  
 We whose light beings sadly fade  
 Like flittings of a passing shade,  
 Which form'd, is seen, then disappears.

After visiting several rooms, and wandering through the galleries which led to them, we arrived at a little chapel, at the end of which, a small expiatory altar is erected : its form has something in it still more frightful than the rest of the catacombs. Seeking for an inscription, which should inform us to whose manes, or whose memory, it is consecrated, we read, or at least, thought we read, in letters of blood, this dreadful date,—2d SEPTEMBER, 1792, on a piece of granite. My companion uttered a cry of horror, and, to her disturbed imagination, a long groan seemed to be heard. Surprised myself at an unexpected sound, I started and looked anxiously round.

Our conductor then, with much trouble, opened the door to the geological cavern, which is to contain specimens of every mineral in the earth, under which these quarries are dug. This apartment led us to another, where the anatomical deformities are collected, classed, and ranged in order. The aberrations from nature, and the endeavours of art to assist her, are strongly visible in some of the specimens. For these two subterranean cabinets, and the general improvements which have been made for several years in the catacombs, we are indebted to M. Hericart de Thury, chief engineer in the imperial corps of miners.

While I was contemplating these specimens of anatomy, Madame de Sessanne was leaning at a little distance from me, on an antique altar, formed entirely of human remains. (This work, and several others of the same sort, do honor to the talent, and to the taste of M. Gambier, who presided over the arrangement of these mournful materials.) While standing in this pensive attitude, one of the roses of her bouquet scattered its leaves on the altar and pedestal. I should be unable to describe the ideas which rushed to my mind ; the emotions which agitated my heart in beholding, under these gloomy vaults, an old man approaching his eightieth year, a woman shining in all the splendor and freshness of youth and beauty, meditating on the dust of the dead, and rose leaves scattered on heaps of human bones.

The voice of our guide awoke us both from the deep reverie in which we were absorbed. We hastened to the stairs towards the east of the route to Orleans. Emily setting her foot on the first step, perceived that I stopped behind :—

"Come, come," said she, "don't you see they are going to shut the door." "I was thinking within myself," said I, laughing, "whether it was worth my while to go out." She ran to me,—took my hand; I saw a tear start from her beautiful eye; and the emotion which I felt, left me no room to doubt that I ought yet to live a little longer.

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## GRANADA.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

Oh city—thou! whose gorgeous temples beam  
Like homes immortal in a heavenly dream,  
Whose streams, their music, through rich groves prolong,—  
Whose maidens' lips are rife with burning song;  
Rejoice! the blue waves as they kiss thy walls,  
Dance to the lutes that warble in thy halls;  
And the clear winds, that linger on the waves,  
Approach a shore unsullied yet by slaves!

Dark is thy doom! in those resplendent fanes,  
Unhallow'd priests shall raise their votive strains;  
The Paynim bands along thy squares shall sweep,  
And recreants spurn the dust where heroes sleep:  
Quench'd and forsaken shall thy hearts become,  
Thy virgins mute, thy sons estrang'd from home;  
And thou—o'er many a fane and altar rent,—  
Shalt, to the plains, pour out thy wild lament!

Cities there were, as beautiful as thee,—  
Bow'd is their pride, and dim'd their pageantry.  
Sad, widow'd Greece, o'er her Piræus mourns,  
And Rome bedews her Capitolian urns;  
No more shall lands their princely tributes bring,  
To grace the path of Zion's victor king;  
Nor Dardan youths, with charmed eyes, behold  
Soft beauty shine from Helen's locks of gold.

*Deal.*

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## A VISIT TO HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

“ Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt  
 Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,  
 A nest for serpents; from the red abyss  
 New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake  
 A reedy pool; and all to Cumæ's point  
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,  
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the buried dome.”

The discovery of Herculaneum, in 1713, and of Pompeii, in 1753, excited the greatest interest throughout Europe. No instances had occurred of large cities, containing so many works of art, having been buried for so many centuries, and at last brought to light, with all their temples, statues, paintings, houses, shops, household furniture, and utensils, in such a state of preservation. Pompeii, indeed, has no equal; it lies at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, about 15 miles south-east of Naples, in that rich plain where Hannibal remained for years after the battle of Cannæ, and wasted the strength of his army in luxury and ease. It is a walled town, about three or four miles in circumference; and, with the exception of some temples, the amphitheatre, the theatres, tombs, and a few houses, are all built of brick. During the eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 97 of the Christian era—the greatest on record—the mountain, for several days, continued sending forth large quantities of ashes and light stones, which fell in showers on the surrounding plain, and buried Pompeii. The covering is, at an average, about twelve feet deep. In some places it is much greater, in others, not more than a few feet; but it appears to have been so complete that not a vestige of the city was left. Houses were built above it—vines were planted in the new soil—roads were made—and Pompeii lay forgotten and neglected, till about 70 years ago, when accident brought it to light. It is only astonishing that it had not been discovered sooner, as the covering, in some places, is so slight, that the roots of the vines have penetrated a considerable way into the buildings below. A great part of it is now excavated, and exhibits a most interesting sight, not only to the antiquarian and curious, but to every man who has read or heard of the Romans. On approaching it from Naples, nothing is seen but a high mound formed of the rubbish collected from the interior of the city. On entering, by a narrow passage cut



through this mound, the great road which led to Rome, and a long street of tombs continued to the walls of the town, first attract attention. The street is paved with large stones, with five angles, most of them between two and three feet in diameter. The tombs are all of white marble. Some appear old; some are as fresh and white as when the workmen left them, and others are only half-finished. Most of them have emblems, or figures, carved on them, and but few have inscriptions. The principal house in this street belonged to Diomedes: his tomb is opposite to it, with this inscription, in Roman capitals, "Diomedes l. sibi et suis." (Erected by Diomedes, for himself and family.) Another, near it, has a most appropriate device for a tomb; a vessel is represented entering the harbour, with the sailors on the yards furling the sails. The voyage of life was over—the frail bark had reached "the safe and quiet harbour of death, at all times ready to receive us from the stormy ocean of human life." Urns, containing the ashes of the dead, are placed in niches, in small square cells, at the back of the monuments: they are all of earthenware, and very small. The house of Diomedes is in a wonderful state of preservation: the paintings on some parts of the ceiling, and the ceiling itself, are as fresh and entire as they could have been 1,700 years ago. There is a garden at the back of the house, with a wine cellar beneath it: the cellar is in the form of a funnel, about eight feet wide, running round the inside of the garden wall: it contained a great number of wine jars, which are filled with ashes, apparently colored by the wine. These jars are of earthenware, about three feet long, and of the width of a chimney can at the middle, narrower at the bottom and mouth, and with two handles at the neck: they were ranged against the wall. In this cellar seventeen human skeletons were found; one of them had a key in its hand. Whether they had fled to this place for safety, or to riot in drunkenness, like shipwrecked sailors, is uncertain. It is probable, however, that most of the inhabitants had time to escape from the city, though many of them, no doubt, were suffocated by the ashes in their flight. Pliny is supposed to have died in this manner. When the irruption was at its height, he sailed from the port of Misenum, on the opposite side of the bay, for the purpose of examining it more narrowly: the inhabitants were fleeing

in boats in all directions : he, however, proceeded, with two servants, towards Pompeii, but soon found the sulphur and ashes so insufferable, that he was forced to return. On his way back, he was overtaken by a violent shower of ashes and pumice stones, which deprived him of life : his body was found three days after. Not more, perhaps, than twenty-five or thirty skeletons, at most, have been found. It is astonishing that a greater number has not been preserved, as there can be no doubt, taking into account the number of sick, aged, and infirm persons, that could not make their escape, together with those confined in prison, that a great many must have perished. In one of the prisons a skeleton was found, with chains at the hands and feet. The bones of all these victims, on being exposed to the air, it is stated, soon crumbled into dust, which is extremely probable, as none of them are to be seen in the museum at Naples, where all the relics are preserved. Leaving the street of the tombs, we entered the city by the ancient gate. It is hardly possible to imagine any scene that can excite such interest, or so many melancholy reflections : the silence of death pervades the place. With the exception of a few statues and frescoes, which have been removed, every thing is left in its original state. Houses, temples, theatres, wells, mills, ovens, shops,—all remain nearly as they were in the time of the ancient Romans. The streets are narrow, with a footpath on each side, raised about a foot. The houses are in general small, and of one story. In the shops there appears to have been no partition between the door and the window : many of the shops at Naples have exactly the same appearance. I do not recollect, in any one instance, to have seen a chimney, and believe there are not more than two or three houses that have stairs. The rooms are generally adorned with paintings, representing flowers, birds, or beasts. The peacock, and the goat, seem to have been favorites : the colors are of a bright red, blue, or yellow. On some of the houses and shops the names of the owners are inscribed in red paint, on a ground of white, which had been used to efface some previous inscription. A cock and serpent are the common signs for apothecaries. Bakehouses contain small hand-mills for grinding the wheat, jars for the flour, and ovens exactly like those of the present day. Above one of the ovens is a symbol of the same kind with those which are so common

on the temple at Nismes, with this inscription beneath it :—  
“ *Hic habitat felicitas.*” At the angle where two streets meet, there is commonly a well, with a trough attached to it, and, when the streets are not passable for carts and carriages, there are two large stones placed to prevent their entrance. The tracks of the cart wheels are in some of the streets, two or three inches deep. There are but few houses that appear to have been inhabited by the wealthy, and even these are small and incommodious. There is a large court in the interior, commonly with a fountain in the middle, and the entrance to the rooms from this court serves both for doors and windows :—all the houses are without roofs : in some of them, which have not been cleared out, jars, pots, and other family utensils, are seen just appearing above the ashes, in the same position in which they had been left by the proprietors seventeen centuries ago. The former, which is of an oblong shape, and of great size, is now completely excavated, and has on all sides public buildings of considerable magnificence : it is needless to describe them, as, with the exception of the temples, and those which have inscriptions, the purposes for which they were erected are not known. The last public building discovered in the forum is very extensive. I asked one of the workmen the name of it. The only reply was a shrug of the shoulders, a grimace, and a scream, the usual signals which a Neapolitan gives of inability to answer a question. On the question being repeated, he said he could not tell, as those wiser than himself had not been able to agree on a name for it. The amphitheatre is at a considerable distance from the forum : the interior is very noble—the seats are almost entire, and constructed of large stones, of a yellowish white. Those allotted to the prefect and tribunes have inscriptions on them to that effect : it could contain 35,000 spectators. The view from the upper seats, and the reflection to which it naturally gives rise, are certainly unequalled ; on the one side is the beautiful bay, on the other the rich plain, with Vesuvius on the left, and the bold range of high mountains on the right, the spectator looks down on the arena, on the empty seats where so many thousands had assembled in joy and gladness, and on the town, now as still and quiet as the ashes of those that had inhabited it. Not more than a fourth of the town is yet excavated. It is extremely probable,

however, that most of the principal buildings have been discovered, as these were commonly built in the neighbourhood of the forum. Lupines, wheat, vines, and fruit-trees, are now growing in great luxuriance only a few feet above the houses.

Herculaneum was destroyed, not like Pompeii, by ashes, but by lava and pumice stones. Little, however, is to be seen there, as the modern town of Portici is built immediately above it; and after any excavation had been completed, it was found necessary to fill up the cavities: it lies about fifty feet below ground. By torch light we examined the theatre, which is almost the only part of the town left open. Great numbers of the pillars were lying on the ground, others were half overturned, and some broken through the middle—all imbedded in lava. The most valuable and best-preserved remains of antiquity were found here, and are now to be seen in the museum at Naples: they consist of statues, paintings, instruments of art, MSS. kitchen utensils, &c. Great numbers of MSS. are piled up in one of the rooms of the museum: they resemble pieces of charcoal, about a foot long, and four or five inches in diameter. I saw part of one of them unrolled—a work of Philodemus. The Greek (the greater part are in Greek,) was well written, and pretty legible, but they are so fragile, and so like cobwebs, that it is probable no complete work can ever be obtained from them. Different rooms in the museum are quite filled with objects of art and household utensils found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. A great number of musical instruments, balances, weights, and measures, pans, glass phials, mirrors of polished steel, lamps innumerable, door hinges, locks, ropes, bread, wheat, beans, and many other articles, too numerous to mention, are exhibited to view. Most of the household utensils are very elegant, made of brass, and plated in the inside. One room is set apart for paintings, statues, and articles of curious workmanship, not fit for the light. They show that the men, and particularly the women, had very different notions of modesty and delicacy to those of the present day. In all the collection, I saw only two small knives, and not one fork. Are we to infer from this, that these masters of the world, with their greasy togas, and unacquainted with the use of linen, were equally barbarous in their mode of eating, and fed themselves without the aid of knives and forks? It is not at all unlikely.

Cæsar and Cicero would not have been thought men of refined manners in modern times. Perhaps it may be asserted without contradiction, that the English of the present day are the most cleanly and civilised of all the nations of the world who have left any traces behind them. There is a curious wine cup, in the shape of a boy, kept at Portici, which the keeper shows only to men. It is not probable, however, that the ancients were so scrupulous. It has surprised some, that so many works should have been found at *Herculaneum*, which was destroyed by fire, and but few at *Pompeii*. It may, however, be easily accounted for. The covering of the latter place, probably, was not sufficient to keep out the external air: that of the former was chiefly composed of lava, and so thick and hard that nothing could penetrate it. In no part of Italy does nature appear to have been so active in destroying the works of man, and changing the surface of the ground, as in this delightful spot. There can be no doubt that within these two thousand years, hills and lakes have been destroyed, and others formed. We know of one hill that has been created in modern times, (*Monte Nuovo*;) and the *Lucrine Lake*, which formed such an excellent harbour in the time of Cæsar, is now reduced to a shallow pool. The large lake of *Agnano* is not mentioned by any ancient writer; and *Astroni*, a mountain close to it, has evidently been half destroyed by a volcano. The top of the mountain has sunk, and the interior is now filled with water and wood. There is a continual commotion below the surface of the earth, which, on occasion of a thunder-storm, or hurricane, excites in the minds of the inhabitants the most serious apprehensions. Mount *Vesuvius* itself has evidently been torn asunder by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and may one day be converted, like *Astroni*, into a retreat for fowls and wild boars. The *Lake of Avernus*, so often mentioned by the ancients, has evidently been formed in the bosom of a volcanic mountain: hence, the sulphureous and putrid vapours which ascended from it, and obtained it the name of *Avernus*: this is now no longer the case. Water fowl frequent it, as well as the other lakes in the neighbourhood. *Monte Nuovo*, or the *New Mountain*, about four hundred feet high, suddenly appeared in the middle of the *Lucrine Lake* during the eruptions which occurred in 1538. The *Grotto del Cane*, so celebrated for its effect on dogs, probably

emits the same deadly vapour which formerly issued from Avernus. All these places are to the west of Naples, and close to the bay of Baiæ, about eight miles from the city—

“ Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluceat amænis.”

This famous watering place, so celebrated and frequented by the ancient Romans, is now a dreary wilderness. With the exception of Puzzuoli on one side of the bay, and a small village on the other, there is scarcely a house to be seen. Baiæ itself consists of only a few houses; but the remains of temples, theatres, and palaces, prove how populous it must have been during the reigns of the emperors: the shore is covered with their ruins. Close to the promontory of Misenum, so fatal to the trumpeter of Æneas, is a small lake which communicates with the sea, and is pointed out as the Styx of the ancients. The boy who accompanied us as a guide, said, with great gravity, that a man of the name of Charon had formerly ferried many thousands over it to the Elysian fields. On seeing a boat drawn up on the shore, I inquired if that was Charon's boat. He replied, “ Non, signior, lungo tempo fa che e morto:—(No, sir, he died long ago.) Where Cumæ stood, nothing now is to be seen but vines and trees growing on the ruins of the houses. A beautiful walnut tree adorns the arena of the amphitheatre, and shrubs and plants cover the space so often occupied by wondering spectators. The besom of destruction has passed over the place. A few solitary houses, inhabited by ignorant, superstitious, and half-naked peasants, are scattered along the shore, but, like the glimmerings of light which render darkness visible, they only call to mind the varied and animated scene which this delightful retreat must have exhibited when peopled by the masters of the world.

“ An almost total desolation sits  
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast  
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,  
Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace  
Where citted hill to hill reflected blaze.”

## THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

Nor can the faithless lover always flee  
 Thy searching glance, revengeful memory !  
 When urg'd by gold, or loud ambition's voice,  
 He leaves the object of his early choice  
 To hopeless grief, and seeks some distant clime,  
 Oblivion drowns not his ungrateful crime.  
 In eve's tranquillity he stalks along  
 The lone sea-shore, repenting of his wrong ;  
 He views the mighty billows which, between  
 Him and his love, now darkly intervene.  
 Memory is stirring, and the peaceful spot,  
 Where he has met her oft, is not forgot.  
 Observe the anguish in that youthful brow,  
 Nor violate for gold a sacred vow.

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## THE KNIGHT.

BY L. E. L.,

Farewell to thee, dearest ! my banner is playing,  
 Like a meteor of blood, on the gale ;  
 Impatient for battle, my white steed is neighing,  
 And the trumpet tells loud its war tale.

This brand must be red ere I meet thee again,  
 Or it would not be worthy of thee,  
 Oh, daughter of heroes, whose name has no stain,—  
 How gallant my bearing must be !

Around us the walls of our ancient hall wear  
 The pictures of warriors of yore :  
 They look on me now ! by each dark brow I swear,  
 I will equal, or see them no more.

The scarf thou hast bound, must be dy'd in the field—  
 My plume must be first in the line ;  
 When the valiant shall fall, and the coward shall yield,  
 Oh, then I may claim thee as mine !

## MY FIRST LOVE;

OR, REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS OF A HOBBLEDEHOY.

“Of what personage and years is he?” asks *Olivia*, in Shakspeare’s comedy of “*Twelfth Night*,” when inquiring about a messenger of the duke’s. To which her steward, *Malvolio*, replies, “Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before ’tis a peascod, or a codlin when ’tis almost an apple.” To such a period of my own existence I wish to direct the reader’s attention; claiming that privilege which the good nature of the present age allows to so many of the illustrious obscure, who, when all other callings fail, take successfully to autobiography.

The present genial season of the year has always been celebrated for inspiring tender sentiments, or recalling to mind those of former days. Spring, with its sighing and its sentimental poetry, its stock of new novels, and its assortments of new straw bonnets, bids me remember, as the magazine writers say, that there was once one, alas!—but no more of that. Thereupon the “no more of that” uncoils itself into an unmercifully-long melancholy story of first love, being a certain supposed flirtation of the author’s, with one Miss Emily G\*\*\*\*, daughter of an exemplary clergyman, whose learning and virtues had only gained for him a poor vicarage of four thousand a year; to which Miss Emily, we are to suppose our writer made himself vastly agreeable as a lover, while ensign of the ——th regiment of infantry, during its stay in the neighbourhood of the retired village of Dash, in the delightful county of Blank. As soon as the regiment is ordered to foreign service, Miss Emily’s wits wander abroad for company; and after neglecting her Sunday school for three weeks, she dies of a decline, while her less susceptible lover lives to relate the melancholy catastrophe in some periodical, at the rate of sixteen guineas per sheet, where we reasonably conclude that he makes the most of it. In short, I was once a victim of the tender passion myself; but before I proceed, I may as well describe what sort of a personage I was at the period of *my* first love.

When I was between the ages of seventeen and eighteen, I was not what could be called either an elegant youth, or a handsome young man, unless we take the living skeleton as a



standard of beauty. I was a long-bodied, rambling, shambling, lank figure, put together like a hurdle, and so skinny, that had you seen me going into a bath, you would have mistaken me for one of the wicker images that the Druids used to burn their victims in, just on the point of drowning itself in a fit of remorse. My dough-colored face received as much expression as could be given by the illumination of two eyes, that, to use the words of a poet of the "New Monthly,"

Looked like twin oysters spilt upon  
A dish of mashed potatoes.

In addition to this, mine was what is called a sharp countenance,—very sharp indeed, being one of those that can only be seen in profile, which when, to misuse the term, they are turned full upon you, become, as Falstaff says, invisible to any thick sight. Indeed, mine was so sharp, that I could hardly venture to kiss my hand for fear of cutting my fingers. The soft down of youth, so celebrated by the poets, existed on my face, in the shape of long woolly bristles of at least half an inch. I had a great hand, a little wrist, a long heel, and a large angle. I shuffled when I walked, and, my tongue being too large for my mouth, I lisped when I spoke, pronouncing S like Th, and R like W, so that when "in dreadful secrecy impart I did," to my confidential friend, that I *dreamt every night of Mith Thawah Thimpton*, it was a long time before I could make him understand that Miss Sarah Simpson was the object that disturbed my nightly visions.

Sentimental writers are fond of describing a kind of longing sensation that fixes itself upon the susceptible youth of both sexes, before they have discovered an object on which they may bestow their overflowing and superfluous affections. I suppose it was this vacuity of soul, as the slang of sentiment terms it, this emptiness of the mind's stomach, as it may be called, that used to affect me before I discovered Miss Simpson; when, on a fine sun-shiny day, I would sit under a tree for hours together, sighing, like a hard working industrious zephyr in a sonnet, (though I do not mean to say that I looked like one,) and gazing on the clouds, wishing I had the wings of a dove, or a wild goose, to be among them; where, now that I reflect on my personal charms at that age, I should

have cut about as respectable a figure as a daddy-long-legs floundering about in a bowl of syllabub.

An encouraging glance, however, from the tail of one of the fair Sarah's eyes, encouraged me to fall into a worse thing than the clouds or a bowl of syllabub either :—I fell in love. In spite of my mistress's form bearing the same relation to mine that a very small fillet of veal does to a very long skewer, I perpetrated several enormities to prove the sincerity of my passion :—of ordering a new suit of clothes of an innocent and unsuspecting tailor, of brushing my hat of a morning like Benedick ; and getting rid, at the expense of several gashes, of youth's soft down on my chin, I say nothing. I became all of a sudden fond of flowers, carried symbolical nosegays, wore a blue cravat one morning to signify constancy, a green one the next, to signify hope, a white one for innocence, and a yellow one for jealousy. But, not contented with this, I became cruel ; for I purchased a hapless flute, with which I instantly proceeded to put to the torture such airs as " I love thee night and day," " In my cottage," " The last rose of summer," and others that were unlucky enough to fall in my way. But, good heavens ! the flute, an instrument sufficiently grimaceous, if there be such a word, at the mouth of the least nervous player, when applied to my lips, produced such horrible distortions of countenance, such rolling of eyes, and heavings of the breast, and sent forth such hideous screams and lamentable howlings, that I wonder I was not, like the musician mentioned by Lucian, torn to pieces by the dogs of the town for my temerity.

But this was not the worst. Only imagine an uncouth wretch like me becoming poetical, and penning soft nonsense for a young lady's album, an instrument invented by the malice of the sex for the punishment of those who pay them attention. And here I cannot refrain from making some observation on the superiority of that jesuitical style of amatory poetry which obtains at the present day, in which a man never betrays himself into a fiction out of compliment to his mistress, because he is always telling her that it is not for the beauties which he enumerates that he cares a straw about her. Now an old fashioned lover used to tell his mistress, at the expense of his veracity, that her beauties won his heart,—that she was a Venus in person, and an angel in mind. But a

specimen of both manners will better explain what I mean. For instance, the ancient inamorato used to deliver himself of such lackadaisical professions as the following :—

These diamond eyes, that golden hair,  
Those coral lips which smiling play ;  
The rows of pearls that nestle there,  
Dear Chloe, steal my heart away.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! oh lackaday ! Now this is first telling the lady, in as many lies as lines, that her face is like a jeweller's shop ; and, secondly, is trying to make her believe that she is very beautiful, which, if she really is, I'll be bound she does not want telling of it ; and if not, how is the poet to reconcile such a falsehood to his conscience ! But now hear our modern style :—

Lady, 'tis not thy beauteous form  
Nor golden locks of sunny hue :  
Nor cheeks which purple blushes warm,  
Nor speaking eyes of placid blue ;  
No ; 'tis the soul, &c. &c. &c.

together with the march of intellect and progress of blaisism. Now all this may be addressed to a woman really beautiful, or, as the logicians say, may be predicated of a woman with a humped back, sandy hair, sallow face, and squinting eyes ; for certainly in that case it would not be her form, her hair, her face, or eyes, that a man would be captivated with, and therefore it must be the soul, as our modern poets have it, that being the only thing left in such a case to fall in love with.

But to return to my subject. To use again the style of the magazines, what delightful rambles we used to enjoy together in the vicinity of \*\*\*\*\*, two youthful and unsophisticated children of nature. Never shall I forget that afternoon when my charming Sarah, who, though she could breathe sighs, could not asperate the letter H, asked me whether I did not think it very *ot*, and I answered with my interesting lisp, *Oh, verry*. And then my introducing the subject of *matrimony*, and her declaration of *ow appy* we should be in a *umble ut* with only seven *undred* a year, living together all so nice like poor cot-





MR KEAN  
AS  
RICHARD THE THIRD

tagers. And then I said *very* again. And then she remarked that it was tea-time, and then I recollected that we had walked three hours; and then she looked up at me, and then I squeezed her hand—then she blushed—then I sighed—then she said, what's the matter? and I sighed again, turned up the whites of my eyes, and said nothing. Oh! first love is a mighty interesting thing to the parties concerned,—how it may be to other people I leave the reader to determine.

X. Y. Z.

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### MR. KEAN.

To those who have seen this distinguished tragedian, there is little wanted but a mere graphic hint to supply any deficiency which memory might have treacherously made, as regards his face—his eloquent words—or his more eloquent eye. Much, indeed, would we marvel, if they could ever be forgotten: they are part and parcel of the man—of the actor; and he is one who seems to “dare us to forget.” In him are embodied all the vividness of reality which integrally belongs to actual life. His looks are keys to his uttered thoughts; for it must always be held in recollection that he seizes and appropriates to himself the words which the writer has noted for the performer. We see Kean, and forget that we have come to see an illusion. In very truth, his acting is not illusive; it is, as we have said, stamped with the impress of reality: in a word, Kean seems to be, while he “struts his hour upon the stage,” a being differing from his very self: he seems to have stepped into the character he fills, and while he throws the spell of his magic art, and the charms of his mighty mind around and upon us, we forget the wizard,—we are only mindful of him in one of his Protean parts:

There is, then, this, to distinguish Kean from his rivals—he throws himself off when he assumes a feigned part. He becomes the very gifted one which the fervid imagination of the poet had in contemplation when composing the play. He suffers his mannerism (and who had, or has it not?) never to come between his assumed character and his auditors. The perfect hand of the painter is visible every where: every picture preserves its own peculiar individuality, perfect in

color, tone, keeping, and expression,—free from the garb of meretricious ornament. In **RICHARD**, whose fears and hopes alternate; whose ambition is as ardent as his spirit is unbending: in **IAGO**, wild in the all but madness of determined untiring and desolating revenge: in **LEAR**, “every inch a king” even in the extremity of suffering, when the tempestuous winds of heaven are less unkind than the ingratitude of his daughters: in **GILES OVERREACH**, most terrible in the naked, unquelled, and untameable energies of overwhelming and uncontrolled passion: or, in **SHYLOCK**, “feeding fat his ancient grudge,” and making malice the pander to his avarice. In each and every of these, he is, for the time, the being he represents: we think not of the actor who feigns, but of the man who speaks and looks the character. Would that of his existence we could say,—“**ESTO PERPETUA!**”

Admirably has Sheridan described the qualifications of the actor:—is the description not equally applicable to Kean as to Garrick?

The grace of action; the adapted mien,  
Faithful, as nature, to the varied scene;  
The expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws  
Entranced attention, and a mute applause;  
Gesture, that marks, with force and feeling fraught,  
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;  
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone  
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own;  
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,  
And, clothed with orient hues, transcends the day!  
Passion's wild break and frown, that awes the sense  
And every charm of gentle eloquence.  
All perishable! like the electric fire,  
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;  
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,  
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

But the primal tragedian of his time—for we would place him above the cold Kemble, or the rhapsodist Talma—may cease to exist, but his memory cannot fail to live. “We shall not look upon his like again.” Far—far distant be the day when this able illustrator of the works of a kindred genius,

—Shakspeare, shall retire from the stage, of which he is “the life, grace, and ornament,” and if, as we anticipate, he leaves in his son, a worthy successor of his name and fame, he shall then at least be gathered to his fathers with the honors he deserves, and with a chance of their perpetuation, by the nobility of genius, on the person of the “child of his heart and hope.” But be his pilgrimage here of long or brief endurance, his certainly was, and is

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The spell o'er hearts,  
Which only acting lends,  
The youngest of the sister arts,  
Where all their beauty blends :  
For ill can poetry express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime,  
And, painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but a glance of time.  
But by the mighty actor brought,  
Illusions perfect triumphs come, —  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And sculpture to be dumb.

*Birmingham.*

R. S. M'K.

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### MAN'S WARMEST FRIEND.

Blaze out my fire ; in thee I find,  
When wet, and worn with toil,  
A welcome always warm and kind,  
An ever ready smile.  
  
Alone,—if storms beat loud without,  
Then thou'rt a friend for me,  
I heed not all the tempest's rout,  
But closer creep to thee.

Blaze out then, gentle fire ; for me  
Let thy bright flame ascend ;  
Thou long hast been, and still must be,  
Man's truest, warmest friend.

L. Y.



## SPARTAN HYMN OF BATTLE.

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

Away from hearth and home,  
 And the scenes that Being loves ;—  
 The temple's holy gloom,  
 The music of the groves.

Quench'd let the altars be,  
 And unbound the maiden's hair ;  
 There are melodies more free,  
 Than her fair lips can prepare.

The Ægean fife shall leave  
 Its cadence in the sky,  
 And the Dorian trumpet weave  
 A lay of victory !

Break from the mother's kiss,  
 And the hall with its pour'd wine ;  
 There is bliss, transcendant bliss,  
 Where the Spartan lances shine !

Sweet is the festal tone  
 That through the blue air streams ;  
 When, on the mountain lone,  
 The gorgeous sunset beams.

But with a nobler tone,  
 To triumph we shall pass,  
 Led by the light that shone  
 On fam'd Leonidas.

Then—unto hearth and home  
 The glorious hymn convey :  
 From dell and cities come,—  
 Horsemen and foot,—away !

## EPIGRAM.

Says Murphy to Paddy, " You're surely an ass,  
 To *shut* both your eyes, and then *look* in the glass !"  
 Says Paddy, " You blockhead, I wanted a peep,  
 To *see* what a beauty I looked when *asleep*."

## THE DOOM OF DERENZIE.

BY THE LATE THOMAS FURLONG.

The occasional trifles by this lamented "son of genius" that have at various times appeared in this work, must have convinced our readers that he was not one of the ordinary class of every-day poetasters. He possessed a strength and vigor, both of conception and expression, that falls to the lot of but few ; as this posthumous poem clearly evinces. There have been many men who have undeservedly obtained the reputation of poets : such persons, we mean, who have been made poetical by reading. Their minds have been *recipient*—not *inventive*—imitative of the observation of others, not observant themselves. They may be said to have arrived at the banks of Castaly—to have plucked the flowers growing at its side—to have looked with complacency, and even pleasure, upon its waters ;—but some secret-working, undefinable spell, has paralyzed their power, at the instant when they attempted to plunge into the stream. Mr. Furlong was the reverse of this class ; he was a close observer of nature, and knew well the secret workings of the hearts of mankind ; his mind was stored with all the essentials of poetry, which only wanted time to develop themselves.

The following preface is prefixed to the poem ; we quote it entire, as it gives the plain and simple annals of one, who, had his life been spared a few years longer, must have attained a creditable rank among the bards of Britain.

" One sheet only of the following poem had the advantage of the author's corrections : it had scarcely passed through his hands when the grave prematurely closed upon him.

" He died in Dublin, on the 25th of July, 1827, aged 33 : his friends, and they were not a few, deeply lamented his fate ; and the literati of the Irish metropolis testified their regard for his genius, by paying his remains, on the day of his funeral, a public mark of respect. Above one hundred mourning coaches followed the hearse to Drumcondra, a village situated a mile or two on the north of the city ; in the picturesque cemetery of which the body of the poet lies. A few friends who had been long acquainted with his private worth, and

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who knew how to appreciate his talents, have erected over his grave a monument, classically designed, and admirably executed : it bears this inscription :

TO THE MEMORY OF  
**THOMAS FURLONG, Esq.**  
 in whom the purest principles of  
 Patriotism and Honor  
 were combined with  
 Superior Poetical Genius,  
 This Memorial of Friendship  
 is erected by those who valued and admired  
 His various Talents, Public Integrity,  
 And Private Worth.  
 He died 25th July, 1827, aged 33 years.  
 MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

“ Immediately after Mr. Furlong’s decease, the editor of the **LITERARY GAZETTE**, with that amiable solicitude which he has ever shown to encourage living merit, and honor departed worth, inserted in his journal a brief memoir of his life, which subsequently found its way into the monthly magazines, and the Annual Obituary. It details the short and simple story of his brief existence : he was born to no hereditary honors ; the advantages which are derived from family influence or parental wealth, were denied him ; and perhaps his highest praise ought to be derived from the mental industry by which he triumphed over the obstacles which the penury of his early circumstances cast in his way. Amidst the bustle of commercial pursuits, he contrived to acquire no incompetent knowledge in the more popular sciences, and with every thing that appertained to general literature, he was intimately acquainted. For many years he contributed largely to the most respectable of the periodicals ; and his lyrical productions have long been held in high estimation by his countrymen. Some years since he published a poem of a didactic nature, which was favorably received ; and a short time before his death he completed a translation of the Songs of Carolan—the last and most celebrated of the Irish Bards. These, along with other curious remains of these men, who excited at once the censure and applause of Spenser, are now going through the press, under the superintendence of James

Hardiman, Esq., whose intimate acquaintance with the Irish language, and extensive literary information, so admirably qualify him for the task.

“ Mr. Furlong’s friends are not unwilling to rest his poetical character on these translations ; but though he viewed them himself with all an author’s partiality, he seemed to feel that the poem now submitted to the public, had in it more of his mind and poetical feeling. Perhaps, like greater men, he thought that production the most felicitous which cost him most labour ; and in this opinion he was undoubtedly strengthened by the commendations which his friend, the late Mr. Maturin, who had read the MS., unsparingly, and no doubt honestly, bestowed upon it. Had he lived to superintend its progress through the press, it would appear with fewer faults : the advantage of revising the proof sheets is well known to authors ; verbal improvements naturally suggest themselves, and the erasure or alteration of whole passages is a thing of ordinary occurrence.

“ The ‘ Doom of Derenzie,’ has not had the benefit of any such critical revision. The author’s copy has been scrupulously followed ; and perhaps the printer has not always read the MS. correctly. These things, however, are not stated for the purpose of disarming criticism : the author, were he alive, would prefer, at the hands of his reviewers, an honest to a partial verdict ; and his friends flatter themselves, that there is no need of apprehending any severity of censure.

“ The scene of the poem being laid in a remote district, one who is familiar with its localities, and who was long honored with the author’s friendship, has ventured to add a few explanatory notes. These would doubtless be more full and entertaining, had the poet lived to have furnished them himself. They are not altogether unnecessary, as illustrating some of the allusions in the text, and as they relate to a peculiar people, perhaps they may not prove unacceptable to the reader. Mr. Furlong had collected ample materials for this part of the volume, but the industry of his friends has been unable to discover them among his papers. He had also intended to introduce the poem by an apology for the variety of metre which he has used ; but as one, at least, of the popular poets of the day, set him the example, there is the less regret for being unable to find this paper.

“ Whatever may be the literary defects of the poem, the moral it is hoped, will be found unexceptionable. The author was incapable of writing any thing which could be remotely injurious to the best interests of society ; and if not “ one of earth’s great spirits ” he required only a longer life to mature those talents which could not fail to be beneficial to himself and others. Most assuredly he did not live uselessly ; and his panegyric may be comprised in a single sentence—The regrets of all who knew him followed him to the grave.”

We shall not venture to weaken the interest of the story of the Doom of Derenzie by detailing the plot, but content ourselves by merely making a few extracts, from which our readers will readily perceive how truly poetical the whole must be.

#### NIGHT.

- “ Night slowly clos’d around, and all was still  
O’er the broad vale, the forest, and the hill ;  
The cowherd’s long, slow, song, was heard the last,  
As onward gladly from his task he past ;  
To deeper shades the feather’d tribes withdrew,  
And the parch’d herbage drank the falling dew ;  
The heath-clad cliff, that proudly rear’d its head,  
The rich green slope, with foliage overspread,  
The struggling streamlet, whose meandrings lent  
A beauty to the vale through which it went—  
All these, that lately woo’d or won the sight,  
As each bask’d gaily in the sun’s broad light,  
Lay, in this loneliest hour of gather’d gloom,  
Dim, even as figures on a time-worn tomb.
- “ O’er the wide heath the footpath faintly shone,  
And, on that bank where clustering flowrets grew,  
The eye, in cold and careless mood, was thrown ;  
For now—so dull and indistinct the view—  
’Midst those who went the way, perchance but few  
Could think that there around their walk had blown  
One early primrose, or one daisy bright :  
Darkness did hold the region as its own ;  
Even the full river, rolling on in might,

But for its deep and ever-murmuring tone,  
Should o'er the fields have swept unnotic'd and unknown.

"The scene was tranquil—toil itself had ceas'd ;  
Home, to his little hut, the labourer sped ;  
And from his task of irksomeness releas'd,  
In calm and quiet thankfulness, had spread  
His wearied limbs upon the lowly bed.  
Torn from their toys, the children sat them down,  
Heard the harsh call that bade them be undrest ;  
And yielding up each garment, with a frown,  
Wept, and then went unwillingly to rest.  
The matron's prayer at length had reach'd its close,  
And her last wish was safety and repose.

"Near her the maiden, from whose faltering tongue,  
The long-sought promise was but lately wrung—  
She, who had wrought with many a lingering art,  
And bade her lips too oft belie her heart—  
She, that with blushes fixt the chosen day,  
And, while 'twas coming, thought it far away,  
Now on the pillow buried every care,  
She slept—and dreams of wedlock blest her there."

#### WRUE THE WIZARD, OR FAIRY MAN.

"And still, to dupe the undiscerning crowd,  
That round his path in trembling reverence bow'd  
To catch conceit, or lull credulity,  
Full many a smooth and specious turn had he ;  
In truth, he knew, or seem'd to know, a part  
Of every strange and every occult art ;  
He fix'd the garter—framed its folds with skill,  
Or taught the sieve to vary at its will ;  
He form'd the rings from the wich-hazel spray,  
To guard the churns upon the morn of May ;  
Or clos'd the key within the blessed book,  
And from its motion there his omen took : \*

\* Some of the superstitious practices noticed here, are not peculiar to Ireland. Witch-hazel is a potent wand, even in England, but I believe it encircles the churns on may morn only in Ireland. Irish

Palsies, he ventur'd with a prayer to quell,  
And agues vanish'd as his accents fell :

witches are very partial to fresh butter,—they leave no arts untried to obtain it; sometimes they milk the cows, and at other times they let the farmer obtain the milk, but refuse him the *profit*, alias the butter. A dairyman who had twenty cows, 1st, in the language of the peasantry, “the profit of them all;” their udders were always dry, and, suspecting that some one was in the habit of anticipating him, he resolved to watch : being unable to obtain the possession of a four-leaved shamrock,—the possession of which would have at once obviated the arts of witches or fairies,—he armed himself with a long barrelled gun, that had seen service among the bucaniers of South America. He had not been long concealed behind the ditch—Anghce, the hedge—when he saw a milk white hare trip over the grass towards a *mail cow*,—a cow without horns,—which immediately began to suck with an industrious eagerness. Assured that the thief was within his reach, the indignant farmer fired : next morning he tracked the delinquent to a neighbouring house : the inhabitants were never suspected of such practices, but the marks of blood pointed to the window through which the white hare must have passed ; and in the chamber-within, the mistress of the mansion was found in bed. The dialogue which ensued, was managed with considerable skill on both sides. The apologies of the lady for declining to rise, appeared quite natural ; but the suspicion of the farmer was strong, and, accordingly, he very ungallantly turned down the clothes, when lo ! the limbs of the recumbent fair exhibited marks of recent gun-shot wounds !

On another occasion an old woman, who lived in a rude and solitary abode, (witches are always misanthropes,) was observed to frequent the market with fresh butter, although it was notorious she had neither new milch cow nor *stripper*. Her neighbours, however, had cows, but about this time began to lose the profits of their dairies ; luckily one of them possessed a four-leaved shamrock, and having visited the dreaded abode of “decrepit age,” he found the “ancient lady” milking, behind the door, a sturdy brier, singing gaily all the time,—

“Chew deary, chew,” &c.

In the absence of long barrelled guns and four-leaved shamrocks there is another method of recovering the “profit of the churn.” Having excluded all external light, and stopped every aperture through which a hand could be conveyed, place the churn, encircled with a hoop of witch-hazel, in the midst of the floor, and commence churning, having first placed the plough-colter in a good “roaring turf fire.” As the steel and iron begin to heat, the person who stole the butter will be heard outside earnestly soliciting a drink of water “for the love of God and your neighbour.” If false humanity induces you to open door or window, the process fails ; but if you remain heedless of the cries of distress, you infallibly recover the profits of your dairy.

All these, however, being liable to failure, the best way decidedly is, to apply at once to a “fairy-man.” This race of professional gentlemen are not yet extinct in remote parts of the country : we know, from Assize Reports, that they flourish in a “green old age,” in England and Wales. Far be it from me to undervalue their labors. A

Sores, that he touch'd, all cleans'd and hale became,  
For this proud gift the seventh son can claim.\*

royal author has expended much erudition on the subject, but I believe the present is the first time that a fairy-man has been "married to immortal verse." Among Mr. Furlong's papers, were found a brief memoir of "Old Wrue;" from which it appears the character delineated in the text, was sketched. "I remember," he says, "having, when very young been sent many miles to bring the wizard to a relative, who was supposed to have been fairy-struck."

Thane Wrue, *alias* John Roe, was a native of the upper part of the county of Wexford: from his youth upwards he was remarkable for his fits of abstraction, and gloomy habits; he shunned society, and was known to wander whole days and nights amidst the hills and wilds of this part of the country. He affected great external sanctity, prayed like the Pharisees, loud and long, and passed amongst many for a saint, while others pitied him as a weak enthusiast.

"They smiled, and sighed, and blessed the lad,  
Some thought him wondrous wise, and some believ'd him mad."

The absence of employment threw him upon his own resources for the means of subsistence; and his first step to the profession of fairyism, was a display of his knowledge of simples. He cured man and beast, by the application of remedial herbs; and soon learned to think that certain prayers might aid their efficacy. "His knowledge," says Mr. Furlong's MS. "was reported universal, and his practice extensive." Strange stories were related of his mysterious introduction to the world of spirits; and he acquired a prophetic gift in the manner related in the text. He looked into the future: on a Sunday morning he refused to proceed to the chapel, situate in a remote valley, telling the people that he should attend mass where he then was, under an umbageous white-thorn tree: they smiled, but on reaching the chapel they found it in ruins, and as Wrue had predicted, mass was celebrated that day under the tree. The country is yet filled with his predictions.

"Such the being,  
Who wandered forth in gloominess—he was  
One, upon whom the credulous race around  
Look'd with strange veneration, not withal  
Affectionate; but of that servile sort  
In lowliest fear engendered.

The author's claim to originality in the delineation of this strange character, will hardly admit of dispute. In the "O'Hara Tales," and "Munster Festivals," allusions are made to wizards of the kind; but a full length portrait of an Irish fairy-man has never before been given to the public. Those who know Ireland will admit, without hesitation, the accuracy of the likeness.

\* The seventh son is a doctor, by divine right, all over the world. In Ireland his touch is an infallible cure for various diseases, more particularly for the worm; for according to popular belief, a swelling on any part of the body is a kind of fleshy molehill, which some living thing throws up. The "worm never dies" until the "gifted hand"



He knew by name each herb, and plant, and flower,  
 And told, with ease, their good or evil power,  
 From the tall hemlock, rising in its pride,  
 To the green sorrell on the streamlet's side ;  
 From the rough foxglove on the rocky height,  
 (Beneath whose leaves the fairies rest at night)\*  
 To the dread nightshade, that before the view  
 Spreads out its stalks of deep and deadly hue.  
 For these, at midnight, he was known to roam  
 O'er the bleak cliffs that rose about his home,  
 Culling with care each branch that lay around,  
 And muttering words that awed even by the sound.

“ Wheree'r the doctors' long prescriptions fail'd  
 He tried his power, and oft by chance prevail'd ;  
 Not that new skill he to the case could bring,  
 But lucky turns are sometimes half the thing.  
 By prayers or simples still he worked each cure—  
 Such are the favorite nostrums of the poor ;  
 But if, yet baffling all the modes he tried,  
 In evil hour his wearied patient died,  
 Although on him the blame perchance might fall,  
 Remorse or grief he rarely own'd at all ;  
 Upon some other soon he fix'd the fault,  
 Some blunder cross'd the charms by which he wrought :  
 Facts might seem odd, suspicions might be strong ;  
 But Wrue, the seer, was never in the wrong.”

is applied. This prerogative is not confined to the seventh son ; for it may be communicated by confining an evet in the hand of a new-born infant until it dies.

There is another property of the evet which deserves to be known, and was noticed some centuries since by Sir John Piers, in his account of the county of Meath. Whoever rubs the belly of the little reptile nine times against his tongue, will be able to heal scalds and burns, by the application of that elastic instrument of “sweet sounds.”

\* In the south of Ireland the foxglove is called *Lusmore*.

“ *Lusmore*, literally the *great herb*, is specifically applied to that graceful and hardy plant, the ‘*digitalis purpurea*,’ usually called by the peasantry ‘*fairy cap*,’ from the supposed resemblance of its bells to this part of fairy dress. To the same plant many rustic superstitions are attached, particularly its salutation of supernatural beings, by bending its long stalks in token of recognition.”

*Croker's Fairy Legends.*

## THE APATHY OF LIFE.

“ There are a few, who, down the troubled current  
 Of life, glide on in calmness, scarce susceptible  
 Of passion or emotion—heedless all  
 Of circumstance, or change ; even as that sea  
 Whose darkly-slumbering water, through the reach  
 Of long unreckon'd ages, hath not known  
 The curl of ebb or tide. There are a race  
 Who act on this wide theatre, a part,  
 A busy part perchance—and as they share  
 In the dread drama their allotted turn,  
 Wrap up the heart in apathy, nor own  
 A tie of lingering interest, or communion,  
 With those who live, and move, and sink, around them.

“ There are some lonely ones who go on in gloominess,  
 From childhood's gay and wildly joyous years,  
 Even to the line, beyond whose shadowy range,  
 Starts forth a second infancy—the term  
 Of trembling dotage. Many who sojourn  
 Upon the destin'd way, that as they touch  
 The limits of their pilgrimage, can pause  
 And look upon the world, which sinks beneath them,  
 And, in their mood of heartless resignation,  
 Say that they quit it freely—that no object  
 Remaining there hath power to make them feel  
 One little pang at parting. To a tribe  
 So dead to all that makes this earth endearing,  
 Or winning, or delightful, it were vain  
 To pour one strain of softness. To such spirits  
 It were but wearying idleness to picture  
 What the warm youth experienc'd as the day  
 Drew near, that, by his own dear girl's appointment,  
 Stood mark'd for their espousals.”

## MORNING.

“ Day dawn'd, and, o'er Clenhasten's wooded height,  
 Flutter'd the first half-broken streak of light :  
 High in her cloud, though toiling, yet in vain,  
 The little skylark sung her joyous strain :

Round hut and shed the house-cock's cheering call,  
 Preclaim'd the coming of the morn to all.  
 Slowly it came, for o'er the wide vales lay  
 The damp dark mists, still tardy to give way ;  
 Strong in their gloom, to many a point they clung,  
 Till warm o'er earth the sun his splendor flung.  
 Then smil'd the fields, then cloud and fog withdrew,  
 And clear the far surrounding prospect grew :  
 The grove and wood look'd fresh beneath the light,  
 And the trim cottage rose to cheer the sight ;  
 The hedge-rows bloom'd in their full garb of green,  
 And peace, and beauty, mingled in the scene."

THE WAKE, AFTER THE EXECUTION OF DERENZIE.

- " They bore him home, and, upon the bed,  
 His cold—cold limbs, were gently spread ;  
 And over his lifeless form they threw  
 The sheets, still moist with the morning dew.  
 His beard was clear'd, his hair was shorn,  
 The death-sweat wip'd from off his brow ;  
 And the waking cap, but in sorrow worn,  
 Is on his temples now.  
 The flowers far round his head were plac'd,  
 In their mingled hues of white and green ;  
 And there, in dark ribbons, distinctly trac'd  
 O'er all, the cross was seen.
- " It rose, that symbol, holy and high,  
 Before each bound believer's eye,  
 In its pride-repressing potency,  
 Plain as the plainest badge could be.  
 And it was a sight all good and fair,  
 To find how it work'd its wonders there ;  
 Shedding o'er all its soften'd-sway,  
 And urging the wildest to pause and pray.  
 And books by the broad bed's head arose,  
 Which none but the pious might open or close ;  
 And there were beads for those restless fingers,  
 Upon whose tips religion lingers ;

Still prompting words, as though prayer should be  
Priz'd, not by the kind, but the quantity.  
And goodly fare on each table lay,  
And pipes were scatter'd in fair array,  
But the group of smokers kept far away.

“ Such was the scene—a solemn scene,  
Such should it be where death hath been ;  
Still here did seriousness assume,  
A look of more than wonted gloom.”

### FUNERAL AT SEA.

It was a morning at sea. The sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays. A light breeze played on the slumbering ocean. The stillness of the morning was only disturbed by one ripple of the water, or the diving of a flying-fish : it seemed as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep was brooding over the waters. The flag displayed half way down to the royal-mast, played in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import. The vessel glided in stately serenity, and seemed tranquil as the element on whose surface she moved. She knew not of the sorrows that were in her own bosom, and seemed to look down on the briny expanse beneath her, in all the confidence and serenity of strength.

To the minds of her brave crew, it was a morning of gloom. They had been boarded by the angel of death ; and the fore-castle now contained all that was mortal of his victim :—his soul had gone to its final audit. Grouped around the windlass, and left to their own reflections, the hardy sons of the ocean mingled their sympathies with each other. They seemed to think of their own mortality. Conscience was at her post ; and I believe their minds were somewhat impressed with the realities of eternity.

They spoke of the virtues of their deceased messmate ;—of his honesty—his sensibility—his generosity. One remembered to have seen him share the last dollar of his hard-earned wages with a distressed shipmate ;—all could attest his liberality. They spoke too, of his accomplishments, as a sailor—of the nerve of his arm, and the intrepidity of his soul. They had seen him in an hour of peril, when the winds of heaven were let loose in

all their fury, and destruction was on the wing, seize the helm, and hold the ship securely within his grasp till the danger had passed by.

They would have indulged longer in their reveries, but they were summoned to prepare for the rites of sepulture, and pay the last honors to their dead companion. The work of preparation was commenced with heavy hearts, and many a sigh. A rude coffin was soon constructed, and the body was deposited within it:—all was ready for the final scene. The main hatches were his bier—a spare sail was his pall: his surviving comrades, in their tar-stained habiliments, stood around:—all were silent. The freshening breeze, moaned through the cordage. The main-top-sail was hove to the mast. The ship paused on her course, and was still. The funeral service began, and as, “We commit his body to the deep,” was pronounced, I heard the knell of the ship’s bell—I heard the plunge of the coffin—I saw tears start from the eyes of the generous tars. My soul melted within me as I reverted to the home-scenes of him whom we had buried in the deep—to hopes that were to be dashed with woe—to joys that were to be drowned in lamentation.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

### AN ANECDOTE.

This distinguished author was once at a party in Philadelphia, at which a young lady was present, who was no less remarkable for her wealth, than for her vanity and ignorance. Irving had sat in her company a considerable time without noticing her, at which she was greatly piqued, and, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, she exclaimed, “Mr. Irving, you have written upon, and complimented almost every lady in Philadelphia; but, during the length of time which I have been in your company to-day, you have not condescended to write a line in my praise, or pay me the smallest compliment.” Irving apologized, and said, that he would take an early opportunity of doing so. Shortly after the company were breaking up, and the young lady, while arranging a large veil over her head, took occasion to remind Irving of his promise, when he exclaimed,

How sweet the sale where—  
In-no-cence is seen.



## PORTE ST. MARTIN, PARIS.

BY L. T. VENTOUILLAC, AUTHOR OF "PARIS, AND ITS ENVIRONS," &c.

The Porte St. Martin is situated on the boulevard of that name, and separates the rue St. Martin from the faubourg St. Martin : it is a triumphal arch, constructed in 1764, from the designs of Pierre Bullet, a pupil of the celebrated Francis Blondel, who erected the magnificent Port St. Denis. It forms a square in height and breadth of about 54 feet, and is divided into three arches, the centre one being of the height of 30 feet, and of the depth of 15 feet ; and the others 8 feet wide, and 16 feet high. In the spaces over the smaller arches are two bas reliefs, the one depicting the conquest of Louis XIV. and the other exhibiting the figure of this king, in Herculean proportions, dealing death around him, and receiving a victorious crown. On the faubourg side, the bas reliefs represent the taking of Limbourg, and the defeat of the Germans. Those bas reliefs are the united works of Desjardins,

Massy, La Hengre, and Legros. The whole is surmounted by a pediment, bearing, on the side of the city, this inscription :—*Ludovico Magno, Vesontione Sequanisque bis captis, et fractis Germanorum, Hispanorum et Batavorum exercitibus, Pref. et ædil. poni CC anno R.S.H. M.DC. LXXXIV.*

On the side of the faubourg is this inscription :—*Ludovico Magno, quod Limburge Capto impotentes hostium minas ubique represent, Pref. et ædi. poni CC, anno R.S.H. M.DC. LXXV.*

## THE HAUNTED HEAD ;

OR, LA TESTA DI MARTE,

It was early on a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of *Les quatre fils d'Aymon*, at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has been long used to mad geniuses, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil, Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France, at Fontainebleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio ; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposed to walk in the forest ; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck ; and, in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him, belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he had an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall : there was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back, and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and, listening more intently, and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs, and such expressions of sorrow, as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall, near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment, to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess, that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and, without further hesitation, he ascended the tree. Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat, immediately below the bough on which he stood:—she was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and, taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which ensued, she exhorted him to fly, told him she was an orphan, whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall, to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed; but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap, just stuck on the left side of his head, gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, when Ascanio looked up at him. "Hush!" he said; "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what



answer to make ; but as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer. He told him of the difficulty he had to get the lady over the wall.

While employed on this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls, with their swords drawn. "By St. Denis ! we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger, "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark," he said to Ascanio,, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, madam," he said, putting the lady, whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, "and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris ; inquire for the nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbyss, who is a relation of mine ; she will ensure you protection." The lady received the ring, and, half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury ; and, as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favor. They consisted of a Gascon captain Sangfeu, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight : they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and, twisting it very lightly round his arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the captain's first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf, without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal ; and, to do him justice, the Gascon captain was a fair match for most men. The stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new ; and, in less than five minutes, the captain lay beside the servant so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my

gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end of all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looking at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake!" cried the lady. "By our holy lady!" he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, madam, or I have mistaken my map. Well evaded! there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body until the shell struck against his breast bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. "The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio, "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted. "But what will you do?" returned the youth. "I am not far from home, and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse,—he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Good bye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who, by his pawing, seemed to know his master.

The lovers did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle palace, and which Cellini had called *Il Piccol Nello*. Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous work in which the artist was engaged. At length, Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini. Among the odd whims, which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars, had for a long time been paramount, and he had pro-

ceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of *Il Piccol Nello*. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles, and a very terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labors, and no less by the incessant talking of the old housekeeper, Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small, apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm in the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him up to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities, and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honor of being employed for some of the *Conseillers du Parlement*. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of *Il Piccol Nello*, and, to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the *Testa di Marte* he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the lacquais of all the *conseillers* he knew, until at length the

story of the Devil's Head in *Il Piccol Nello* was as well known as any other current lie in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed.

Meanwhile the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. He, however, pursued the fugitives, resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favor with the king, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head was therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the king's mistress, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villanous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid,) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini?" said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?" "I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends." "But here," said the king, holding out the papers, "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*,

and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church." The confessor crossed himself. "I abjure the devil and his power," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervor; "and next to them I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil, ere long. The king decided on examining into the matter personally: but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself. "And this," said the king, "is what they call the Devil's Head." "Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely? "it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass, and a liar!" "Patience, good Benvenuto," said the king; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon." The chancellor, who had taken care on the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen, and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot ; he roared all sorts of imprecations—he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him ; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his sides ached. The chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised ; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, and, knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own, the confessor fell into his scheme readily, and he said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stack of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head ; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast ; the priests crossed themselves,—even the king looked grave ; Cellini's hair stood on end ; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the magic head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

“ Fiends !—monsters !” he cried, “ advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit.” Beatrice heard his voice,

and, almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach. "What means all this?" cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question. The old chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. "My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force." "It is false,!" cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king's feet, "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection." "But what says the youth?" asked the king, of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the forest of Fontainebleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden, who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?" "He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the chancellor, in a rage, "he has no witness. "Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men, like thee, do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion. No, my liege," he added, turning to the king, and kneeling,— "I have no witnesses, save God and your majesty." "And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, chancellor; by my holy patron, St. Denis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain, but know, that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor, Sangfeu, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dared not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there I had done it myself."

The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again. He kissed Beatrice, and called her his child ; he forbade all work in *Il Piccol Nello* for a week, had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said, that of all works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as

LA TESTA DI MARTE.

## ADDRESS

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW ROCHESTER THEATRE.

This address shows the progress of population and civilization in the United States : it was spoken by Mrs. H. A. Williams at the opening of a theatre at New Rochester, a town that has sprung up entirely within the last few years. It is written by F. Whittlesey, esq. an inhabitant, we believe, of New Rochester ; and is no mean specimen of American poetry.

Scarce thrice five suns have roll'd their yearly round,  
 Since o'er this spot a dreary forest frown'd ;—  
 Where none had dared with impious foot intrude,  
 On nature's vast unbroken solitude.  
 When its rude beauties were unmark'd by man,  
 And yon dark stream, in unknown grandeur ran,  
 When e'en those deaf'ning falls, dash'd all unheard,  
 Save by the timid deer and startled bird.  
 Behold ! a change which proves e'en fiction true,  
 More springing wonders than Aladdin knew.  
 How like a fairy, with her magic wand,  
 The soul of enterprise has changed the land.—  
 Proud domes are rear'd upon the grey wolf's den,  
 And forest beasts have fled their haunts for men.  
 On that proud stream, which, with the ocean's tide,  
 Joins distant Erie, boats triumphant glide.  
 These glittering spires and teeming streets confess,  
 That man, free man, hath quell'd the wilderness !  
 Before him forests fell, the desert smiled,  
 And he hath rear'd this CITY OF THE WILD !



Nor these alone—the useful arts have flourish'd,—  
 Those arts which his free energies have nourish'd.  
 And science, learning, and the drama, too,  
 Here find their votaries in a chosen few.  
 As this fair dome, so quickly reared, can tell,  
 How many lov'd the drama, and how well ;  
 And how this Ville, approves, in early youth,  
 The drama's morals, and the drama's truth.

Immortal Shakspeare ! thou the drama's sire,  
 Who wrote with pen of light, and soul of fire ;  
 Smile on this effort to extend the stage,  
 To mend the manners, and improve the age.

To you, who promptly lent your liberal aid,  
 With fervour, let our thanks be next repaid ;  
 If we deserve your smiles, be lib'ral still,  
 If not, your frowns can punish us at will :—  
 Should we prove worthy of the drama's cause,  
 We find our high reward in your applause.

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### THE LAND OF PEACE.

Know ye the land where no pain and no sorrow,  
 Shall darken the brow, or shall bow down the head,  
 Where no grief of to-day and no thought of to-morrow,  
 Shall reach the glad heart, or appal it with dread ?  
 Know ye the land of the spirits of peace,  
 Where the joys never lessen—the hymns never cease,  
 Where the hearts *now* divided, united shall rest,  
 And be healed of their woes in the bowers of the blest.  
 When the tear shall not quench the bright beam of the eye,  
 Where hopes *here* destroyed meet fruition on high,  
 And spirit with spirit in love only vie,  
 Where the morn shall arise o'er the night of the grave  
 And the arm that chastised be extended to save ?  
 'Tis the home of the just—'tis the region of truth,  
 Where her children shall dwell ever blooming in youth,  
 Oh ! dearer than ought, to the sorrow-worn soul  
 Are the dreams of that land, and the hopes of that goal !

## THE IMPRUDENT HUSBAND.

Johanna Baptista Veru, daughter of the Duke of Luynes, and the much-loved wife of the Count de Veru, was a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accomplishments, but an unfaithful wife; to this defect in duty, her husband undoubtedly contributed. Not content with possessing such excellence, joined to a love of retirement and domestic life, the thoughtless and imprudent count was perpetually speaking of his charms to his royal master, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy; a sovereign, who, with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious disposition, and unavailing repentance. Hearing so much of Countess de Veru, and her husband frequently boasting how much she excelled all the ladies he saw, the king asked why he did not bring her to Turin. As if impatient of the happiness he enjoyed, and in an unlucky moment, he introduced her at court, and she became a favorite with the queen, who little suspected she was encouraging a rival in the affections of her husband.

Amadeus soon became passionately fond of her. Princes and kings, it has been said, make rapid strides in love: the countess, fascinated by royal attentions, irritated by some real or imaginary neglect on the part of her husband, forgot her duty, and forfeited her reputation. A separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed her indignant public her splendid infamy. The injured queen, for a long time unacquainted with their amours, till the king, with the design of showing the height of his regard for the fair favorite, and in that fatality which often accompanies guilt, usually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honor of the birth of a child he had by the countess. It was not till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The guilty countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels which had been presented to the queen on her marriage. Naturally provoked at such treatment, after reproaching them for thus adding insult to injury, the queen immediately left the room.

For the honor of the count it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approach-

ing, he could not reconcile it to himself to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonor ; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions, when it is too late. Having demanded an audience of the king, which, as guilt is always a coward, was denied, in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct ;—spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments and unlawful love ; and professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband—that husband whom she once professed to love—quit Turin for ever. Their conversation was interrupted by a message from the king, who, probably, dreaded the result of so trying a struggle ; but the lady showing no symptom of returning duty, the count left her in agonies ; and, after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres settled on him by the king, the count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and forgetful of her nuptial vows, three years passed quickly away. At length, perceiving a diminution of royal favor, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every sensible and delicate woman must be, with her degraded condition, which, excepting the thin veil of splendour, differed in no essential from the obscene situation of a substitute, the countess determined to leave the king. Taking advantage of his absence on a journey to Chamberri, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances ; she departed from Turin, and was half way to Paris before Amadeus was apprised of her departure. The jewels of the queen, with a letter for the king, were found on her toilette. She apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life ; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly entreating his majesty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind to hear that she was no longer the occasion of separating him from so excellent a woman. Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed the whole sex ; but, impelled rather by necessity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The countess, unhappy, though considerably enriched, and still feeling the impressions of her first love, that love which, however faithless or unworthy the object of it, or we ourselves may prove, we never recollect without regret—in the hope of being able to compensate for her failure by future good conduct, and probably wishing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her husband. This purpose she wished to accomplish without subjecting herself to the mortification of a notorious refusal ; and an opportunity soon offered of putting her scheme in execution, in the desired mode.

A public entertainment and grand masquerade being announced to be given by a prince of the blood, a few louis d'ors to his valet enabled the lady to find out that the Count de Varu was to be present, and the dress he was to wear. While the countess was making these inquiries, she could not help detaining the servant, an old and faithful domestic of the family, to ask him a few questions respecting his master, the life he led, and the company he kept. The feelings of the lady may be easily guessed at, when the valet informed her that his master enjoyed neither health nor spirits since he left Turin ; that his sister, alarmed at the state of her brother's health, had insisted on his consulting a physician, who described the disease as an affection of the mind, entirely out of the reach of medicine, and recommended company and dissipation. On this principle, the unhappy man had been prevailed on to promise his sister that he would accompany her to the masquerade. The valet added, that the count saw but little company, but spent the greatest part of his time in his own room ; and that his chief attention seemed occupied by a picture, on which he fixed his melancholy eyes for hours together. " A picture !" replied the countess, with augmented emotion—" a picture ! and of whom ? " " Of yourself, madam," and immediately left the room. The lady, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, instantly sunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

While she had been passing her unhallowed hours in chambering and wantonness, her deserted husband, the object of her earliest love, and for whom, even in the moments of infidelity, she was not able wholly to suppress her affection her deserted husband had been solitary, disconsolate, and

unhappy, still doating on the unfaithful blaster of all his joys. Such reflections stimulated the countess to pursue her purpose with augmented eagerness : she prepared for the masquerade, and resolved to appear in the character of Diana. The day, which was to decide her fate, at length arrived ; and as midnight approached, being conveyed to the festive spot, she was literally what she appeared to be, the goddess of the night. Her splendid and expensive dress, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her superior air and deportment, engaged general notice and admiration.

It was some time before the count appeared : when at last he entered the room, supported by his sister, his debilitated appearance and slow pace soon caught her eye—he was the ghost of departed joy. Having seated himself near the countess, she soon contrived to enter into conversation with him, in that kind of audible whisper, which, on such occasions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. Her feelings would not enable her to exhibit external gaiety, while discontent sat heavy at her heart. Affecting or actually experiencing indisposition, and hinting a wish to retire, she mentioned with regret that her carriage was sent home, with orders not to return till a late hour. The count, interested in the fate of the fair stranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, designing to make only a short stay : with apparent reluctance, but inward satisfaction, she accepted his offer, and they were driven to a house, in magnificence nearly approaching to a palace, in the faubourg St. Germain.

The count, though ill able, insisted on handing the lady from his coach : as she descended, the mask, by accident or design, dropped from her face, and discovered that countenance he had so often gazed on with tenderness and rapture, drowned in tears. He paused for a moment, distracted by love, which was still ardent, and resentments, proportionably keen ; the latter predominated ; and in the anguish of a husband, irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without speaking a word. The miserable countess, sinking under the horrors of her situation, was conveyed to her apartment ; and the count, notwithstanding his ill health, soon after joined a regiment on actual service, and met with that death he had so long and ardently desired.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

' Priscian, a little scratched.'

On a memorable day in August, I emerged from the red schoolhouse on the Germantown road, where, for sixteen years, I had trained the rising generations of men in all the sciences ; but more particularly in the knowledge of reading and writing.

Of my little scholars I took a mournful and affecting leave, bestowing on them a parting address, better—that is, longer—than three hours, which it is my intention to publish, as a specimen of eloquence in modern times. It produced a great sensation among the benches, and I had the pleasure of seeing many eyes as red as beets with weeping, though I scorn to deny that I perceived, simultaneously, the scent of an onion.

Packing my wardrobe in the crown of my hat, and my coin in a small tobacco-box, I walked slowly and sorrowfully down to the great city, which, like Babylon of old, is of brick, and which was founded by a man not unlike myself in his reverence for a right angle. The city is a magnificent chess-board ; and if a knight would advance thereon a mile, it is needful to turn thrice to the right, and as often to the left.

Let me not omit to premise, that I had, at Germantown, cherished a tender sentiment, till it threw a purple light, chequered with shade, over my whole existence. Therefore I resolved to journey westward, seeking,—in *aliquo abdido et longinquo rure*—some ' happy valley,' where I could cultivate love without jealousy, or, in other words, pass life without care. These at least were the motives that I held out to the world ; that is, to half a dozen friends who inquired coldly whither I would go ; yet, doubtless, I was somewhat incited by that restless national spirit, that leads so many to seek fortune beyond the mountains, at the very moment when the goddess—though I am no heathen—begins to smile on them at home.

Though no sectarian in philosophy, I travelled as a peripatetic. My only comrade was one, who, though ranked among curs, is more faithful to his master than some other dogs of higher lineage, and that wear richer collars. His, however, was a ' braw brass collar,' bearing his master's name, and

his own, which was Jowler, and a motto, *Cave Canem*, suggested by a great traveller, who had read it on a Roman threshold at Pompeii.

In my hand I ported a crabstick that I had cut in the woods of Camden, and I carried in my pocket a ferule, that had descended from my grandfather, and which, therefore, I have tasted as well as administered. This I took as a diploma, to be a passport to the confidence and tables of the great—of esquires, judges, and generals, titles, that, in a plain republic, where none seek or refuse an office, often pertain to one fortunate man.

Indulge me with a last word concerning the ferule, or as Maro hath it—for I like a *new* quotation—

Extremum hunc mihi concede laborem.

Generally I prefer it to the birch. In Latin I hold a divided opinion; but in 'rhetoric, and its kindred studies, it seems fitting and emblematical, to deal with the 'open palm.' Moreover, in 'correcting' an offender it is proper to look him in the face. If I see there a sullen obstinacy, I am too much his friend to spare him; but if I mark a manful resolution to bear the pain, and a shrinking only from the disgrace, that is a boy after my own heart, and he has little to suffer from the severity of his master

Thus attended and equipped, I went forth rejoicing, for I had much to delight, and nothing to afflict me, till I came to the Susquehannah, where, at Harrisburgh, I lamented anew over the grave of a friend, Simon Snyder, who had been governor of the commonwealth. But that friendly man was dead, and probably decayed, though there is authority no less than Shakspeare's—and the grave-digger gives the reason—that a 'tanner will last you some nine year.'

The Susquehannah is broad but not deep, and you may, if you would perpetrate injustice, apply the same character to me. It has a sonorous name, and is a beautiful stream, bending, with a noble sweep, around wild or cultivated hills, reflecting their pride, and carrying upon its waters the rich products of their soil.

Not far from York I ascended the South Mountain, an outpost, or advanced guard, of the Alleghanies, and time and travelling soon brought me to the main body.

I passed an hour at a rude village, to which Indian massacre has given the name of Bloody Run, and here I studied diligently the features of a countenance entirely seraphic : it was like the most celestial of Raffaele's Madonnas, or the purest of Carlo Dolce's Saints. I had not thought when I left Germantown behind, to find such beings among the mountains. Yet this admiration of what was beautiful and pure, had no connexion with infidelity, and could not have offended the lady, whose ring the schoolmaster aspires to wear. It was but his perception of the same qualities in another that are so attractive in her, though in no other can they be, to him, so amiable. I left the dark haired cherub with regret, for I may never see another, or her, again.

At Bedford, I entered the schoolhouse, making known to the master my name and calling, and as much of my life and opinions as might attract his regard, when the kind soul seated me at his desk, pressing me to *examine* his school ; and the examination I closed with a short address.

He walked with me several miles, to the foot of the Allegany Ridge ; but when I asked him to ascend it, that good and grave man shook his head,—for he was of few words when signs could express his meaning.

I left him standing like a statue of Silence, while I walked briskly on, animated with renewed benevolence to the whole human race ; for the kindness of that worthy gentleman seemed to be transferred to my own soul.

This ridge gives its name to the mountains, and, to geographers, the bold figure, 'the backbone of the United States ;' but Uncle Sam has grown so much from his original shape, that at present the spine is somewhere in the side of that strong man.

Having reached the summit, I looked down upon an interminable valley, or 'glade,' where cultivation had so much encroached upon the wilderness, that the rivers reflected alternate forest and farm. Other ridges, blue in the distance, lay before me, and the laurel and chesnut gave names to the next.

On the bleak side of the Chesnut Ridge, I entered a long cabin that had been the abode of misfortune, where an old soldier retired to his miserable dole, and shared it with the needy traveller ; though seldom was the most needy as poor



as General St. Clair. Fellow citizens ! it is neither generous nor just, when a man has served us faithfully and long, to turn him out to graze on the hill side, like an old war horse that can no longer charge ; or to let him starve, like an aged hound, that has lost his teeth for an ungrateful master.

The Alleghanies have little of the sublime, but much of the beautiful. In wildness and abruptness they cannot be compared with the White Mountains. Yet, when villages with red schoolhouses shall be sprinkled over them, he must go far who would find a more attractive country.

To me these mountains were charming and new, and I loitered among them with a schoolboy lightness of heart, careless of the future, and oblivious of the past. Often did I quit the road, attracted by the sound of a waterfall, or the coolness of a fountain, of which thousands are gushing from the rocks.

I could never, when alone, resist a ducklike propensity to play in running water, though I have frowned upon the same pastime among the urchins of the school, principally from a care of their health, but partly from that unamiable principle that makes us so intolerant to our own faults when we see them reflected in others. It may sink me as a moral philosopher in your esteem, as much as it would raise me as a good soul among my scholars, to confess that I toiled half a day among the mountains to make a dam across a little torrent, and that, when I had completed this beaver-like monument, I left it with the regret that all men feel when dismounted from their hobby. Your own I believe to be Pegasus, but seldom, as I think, have you reason for a similar regret.

As I was sitting on a log, listening to the sounds of my little waterfall,

“ mellow murmur, and fairy shout,”

they seemed at intervals to be mingled with the tolling of a distant bell, and it had great solemnity of effect, to hear, in these solitudes of creation, the sound that man has consecrated to the worship of the Creator.

Yet I knew that I was distant fifty miles from even the rudest church, and this sound, to state the truth, was too puzzling for satisfaction. I was forced to give it up as a bad conundrum, lamenting that the senses, with a little aid from

fancy, lead us to error as well as to truth, for, deciding by the ear, I could have almost sworn that I had heard a 'church-going bell.' Yet in turning the angle of a rock I fell upon a little colony of emigrants, and what I had listened to was but the bell that tinkled from one of their herd; though, while it lasted, my delusion was complete. So it is in other, and in all things; therefore let us have more charity for the opinions of others, and less confidence in the infallibility of our own.

These people were hospitable as Bedouins, and pressed a hungry traveller, who never stood upon ceremony, to a supper of venison collops that would have satisfied Daniel Boon.

As I swam with the current, I saw less of the stream of emigration than I should have seen if going eastward; yet I found emigrants of almost every European nation, though, mostly, they were from the British Islands. Among these were many Irish, though there were not wanting the 'men of Kent,' or of 'pleasant Tlvi'dale.' Some of them had flocks and herds, and others were no richer than a pedagogue, and this is saying little for their wealth: but it is a most unfortunate road for charity. The fountains of benevolence are frozen, where every man is a publican.

I once met at a Dutch tavern a humble old man, who seemed to owe little gratitude to fortune. The German boor repulsed his timid efforts at conversation, for a Dutchman, though not always civil to a traveller who has money, is invariably rude to him who has it not. The poor man next solicited the acquaintance of my dog, who very frankly wagged his tail in reply,—for he is as good-natured almost as his master. As the veteran seemed to have survived the last of his friends, and was as venerable in front as Cincinnatus himself, I invited him to share my supper—it was not of turnips—and had the pleasure of seeing him assail it as if he had seldom fared so well.

There is, in the morning, a singular appearance about the mountains. The body of mist, rising from the glades, settles at a certain altitude, and, from above, it looks like an ocean with islands; for the green summits of the lesser hills rise above the vapor, and present to the eye and the imagination an insular paradise; yet, when the mist had arisen, like a veil from a pretty face, it was not always to increase my admiration; for the fancy discovered beauties in the obscurity that the eye could not find in the light of the sun.

On the summits of the mountains I beheld frequent vestiges of the tempest, in trees riven by lightning, or prostrated by the tornado; and they suggested to a humble pedestrian, the consoling reflection that the highest are not the safest places. It was my fortune to behold a war of the elements as awful as that which assailed the demented monarch; but, like Lear, I was near to a hovel, one of the hospices erected for the poor or benighted traveller, and there I rested through the night, sheltered from the fury, but elevated and appalled by the uproar, of the tempest.

The next day the wind was still a hurricane, and, as I descended to the thick forests of the valley, it was a singular sight to behold the tops of the trees wrenching in the gale, while not a leaf was stirred below.

Deep woods and solitudes have always inclined my spirit to devotion. The 'solemn temples' that the piety of man has raised to the worship of his Maker, are less impressive than a primeval forest; and among churches, those that have the greatest devotional influence on the mind are Gothic cathedrals, that owe half their character to their resemblance to a grove.

To sustain it in devotional duties, human weakness requires the aid of local situation and solemn ceremonials. The piety of even the devout Johnson was 'warmer in the ruins of Iond,' and the liturgy of the English church no less elevates the confidence of the righteous, and inspires hope in others who pray to be delivered from evil.

Having crossed the mountains, I descended the Ohio, the most beautiful of rivers. The Alleghany is limpid and swift, the Monongahela more turbid and slow. One may remind you of a Frenchman, the other, of a Spaniard; in their union, they may bring to your recollection a grave and placid gentleman, who desires to take for the better a more joyous companion.

In this rich and wonderful valley of the West, grandeur is stamped upon the works of creation. What are the meagre and boasted Tybur and Arno, the Illyssus and Eurotas, to a stream navigable to three thousand miles, and rolling, long before it meets the ocean, through a channel of sixty fathoms! What, but grottoes, are the vaunted caves or catacombs of Europe, to the mighty caverns of the West—caverns that ex-

l beneath districts wider than German principalities, and  
er rivers larger than the Thames. Ye sun-burnt travel-  
! whose caravans have rested under the shade of the ban-  
while ye marvelled at the circuit of its limbs—come to  
Ohio, and see a tree that will shelter a troop of horse in  
cavity of its trunk.

A stroll even now upon the 'Beautiful River,' will explain  
enthusiasm that led the first bold hunters of the 'Long  
life,' to the forests of the 'Bloody Ground.' Danger was  
a cheap price, at which they enjoyed the rich, wild pro-  
of the West, when it first opened to the admiration of  
lized man.

t was my good fortune to see one of these aged sons of the  
st, who, in his youth, had loved danger and venison better  
a Robin Hood; for Kentucky had other rangers than  
rded deer in Sherwood Forest. The lands that he had  
en in the wilderness now hold a populous city, and have  
le the fortunes of his countless progeny. He had paid the  
chase by instalments, and when the dreaded day of pay-  
t approached, he would stroll with his rifle a few hundred  
es to shoot an Indian for the bounty on his scalp.

descended the river, as I had hoped to pass through life,  
ering no damage from the rapids, and lost in admiration  
the beauty of the banks. At Vevay, in the county of  
sserland, I moored my bark, and have cast anchor for life  
ong a kind and simple race, that sing the *Ranz de vaches* in  
adopted country, hallowed by names that remind them of  
r Alps.

P.

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### ODE TO THE STARS.

w beauteous ! how wondrous ! fain, fain would I see  
ur myriads unrobed of their mystery ;  
n would I cleave the dark dome of the night,  
ring up, like a thought, to your islands of light ; -  
n would I rife your secrets divine,  
th what forms ye are peopled, and wherefore ye shine ;  
what laws ye are govern'd, and fram'd on what plan,  
ould know—but I may not—this is not for man !

Great—glorious the day, when the Author of all  
 Having spake ye from nought—and ye sprung at the call !  
 Through the regions of space from His hand ye were hurled,  
 Dark myriads of atoms—each atom a world !  
 When each sped to his point in the boundless expanse,  
 And ye caught your first light from the light of His glance !  
 His power in one moment fix'd each in his spot,  
 One moment remitted—ye sink, and are not.

What a dot is this earth, 'mid ye orbs of the sky !  
 And, compared with this earth, what a nothing am I !  
 Yet I with *my* mind's cobweb plummet would sound  
 That Mind that hath known nor creation nor bound ;  
 Would fathom the depths of His wond'rous decree !  
 Can the fly grasp a world—a shell compass the sea ?  
 No : *this* to weak man is allow'd, and no more—  
 He may wonder and worship—admire and adore.

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### ARIADNE.

Theseus ! Oh, Theseus ! hear !—in vain—  
 He leaves me on this desert shore  
 Unheard, unthought of, to complain ;  
 The false one comes no more.

And is this, then, thy gratitude,  
 O Theseus ? and is this thy love ?  
 Didst thou not swear ? But gods are just,  
 And there are gods above.

Yes, proud deceiver, though thy bark  
 Drive swift before the fav'ring wind,  
 Though no reverted eye may mark  
 The woe thou leav'st behind.

Just vengeance cometh with the morn—  
 Yes—boast this fond heart breaks for thee ;  
 Scoff on—my love well merits scorn—  
 But thou shalt mourn like me.

*Stafford.*

J. F.

## ROTHELAN.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF THE  
PARISH," &c.

In the thirteenth century, there was a gallant soldier who distinguished himself much in the wars of the time: his name was Edward de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan. During a visit to Italy, Lord Rothelan married an illustrious Florentine lady, and fell in the Scottish wars, during the minority of Edward the Third, leaving an infant boy in Crosby House, London, under the protection of his brother, Sir Amias de Crosby, an artful scoundrel, who, in order to dispossess his nephew, hesitated not to dishonor the mother, and dispute the legitimacy of the son: to aid his purpose, he called to his confidence Ralph Hanslap, a cool calculating villain, slow of speech, and quick of thought—wary in taking his aim, but ready in the blow. Sir Amias caused young Rothelan to be snatched, taken to the Scottish camp at Durham, and sold, as a prisoner that would bring a profitable ransom, to an old knight, one Gabriel de Glowr, or Falaside. Sir Gabriel followed the army, not as a hound that hunts, but one that filled the cry; in plain English, plunder was his object, and the king of Durham afforded him an opportunity of gaining it. On his return, however, he was met by the Musselburghers, who were determined to share in the spoil. Their respective magistrate most cordially assented to this judicious proposal; and the wives forthwith, abandoning their creels and buckets, began to tie stones in the corners of their aprons, and take off their stockings, putting stones into the feet thereof; making them into powerful efficacy in the flourish of free fighting.

When the Amazons of Musselburgh had thus girded their resolution, and thus armed themselves for battle, their valiant husbands drew their swords, and the whole party advanced with a determined air against their more successful neighbour. The band of Gabriel de Glowr, seeing the approach of such a formidable array, halted on the heath, not daunted, but only alarmed in mind on account of the danger which thus suddenly menaced their booty. Clinkscale, for so the worthy magistrate of Musselburgh was called, separated his forces into two divisions. The burghers he drew up in a compact

F e

body, and halted them on the brow of a knoll, while the wives, acting as light infantry, nimbly extending to the right and left, formed themselves into two crescents, and moving at a double-quick time, flourished their weapons round their heads, like slingers preparing to throw, rushed in upon the beeves and horses, and enclosed them within a circle. A parley ensued, in which Sir Gabriel de Glowr and Clinkscales agreed to divide the spoil.

Under the care of Sir Gabriel de Glowr young Rothelan remained some time, and was trained in warlike exercises, in order, no doubt, to aid Sir Gabriel, who was an avaricious border chief, in his forays. At the battle of Neville's Cross, Rothelan was, however, rescued by the English, who conveyed him to London, where he met his mother. The Lady Albertina, finding her marriage and the legitimacy of her son disputed, sent to Italy for witnesses to prove their truth. Most anxiously did they wait for their arrival, and even the consolations of Adonijah were scarcely able to sustain the spirit of the afflicted lady. This Adonijah was a benevolent Jew, who assisted her ladyship with money, without accepting any return. At last, news was brought that the ship was seen in the river; and the story of Rothelan having become ale-house talk, the tidings of her approach caused a great movement in the town. Every man in London, who had heard of the lady's constancy and the Jew's friendship, desired to know the sequel, like a credulous child that is impatient for the retribution at the end of a tragic tale. But there was, at this time, a great thirst for strange matter among the people, the hectic of which, some of those who were astrological, ascribed to malign aspects of the stars, and other signs and omens, which daily bore visible testimony to the credibility of certain baleful predictions and pestiferous prophecies, wherewith the whole of Christendom was then much troubled. The trees untimely budded, and brought forth untimely fruit, of which no lip could abide the taste; the ivy slackened her ancient hold of the wall, and shot out branches that bore wonderful leaves; great fishes were heard in the night moaning afar in the sea; and there was a shower of worms. For an entire month the moon was not seen, and the nights were so dark, that it was feared she had wandered away from her sphere. A holy man seven times saw a mighty hand between him and

the setting sun, and it held a great sand-glass, run out, which was believed to be a token that the end of time was come. The sun itself was dim and ineffectual ; an eclipse overcame it like an eyelid, and there was a cry that his light was gone out. A fiery star appeared in Orion, and many thought it was the torch of the angel of the judgment coming to burn the world. The earth trembled, and vast vestments, with the dark outlines of terrible forms, were seen hurrying to and fro in the skies ; and a woman-child was born with two tongues.

Indeed, all historians say, that, at this epoch, portents and prodigies became so rife, and yet continued so wonderful, that many thought and feared some new evil was confusing the germins of nature. The minds of all sorts of men were in consequence excited to a state of wild and boding expectancy ; insomuch, that every new thing, to which ought of interest or curiosity attached, was magnified into something mystical and marvellous. Thus it happened, that the news of the vessel with the Florentines, though of itself of no seeming importance, was described as having been caught by the multitude as an event by which the destinies of the kingdom were to be affected. Thousands on thousands passed to the shores of the river to see her come ; and boats went to meet her, as if she had been bringing home all the freightage of some great chance in their fortunes. The Lady Albertina, with Rothelan and Adonijah, were among the first who hastened to greet their arrival, and they stood together at a window to see her pass to the moorings at London bridge. " It is strange," said the lady, " and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her, but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her ? " " She hath had a hard voyage," returned Rothelan ; " look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her top-sails, too, are hanging in rags ; and I can see, as it were, strips of green moss down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unhandled."

Adonijah continued looking towards the ship, and appeared thoughtful and touched with care, as he said, " her voyage had been very long—all the way from the land of Egypt—but she was in Italy as she came, and her course hath been in the sunny days with the gracious gales of the summer ; yet is she like a thing of antiquity, for those signs of waste and decay



are as if oblivion were on board. They have not come of the winds, nor of the waves." "The crowd on the shores," added the lady, "grows silent as she passes." "There are many persons aboard," said Rothelan. "Yes," replied Adonijah, "but only the man at the helm hath for some time moved; all the others are in idleness—still, still. A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental." "Some of those who are looking over the side," said Rothelan, partaking in some degree of the Jew's dread, "droop their heads on their breasts, and take no heed of any object. Look at those on the deck; they sit as if they were indeed marble, resting on their elbows like effigies on a tomb." "Merciful heaven!" cried the Lady Albertina, "what horror does she bring?"

At that moment the boats, assembled round the ship, suddenly made rapidly for the shore; many of the watermen stayed not till they reached the landings, but leaped into the river; then a universal cry arose, and the people were seen scattering themselves in all directions. Rothelan darted from his mother's side, and ran towards the spot, to which, instead of holding onward to the moorings, it was evident the vessel was steering to take the ground. In his way thither, he met his old friends, Sir Gabriel de Glowr and his lady, who, at his request, were still remaining in London. They, too, had been among the spectators, and were hurrying from the scene. The lady was breathless with haste and fear, her mantle was torn, and she had lost a shoe in her flight. The Baron of Falaside, before Rothelan could inquire the cause of so singular a panic, looked at him wildly, and shook his head, dragging his lady away by the arm. "Stop!" exclaimed Rothelan, "and tell me what is the cause of all this?" But they would not stop. He also addressed himself to others, but with no success. "Turn back—come back!" every one said to him, as he rushed against the stream of the crowd.

The pressure and tide of the multitude slackened as he advanced; and when he was within a short distance of the place where the ship had in the meantime taken the ground, he found himself alone. He paused for a moment: as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who, the instant that the ship touched the ground, had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him. Rothelan ran forwards to meet

him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless ; but scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when, casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy the skin had peeled, and the flesh had fallen : they had all died of the plague. It was not only the witnesses of Rothelan's legitimacy that fell by the plague; for although the only man that arrived in the ship was excluded from every door, and wandered desolate until he fell down dead, yet the contagion was communicated to the city, where, in its malignancy, it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency, equal to death, it possessed itself of all his armouries, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the infected, was deadly ; and its signs were so sudden, that families, seated in happiness at their meals, have seen the plague-spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves for ever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosom, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter ; some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off, on the waters. But no place was so wild that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailers fled from the felons, that were in fetters ; the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety ; the grass grew in the market-places ; the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers ; the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries ; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clambering at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins ; but even that ended. Shrift there was none ; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered ;—all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave ; the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too

had expired ; the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft ; all offences ceased, and no crime, but the universal woe of pestilence, was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste ; the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land ; horses perished of famine in their stalls ; old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof ; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises ; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged ; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-course of life.

Many friends of Rothelan died : but Sir Amias, followed at a distance by Ralph Hanslap, went every where in quest of the infection, but he could not die. He confessed aloud, to every one he met, the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan, but no one heeded his tale ; for all were flying, they knew not whither, from the pestilence. He ran to the house of Adonijah, the Jew, to make restitution. The door was open, and he rushed in ; but a swarm of horrible flies came buzzing into his face, and he heard the sound of swine grovelling in the darkness within. Ralph Hanslap, being summoned before the Bishop of Winchester, confessed his part of his knavery, and Rothelan was restored to his title and estates. He married Blanche, the daughter of the Earl of Lincoln ; and Adonijah, “ whose household blood ” had all perished by the plague, lived and ended his days with the Lady Albertina.

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### THE BARBER.

Barbers are distinguished by peculiarities appertaining to no other class of men : they have a *caste*, and are a race of themselves. The members of this ancient and gentle profession—foul befall the libeller who shall designate it a *trade*—are mild, peaceable, cheerful, polite, and communicative : they mingle with no cabal, have no interest in factions, are “ open to all parties, and influenced by none ; ” and they



**BARBER.** Digitized by Google



ave a good, kind, or civil word for everybody. The cheerful morning salutation of one of these cleanly, respectable persons, is a "handsell" for the pleasures of the day; serenity is in its tone, and comfort glances from its accompanying smile. Their small, cool, clean, and sparingly-furnished shops, with sanded floor, and towelled walls, relieved by the white-painted, well scoured shelves, scantily adorned with the various implements of their art, denote the snug system of economy which characterises the owners. Here, only, is the looking-glass not an emblem of vanity: it is placed to reflect, and not to flatter. You seat yourself in the lowly, antique chair, worn smooth by the backs of half a century of beard-trimmers, and instantly feel a full repose from fatigue of body and mind. You find yourself in attentive and gentle hands, and are persuaded that no man can be in collision with his barber or hair-dresser. The very operation tends to set you on better terms with yourself; and your barber hath not in his constitution the slightest element of difference. The adjustment of a curl, the clipping of a lock, the trimming of a whisker, (that much-cherished and highly-valued adornment of the face,) are matters of paramount importance to both parties—threads of sympathy for the time, unbroken by the restlessness of the thin, soft, ample mantle, that enveloped you in its snowy folds while under his care. Who can entertain a humour, much less vent his spleen, while wrapt in the symbolic vestment? The veriest churl is softened by the application of the warm emollient brush, and calmed into competency by the light-handed hoverings of the comb and scissors. A smile, a compliment, a remark on the weather, a confident side-wind inquiry about politics, or the passing intelligence of the day, are tendered with that deference, which is the most grateful as well as the handsomest demonstration of politeness. Should you, on sitting down, half-lingeringly request him to cut off "as large a lock as he can, easily," you assure him, "that you may detect any future change in its color," how skilfully he extracts, from your ever thin head of hair, a graceful, flowing lock, which self alone prevents you from doubting to have been grown by itself: how pleasantly you contemplate, in idea, its glossiness from beneath the intended glass of the propitiatory locket. The web of delightful associations is thus woven; and the care

he takes "to make each particular hair to stand on end" to your wishes, so as to let you know he surmises your destination, completes the charm. We never hear of people cutting their throats in a barber's shop, though the place is redolent of razors. No; the ensanguined spots, that occasionally besmirk the whiteness of the revolving towel, is from careless, unskilful, and opinionated individuals, who mow their own beards, or refuse to restrain their risibility. I wonder how any can usurp the province of the barber, (once an almost exclusive one,) and apply unskilful, or unpractised hands so near to the grand canal of life. For my own part I would not lose the daily elevation of my tender nose, by the velvet-tipped digits of my barber—no, not for an independence!

The genuine barber is usually (like his razors,) well-tempered,—a man unvisited by care; combining a somewhat hasty assiduity, with an easy and respectful manner. He exhibits the best parts of the character of a Frenchman—an uniform exterior suavity, and *politesse*. He seems a faded nobleman, or *émigré* of the old *regime*. And surely if the souls of men transmigrate, those of the old French *noblesse* seek the congenial soil of the barber's bosom! Is it a degradation of the worthy and untroubled spirits, to imagine, that they animate the bodies of the harmless and unsophisticated?

In person, the barber usually inclines to the portly; but is rarely obese. His is that agreeable plumpness betokening the man at ease with himself and the world, and the utter absence of that fretfulness ascribed to leanness. Nor do his comely proportions and fleshiness make leaden the heels, or lessen the elasticity of his step, or transmute his feathery lightness of hand to heaviness. He usually wears powder, for it looks respectable, and is professional withal. The last of the almost forgotten and quite despised race of pigtailed, once proudly cherished by all ranks—now proscribed,—banished, or, if at all seen, diminished in stateliness and bulk, "shorn of its fair proportions,"—lingers fondly with its former nurturer; the neat-combed, even-clipped hairs, encased in their tight swathe of black ribbon, topped by an airy bow, nestle in the well-clothed neck of the modern barber. Yet why do I call him *modern*? True, he lives in our, but he belongs to former, times, of which he is the remembrancer and historian—the days of bags, queues, clubs, and peri-

, when a halo of powder, pomatum, and frizzed curls en-  
 led the heads of our ancestors. That glory is departed ;  
 brisk and agile tonsor, once the genius of the toilet, no  
 er directs, with the precision of a cannoneer, rapid dis-  
 ges of scented atoms against bristling batteries of his own  
 tion. "The *barber's* occupation's gone," with all the  
 ride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *wigs!*"

Iethinks I detect some unfledged reader, upon whose head  
 air the sun of the eighteenth century never shone, glancing  
 "mind's eye" to one of the more recent and fashionable  
 essionors of the art of "*ciseauxrie*"—one of the chemical per-  
 ers, or self-esteemed practitioners of the present day, in  
 ch of an exemplification of my description:—he is at  
 t. Though *he* may deem Truefit or Macalpine models of  
 l, and therefore of description, I must tell him I recognise  
 e such. I speak of the last generation, (between which  
 the present, Ross, and Taylor of Whitechapel, are the  
 irecting links,) the last remnants of whom haunt the soli-  
 , well-paved, silent corners, and less frequented streets of  
 don—whose windows exhibit no waxen busts, bepaints  
 bedizened in fancy dresses and flaunting feathers, but one  
 wo "old original" blocks or *dummies*, crowned with  
 er-looking, respectable, stiff-buckled, brown wigs, such as  
 late venerable monarch used to wear. There is an abo-  
 nal wig-maker's shop at the corner of an inn-yard in  
 hopsgate-street;—a "repository" of hair; the window of  
 ich is full of these primitive caxons, all of a sober brown,  
 simpler flaxen, with an occasional contrast of rusty black,  
 ning, as it were, a finis to the by-gone fashion. Had our  
 t forefather, Adam, been bald, he could not have worn a  
 re simply artificial imitation of nature than one of these  
 s—so frank, so sincere, and so *warm* an apology for want  
 air, scorning to deceive the observer, or to crown the vete-  
 head with adolescent curls. The ancient wig, whether a  
 ple scratch, a plain bob, or a splendid periwig, was one  
 ich a man might modestly hold on one hand, while with  
 other he wiped his bald pate; but with what grace could  
 odern wig-wearer dismount a specific deception, an elabo-  
 e imitation of natural curls to exhibit a hairless scalp? It  
 uld be either a censure on his vanity, or a sarcasm on his  
 erwise unknown deficiency. The old wig, on the contrary,



was a plain acknowledgment of want of hair ; avowing the comfort, or the inconvenience, (as it might happen,) with an independent indifference to mirth or pity ; and forming a decent covering to the head that sought not to become either a decoration or deceit. Peace to the *manes* of the primitive artificers of human hair—the true skull-thatchers—the architects of towering toupees—the engineers of flowing periwigs !

The wig-makers (as they still denominate themselves) in Lincoln's-inn and the Temple, are quite of the " old school." Their shady, cool, cleanly, classic recesses, where embryo chancellors have been measured for their initiatory forensic wigs ; where the powdered glories of the bench have oft-times received a *re-revivification* ; where some " old Bencher" still resorts, in his undress, to have his nightly growth of beard shaven by the " particular razor ;" these powder-scented nooks, these legal dressing-closets, seem, like the " Statutes at Large," to resist, tacitly, but effectually, the progress of innovation : they are like the old law-offices, which are scattered up and down in the various corners of the intricate maze of " courts," constituting the " Temple"—unchangeable by time ; except when the hand of death removes some old tenant at will, who has been refreshed by the cool-borne breezes from the river, or soothed by the restless monotony of the plashing fountain, " sixty years since." But I grow serious. The barber possesses that distinction of gentleness, a soft and white hand, of genial and equable temperature, neither falling to the " zero" of chilliness, nor rising to the " fever heat" of perspiration, but usually lingering at " blood heat." I know not if any one ever shook hands with his barber : there needs no such outward demonstration of good-will ; no grip, like that we bestow upon an old friend returned after a long absence, by way of rivet, as it were, to that link in the chain of friendship. His air of courtesy keeps a good understanding floating between him and his customers, which, if ruffled by a hasty departure, or dismissal, is revived the next day, by the sun-light of his morning smile !

The barber's hand is unlike that of any other soft hand : it is not flabby, like that of a sensualist ; nor arid, and thin, like a student's ; nor dead white, like that of a delicate female ; but it is *naturally* warm, of a glowing, transparent color, and of a cushiony, elastic softness. Beneath its con-

ciliatory touch, as it prepares the skin for the sweeping course of the razor, and its gentle pressure, as it inclines the head to either side, to aid the operation of the scissors, a man may sit for hours, and feel no weariness. Happy must he be who lived in the days of long, or full dressed hair, and resigned himself for a full hour to the passive luxury of hair-dressing ! A morning's toilette—for a gentleman, I mean ; being a bachelor, I am uninitiated in the arcana of a lady's dressing-room)—a morning's toilette in those days was indeed an important part of the “ business of life : ” there were the curling-irons, the comb, the pomatum, the powder-puff, the powder-knife, the mask, and a dozen other requisites to complete the elaborate process that perfected that mysterious “ frappant, or tintinabulant appendage ” to the back part of the head. Oh ! it must have been a luxury—a delight surpassing the famed baths and cosmetics of the east.

I have said that the barber is a gentle man ; if not in so many words, I have at least pointed out that distinguishing trait in him. He is also a humane man : his occupation of torturing hairs leaves him neither leisure nor disposition to torture ought else. He looks as respectable as he is ; and he is void of any appearance of deceit or cunning. There is less of personality or egotism about him than mankind in general : though he possesses an ideo-syncracy, it is that of his class, not of himself. As he sits, patiently renovating some dilapidated peruke, or perseveringly presides over the development of grace in some intractable bush of hair, or stands at his own threshold, in the cleanly pride of white apron and hose, lustrous shoes, and exemplary jacket, with that studied yet seeming disarrangement of hair, as though subduing, as far as consistent with propriety, the visible appearance of technical skill—as he thus, untired, goes the never-varying round of his pleasant occupation, and active leisure, time seems to pass unheeded, and the wheel of chance, scattering fragments of circumstance from the rock of destiny, continues its relentless and unremittent revolution, unnoticed by him. He hears not the roar of the fearful engine, the groans and sighs of despair, or the wild laugh of exultation, produced by its mighty working. All is remote, strange, and intricate ; and belongs not to him to know. He dwells in an area of peace—a magic circle, whose area might be described by his obsolete sign-pole !

Nor does the character of the barber vary in other countries. He seems to flourish in unobtrusive prosperity all the world over. In the east, the clime most congenial to his avocations, the voluminous beard makes up for the deficiency of the ever-turbanned, close-shorn skull, and he exhibits the triumph of his skill in its most special department. Transport an English barber to Samarcand, or Ispahan, and, saving the language, he would feel quite at home. Here he reads the newspaper, and, unless any part is contradicted by his customers, he believes it all—it is his oracle. At Constantinople, the chief eunuch would confide to him the secrets of the seraglio as if he were a genuine disciple of Mahomet; and with as right good will as ever old “gossip” vented a bit of scandal with unconstrained volubility of tongue. He would listen to, aye and put faith in, the relations of the coffee-house storytellers who came to have their beards trimmed, and repaid him with one of their inventions for his trouble. What a dissection would a barber’s brain afford, could we but discern the mine of latent feuds and conspiracies laid up there in coil, by their spleenful and mischievous inventors. I would that I could unpack the hoarded venom, all hurtless in that “cool grot,” as destructive stores are deposited in an arsenal, where light and heat never come. His mind admits no spark of malice to fire the train of jealousy, or explode the ammunition of petty strife; and it were well for the world and society, if the intrigue and spite of the inhabitants could be poured, like the “cursed juice of Hebenon,” into his ever-open ear, and be buried for ever in the oblivious chambers of his brain. Vast as the caverned ear of Dionysius, the tyrant, his contains in its labyrinthine recesses the collected scandal of neighbourhoods, the chatter of households, and even the crooked policy of courts; but all is decomposed and neutralized there. It is the very quantity of this freight of plot and detraction that renders him so harmless. It is as ballast to the sails of his judgment. He mixes in no conspiracy, domestic or public. The foulest treason would remain “pure in the last recesses of his mind.” He knows not of, cares not for, feels no interest in all this material of wickedness, any more than the unconscious paper that bears on its lettered forehead the “sixth edition” of a bulletin.

Amiable, contented, respected race!—I exclaim with Figaro, “Oh, that I were a happy barber!” GASTON.



## THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

The town hall, or guildhall, of Paris, was built in the year 1606, after the design of an Italian artist. Several additions have been made to the original building, by the purchase of the decayed hospital and church of St. Esprit, and a chapel from the church of St. John. The latter has been converted into a grand hall for public assemblies ; and here the banquet was held, which was given to Louis XVIII. by the corporation, on the 29th of August, 1814. The Hotel de Ville will excite a mingled feeling of awe and admiration. Hallowed time, it has been debased by scenes of modern terror and popular excess ; here it was, that Louis XVI. was exhibited to the infuriated multitudes, and to this spot the ferocious Despiere retreated after his outlawry. The guillotine, which, during the revolution, daily immolated numbers in the square before the building, called *Place de Greve*, is still preserved within its walls, and occasionally brought forth for the execution of criminals. This square was first appropriated to

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the execution of criminals at the commencement of the fourteenth century. It is painful to learn that innocent blood was the first that flowed here. An unhappy female heretic, named Margarette Porette, scarcely thirty years old, was burnt here in 1310, for having written that the soul, absorbed in God, is at the height of every virtue, and has nothing more to do ; and that when a certain degree of virtue is attained, one cannot go beyond it. Previously to this execution, criminals were put to death in the market-places, which still participated for more than a century, with La Greve, the miserable prerogative of scaffolds. In this last place was decapitated, in 1398, the two Augustin monks, who had engaged, for a large remuneration, and on the penalty of their lives, to cure Charles VI. of an incurable malady with which he was struck. The two friars lost their heads, and the king did not recover his own. The last execution which took place in a market-place, in 1477, was that of the unhappy Duke de Nemours, whose children, placed on the scaffold by order of the cruel Louis XI., were covered with the blood of their father. Since that epoch, every sentence of death passed at Paris has been executed at the Place de Greve, except those ordered by military tribunals.

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## MIDNIGHT.

### BEFORE A BATTLE.

'Tis night ! the moon rides high in heaven,  
The stars their vigil keep :  
Whilst to man's wearied frame is given  
The balm of gentle sleep.

But I, upon this Alpine height,  
Must watch the light clouds fly :  
I lean upon my faulchion bright,  
And think of Emily.

Perhaps at this lone pensive hour,  
She breathes a sigh of care,  
And, kneeling, prays to that Great Power,  
Her soldier's life to spare.

All round me now my comrades lie,  
 Buried in sleep profound;  
 Whilst ever as the moon-beams fly,  
 Fantastic forms surround.

I see ye calmly, sweetly sleeping,  
 On your hard and rocky bed:  
 To-morrow's sun may see me weeping,  
 O'er your graves, by sorrow led.

But see, the glorious god of day  
 Bursts with effulgence through the skies,  
 And hear the merry *reveille*,  
 That bids the cheerful soldier rise.

Hark—hark! the trumpet sounds,—  
 I hear the inspiring cry;  
 My heart within my bosom bounds,  
 To death or victory!

T. C. G.

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### LINES

WRITTEN WHEN LEAVING THE PROSPECT OF GOING ABROAD.

BY JAMES KNOX.

My country! aye, where'er I stray,  
 Midst fairer scenes—'neath brighter skies,  
 Where pleasure dances o'er my way,  
 And joy lifts up her beaming eyes:  
 My country! aye, though all the world  
 Should strive to wean my soul from thee,  
 My fondest hopes—my life—are curl'd—  
 Entwin'd around thy destiny.

But duty calls me hence, and I  
 Must bow beneath the stern behest;  
 Still never shall thy mem'ry fly  
 From this, my swelling—faithful breast:  
 Farewell! farewell! where'er I go,  
 O'er flowery mead, or murmuring river,  
 In joy or grief, in weal or woe,  
 I'll call thee mine—my country, ever!

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## MR. KEELEY.

Robert Keeley, who was born about the year 1794, in Grange-court, Carey-street, London, is one of sixteen children, and was apprenticed to Mr. Hansard, the printer. Having a *penchant* for the stage, however, in 1813, he enrolled himself under Mr. Sims, in the Richmond company, with which he remained some time. In 1817, he performed at Lynn, and met with much applause. After this he was engaged at the West London theatre, from whence he proceeded to the Olympic, where his popularity was first established by the performance of *Leperello*, in the nonsensical and licentious "*Giovanni in London*."

When Mr. Elliston opened Drury Lane Theatre, in October, 1819, he engaged our hero; but he only acted in a subordinate character, and added nothing to his histrionic fame. In 1821, being in the Adelphi company, he performed the part of *Mr. Green*, in "*Life in London*," so inimitably, that his services were solicited by several of the "*minors*." The next season he went to Sadlers Well, from whence, by the recommendation of Mr. Egerton, he went to Covent Garden, where he has since remained. He made his first appearance on those boards as *Darby*, in the "*Poor Soldier*," on the 26th of October, 1822, since which he has been increasing in popularity, and is now a decided "*favorite*." On the close of the season at Covent Garden, he is regularly engaged at the English Opera. Early in 1829, he was married to Miss Goward, of the Covent Garden company.

Mr. Keeley is about five feet two inches high, and to this shortness of stature, and the awkward simplicity of his appearance, he is principally indebted for his fortunate popularity. He cannot fail being an amusing actor, but a *great* one he never will be.

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 THE PLAY OF THE COUNTENANCE.

Man is not the only animal whose physiognomy possesses a thousand shades for the purpose of revealing the affections of the soul. The little grimace, which he calls a smile, causes him to be accosted with confidence, and the contraction which



MR. KEELEY,  
*in the Character of*  
*Jemmy Green.*





shows itself between the eyes, imparts fear or distaste, according to his influence in the world. Does a great personage elevate the two corners of his mouth? he is pronounced amiable, condescending, benevolent. On the contrary, if it be the middle of his lips which he elevates while compressing them, he is considered disdainful, stern, miserable; and the hand which is on the point of presenting a memorial, falls back, discouraged.

What an admirable thing it is that a smile by its own virtue can express satisfaction or contempt, gaiety or bitterness, the desire to please, or the desire to mortify. It is to be regretted, that it can be as dissembling as speech. The merchant, who learns that his fortune is compromised in a considerable bankruptcy, will appear in public with a smile of satisfaction on his lips; the mouth of the courtier, whose creeping spirit put it to the test by his master, while launching at him a biting sarcasm, can also exhibit a smile; the coquet, who wishes to please, notwithstanding the shooting of a violent tooth-ache, contrives to smile agreeably. Instinct does not procure so many concessions from the cats whom we consider flatterers, and the dogs whom we stigmatise with the epithet servile. The cat, who is rebuffed by her master, does not seem to think that the rebuff ought to be received like a caress from the hands of him who bestows it; she will not set up the usual purring testimony of her unequivocal satisfaction. If the human race could in this manner express their satisfaction, and the manifestation were involuntary, how many husbands, now convinced that their company is the only solace of their wives, would be surprisingly undeceived! — how many lovers disenchanted! how many men, generous through motives of ostentation, would be astonished at the silence reigning among their *protégés*! But, on the contrary, suppose this testimony of joy to be voluntary, what a strange concert would ensue in these saloons, where every one affects an air of happiness, either to excite the envy of an equal, or to flatter the self-love of a protector.

It is not singular that it is considered condescending to show our two rows of teeth, those destructive machines that have cracked the bones of so many of the volatile race! Another singularity. That which, among men, is a mark of gaiety, is a mark of anger among dogs; they corrugate the

nose, and uncover the teeth, as we do ; but they are more consistent : they never show their arms, unless they mean to remind us that it is in their power to carry off a portion of our calf.

A man must have an excellent control over his physiognomy, if he thinks it unnecessary to wear a mask before his fellow-men. What a benign expression must that Jaques Clement then have had, who possessed the art of deceiving the vigilance of his guards, and could inspire confidence in the royal victim he was about to assassinate. With what a demure countenance must the Duke of Burgundy have taken the command with the Duke of Orleans, who, at that moment when he was swearing fraternal amity, was projecting his assassination ! How much the master must he have been of his physiognomy when he could bring himself to contemplate the corpse of his victim ! What was the countenance, which Louis the Eleventh exhibited, when fraternally marching with his most terrible enemy against the allies of the league, and crying " Vive Burgogne " in the midst of a city abandoned to pillage and massacre ?

The laugh is not always amiable and gay. How shall we qualify that of the French nobleman of the fourteenth century, whose detestable predilection history has consigned to us ! Ranchin, according to the custom of the period, had a valet who held the wax-taper while he was at supper : he compelled that valet to suffer the hot wax to drop on his naked legs, under a penalty of having a sword run through his body. The more the sufferer wept, the more the master laughed. Again, what a laugh, just heaven ! was that of the two assassins who sought for Julien de Medica at his own house, and, while dragging him to the church where they purposed his assassination, joked with him on his dilatory laziness with a perfectly agreeable air of satisfaction.

These examples prove, that, in fact, men have no occasion to wear masks ; the skin of their face is so moveable—so flexible ; their eye is so obedient to the word of command, that, besides the superiority on which they plume themselves of being a thinking species, they may also assign to themselves the title of a dissembling species.

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## GUYON OF MARSEILLES.

The study of Marc Guyon seemed the very abode of cheerfulness : it was a large airy chamber at the top of his house, which, being at the end of the street, the breeze was admitted on three sides of the chamber, through windows opening on what was the roof to the building beneath, a little gallery enclosed by an open balustrade, and shaded by awnings of linen, forming a kind of verandah, after the eastern fashion. The apartment was simply furnished ; its chief treasures were books and manuscripts ; its chief ornaments were—what am I saying ? its chief treasure and ornament was the living being who inhabited it—Guyon himself. Who that was in his presence could have turned, either in thought or gaze, away from him ? He was in the freshness and vigor of manhood, with a glorious beauty about his countenance and figure, which is but seldom seen among the fallen race of man. I do not speak of the beauty of form alone, but the beauty of form all bright and breathing with that of mind, and, what is better still, with that of heart and soul. With an intellect of a very superior order, he had too much kindness of heart, too much manliness, too much lowliness, to feel superior to the infirmities of the humblest of his fellows. It might indeed be said of him, that “ he had no proud looks.” One might almost read his character in his fine open countenance.

Guyon was sitting at a large table, his forefinger pressed to his brow, and his mind deeply absorbed in thought : he had been writing, and the pen was still between his fingers ; but the morning breeze had blown away his manuscripts from the table, and scattered them about the room. He, however, perceived not the disorder of the books and papers, which had a short time before engrossed his most serious attention :—his mind was raised to higher contemplations. Gradually the thoughtfulness of his countenance melted into an expression of holy rapture, his lips parted with a smile, the rich blood flushed brightly over his cheek, and he raised his eyes from the ground ; but then tears started into them, tears which he did not attempt to restrain. He rose up, and, opening a folio volume which lay among many others on a tall book-stand, he read with a rapid glance some few pages. “ Yes,” he exclaimed, as he closed the book, “ I will do it—I, I alone

am the proper person—I am determined.” He then returned to the table at which he had been writing, and having taken a small roll of parchment from an old casket of sculptured brass, he made some alterations and additions to the writing thereon, and then replaced it. “There is but little beside for me to do now,” said he to himself, and he looked wistfully and almost sorrowfully round the chamber. “Oh, how much true happiness have I found here!” he exclaimed, “how unwillingly my dull spirit seems to depart from this sweet tranquil home!—and what a morning!” It was indeed a beautiful morning; the subdued sunlight shed a soft and golden glow throughout the room, and the loose folds of the awning flapped and creaked in the playful wind with a sound like the sails of a ship in a freshening gale. Guyon stepped out on the gallery from the window which faced the east, and commanded an extensive prospect of the country surrounding Marseilles. He bent over the orange-trees and tuber-roses, then in full flower, which were ranged along the front of the window, and thought that he had never so much enjoyed their sweetness before. He looked out on gardens and fields, and mountains more distant; and the calm blue sea reflected back the repose and beauty which it borrowed from a sky even more deeply blue—more tenderly serene. Men, women, and happy children, were at work or at play in the gardens and fields; herds of cattle were grazing on the mountains: many a white and graceful sail was gliding swiftly over the trackless sea; and in the clear free realms of the sky, birds were floating along with the sunshine gleaming on their outspread wings. I must not stand here, thought Guyon, or I shall begin to mourn over my captivity within this immense and frightful prison. He walked round the gallery to the side of the house which overlooked the street. The very air seemed to be changed there, as if sickened with its confinement to the narrow streets of tall dull houses. He looked around over the immense mass of buildings; Marseilles, not very long before one scene of bustling commotion, resounding with the ceaseless hum of varied and cheerful noises, was now hushed into a state of unnatural and gloomy torpor. It seemed a city of the dead, for the only sound which disturbed the horrid silence, was the measured tolling of a loud, deep-toned bell. As Guyon stood there, another well-known sound stole

by degrees on his ear ; he could hear it approaching with an increasing noise from street to street, till a faint and fetid stench came fitfully with the breeze that blew past him. He looked down and shuddered, as he saw the plague-cart, heaped with putrid bodies, rumble heavily along over the grass-grown pavement beneath. He turned his head, but he only beheld, as he looked down the long street on the opposite side, the black flag on the closed gates of the city, its heavy folds waving to and fro, as if with measured motion to the dismal bell of death.

Guyon was almost the last person to enter the Hotel de Ville. All the medical men of the town had there met to consult on some means of stopping the dreadful progress of the plague, by which half the city had already perished, and which still appeared to rage with increased virulence. The conference was long, and it produced one general and decided opinion, that the corpse of a person who had died of the pestilence should be opened by some skilful hand, and a report of the exact state and effects of the disorder written on the spot. Hitherto there had been a mysterious character about the disease, which had baffled the skill and experience of all who sought to cure it. Many persons of distinguished talent were present : one young man, in particular, fixed the attention of the whole assembly to every word he uttered : he had once visited Smyrna, when the plague was raging there ; and the illustrations with which he supported his opinions, were made with such clearness, and even eloquence, that they had entirely settled the general conviction that the opening of a putrid body was the only means by which the nature of the disease could be clearly ascertained, and the pestilence itself effectually arrested. The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when one of the most respected and venerable physicians of the city rose and observed, with a mild and sorrowful voice, " I cannot sufficiently approve all that you have expressed, sir ; but allow me to ask how this information, of which we are absolutely in need, can be obtained ? The report of the effects of the plague on the corpse, can only be obtained at one price, the certain and speedy death of him who makes it. Who would willingly rush on so dreadful a fate ? " As the old physician ceased speaking, he fixed his eyes almost unconsciously on the countenance of him whom he had

addressed. The change that suddenly passed over the whole person and manner of the young surgeon was indeed striking. He could not help at once feeling as though he were looked on by all present as the person expected to perform the fatal operation. The enthusiasm which had inspired him fled, and had left him almost powerless to speak or move; his lip quivered—an ashy paleness overspread his whole face; the hand which had been firmly laid on the table, while he was so strongly and warmly declaring his confidence of success from the plan he recommended, could now scarcely sustain his trembling frame, as he rested on it for support. He had a young wife, a mother, and two infant children at home, all depending on his exertions for their subsistence. Every one felt for the young man, and the physician who had last spoken turned from him, observing, that they were certainly not immediately called on to point out the person who should perform the operation.

“I have been thinking,” said the president of the assembly, “that, although it appears at present impracticable that the corpse of a victim of the plague should be opened without causing the death of the operator, might we not as well consult together as to the possible means of averting the fatal consequences of such an operation? There is one person, now present, I believe, whose powerful genius and superior attainments have rendered him justly celebrated, but who has not spoken among us to-day;” he looked towards Guyon, and the eyes of the whole assembly followed his: “we should feel much gratified by hearing his opinion on this awful subject.” Guyon had certainly not spoken; he had been listening with serious attention to those around him, and taking notes of all that passed; he now looked up from the papers before him. “I had studied the question very attentively,” he said, modestly, “before I entered this assembly, and I felt convinced there was but one expedient by which the pestilence could be stayed. I am now quite decided on the subject, from the uniform opinion of all present. Allow me also to say, that I am convinced that no precaution can save the life of him who performs the loathsome operation of opening the corpse. Why may we not at once inquire who will be the man to undertake this?” He looked round the assembly, and immediately there was a breathless silence throughout the

ball. Many an eye shrunk beneath his gaze, and the few whose looks encountered it steadily, turned ghastly pale. "I see not," he continued, in a voice of touching sweetness, "not one, whose loss to those who love him, could well be supplied. All are husbands or fathers, or the long treasured hope of aged parents. I alone am an orphan, bound to this life by few ties of earthly relationship. You have (I rejoice to say) some confidence in my professional talents, and I do not fear to die. I came here determined to begin the operation to-morrow at day-break; and having now told you my intention, I swear before God, that with his favor, I will fulfil the duty to which I believe He has called me."

Guyon had been an orphan almost from his birth; he had but a few, and those distant, relations, scattered about parts of Provence, far from Marseilles. While yet an infant, his unprotected situation had interested the compassion of the Bishop of Marseilles, who had been ever afterwards his unchanging friend. Guyon, however, had gradually risen to eminence by his own exertions, and at this time was in possession of a considerable fortune. On leaving the Hotel de Ville, he proceeded immediately to the palace of his friend, the bishop, who heard the determination of his young friend with profound silence. Guyon waited for his reply, but the old man only gazed upon him and wept. "Let me leave you now," said Guyon, with a faltering voice, "and return hither to-night." "Yes, my son," replied the prelate, "I would have you leave me now; this surprise hath half broken my heart: I must not entreat you to renounce the glorious undertaking, and yet I cannot, indeed, I cannot, bid you perform it. Go," he added, in a firmer voice, "go from me now, the next few hours must not be lost to you. By God's help I will meet you with strength which I have not at present, but which those who seek with full purpose of spirit, will never fail to find."

There was one other house to which Guyon now directed his steps, but he often turned from the well-known door, and returned, and turned back again, before he could find heart to enter. It was in a little silent street at the highest part of the city, and its only inhabitants were an old female, her daughter, and one servant. Madame Longard had been as a mother to Guyon: in her house he had passed his boyhood,



and he loved her and Delphine, his foster-sister, with his whole heart. The spoiler had not entered that small and humble dwelling, and Guyon found its gentle inmates at work in their pleasant upper parlour, which looked out on a small herb-garden behind the house. He soon perceived that his determination had not reached them; and he resolved not to mention it, but to leave a letter for them at his own house. His efforts to be cheerful were successful: he conversed with an appearance of playful animation, and quitted the room without betraying any signs of the agony which wrung his bosom. He had not been gone more than a minute, when Delphine remembered that she had not given him a small bouquet of lavender and vervain, and some other fragrant herbs and flowers, which she had gathered for Guyon, who seldom passed a day without seeing her. She ran quickly down stairs, and, opening the door of the house, looked up the street, intending to call him back and offer him the fresh bouquet. Guyon was not to be seen. Delphine closed the door, much disappointed, and was returning to her mother, when she heard a deep-drawn sigh very near her;—she stopped and looked around. The door of a little dark chamber, in the front of the house, had started open, as she closed that leading into the street. Guyon was there, kneeling on the ground, his hands raised, and spread out towards heaven, as if asking a blessing from thence; his face had quite lost the calm cheerfulness which she had last seen there, and his chest seemed to heave with suppressed anguish. Delphine would fain have entered, but she dared not; she felt that Guyon might deem her presence an intrusion. She turned away, and stole lightly up stairs; she sat down on the highest step, and waited to hear Guyon enter the passage beneath. She heard the latch of the street door moved by his hand, and then she ran down to stop him. “Dear Marc, are you still here?” she said faintly, “I am glad to find you,—I had gathered these herbs and flowers for you, and I forgot them; their smell may be pleasant to you in your dangerous visits to the dying.” Delphine held out the flowers, but could not say another word. Guyon himself seemed half unconscious that she was speaking; he appeared lost in agonized thoughts: at last, with some calmness, he took her hand and led her to the room he had just quitted. “May I trust you, Delphine?”

he said, in a whisper, "can you trust yourself? You do not answer me; I should not have spoken thus, but I believe that you have witnessed my anguish of soul in this chamber. I thought that some person had passed along the passage, and when I saw you, your countenance told me who that person was. May I go on?" "You may," replied Delphine, without raising her eyes. "These are, I know, fearful times," she added, "and we live daily prepared for some great calamity." She now sat still as death—she heard every word which Guyon spoke. "Are you ill, Delphine?" he said, wildly, when he had finished speaking:—"you *are* ill.—The shock has been too great for my sweet sister." "No, no, I am not ill," she replied,—and never once did she raise her eyes. "I shall do all that you would have me." Guyon rose up from her side and kissed her cold cheek, yet he still lingered, and looked down upon her with tender affection. "No, I am not ill," she repeated, "and you must go. But take this," she added, in the same low, mournful voice, holding out to him again the little bunch of herbs, which she had kept all the while in her hand. Delphine was alone; she laid her head upon the table beside her and closed her eyes, for a cold torpor seemed to have crept on all her faculties. "Oh! would to God that I could die with him!" she at length said, starting up, "Oh that I might share with him in the dangers of that horrid work! If he were one mass of vile corruption, as he will be but too soon, I could rejoice to pillow his poor head upon this throbbing breast! And he has loved another!" she exclaimed, with a deep, dreary-sounding voice. "He has not even guessed that I love him as my own soul! He makes me the confidant of his feelings, as if no weight of agony could break this weak heart! He fears for what my mother will suffer, as if she had ever loved him as her wretched daughter does!"

It was an hour after midnight when Guyon descended the steps of the bishop's palace. A young man had died the morning before, and he proceeded immediately to the house where the corpse was deposited. The deceased had been the last survivor of a large family, all of whom had fallen victims to the plague. His father, a rich merchant, died only the day before his child sickened. There was an open space before this house of death, planted with plane and linden

trees, in the midst of which a fountain of limpid water refreshed the air, and fell into a circular basin; around this fountain was a range of low seats, hewn out of the rough marble. The night was dark, and Guyon, followed by a single attendant, was walking along the silent street leading to the house of death, when his servant called on him to stop. A person, whom he had observed on the opposite side of the street, had suddenly fallen to the ground. Guyon stopped immediately, and he heard a low moaning as of a person in pain. They crossed over, and Guyon lifted up one who appeared to be a female, who had been thrown down by something which lay in a dark mass upon the pavement; as he supported this female, the servant held down the lantern and Guyon beheld the corpse of a poor wretch who had fallen dead of the plague, and lay unburied by the way side. He turned, and Delphine (for it was she whom he had lifted up,) had disappeared. She had not spoken—he had not seen her face; and, undiscovered, she had left him. Her mother had retired to rest some hours, when Delphine, leaving a note with these few words “Guyon is ill” on her table, had stolen softly from the house, and hastened towards the bishop’s palace. She had not waited long before Guyon appeared. The lamps that burned (before an image of the virgin) in a niche above the gateway, revealed plainly to her sight his tall and graceful form; and guided, by the gleam of his servant’s lantern, she had cautiously followed their steps. Guyon entered the fatal house, and Delphine sat down upon the edge of the fountain before it. She had cut her forehead in falling upon the hard pavement, and she now washed the blood from her face, with trembling hands, and bound up the wound, which still bled profusely. Long did she sit beside that fountain, while not a sound disturbed the calm stillness of the night, except the light splashing of the waters, and the waving of the leafy boughs above her head. Once or twice she saw a light in some of the upper chambers, and the shadows of human forms reflected upon the walls within. Some men, accustomed to the office, were removing the corpse, by Guyon’s desire, from the chamber where the young man had died, to a large and airy saloon below. Every thing was soon arranged for the loathsome operation, and Delphine beheld the gates unclosed again; the men departed, and Guyon was left alone.

The windows of a small antechamber to the saloon in which the corpse was laid, looked out upon the fountain before the house. Delphine saw the large doors between the two apartments open slowly—Guyon came forward—he closed the doors, and, putting down his lamp, threw open one of the windows, and stood before it, seeming to inhale, with pleasure, the fresh cool air. Suddenly, a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and Delphine could see her beloved Guyon no longer ; but he was near her—she could hear him move—she could hear, what seemed to her, the murmur of a voice in prayer. Once she thought she could distinguish her own name. She sank on her knees, rejoicing that her prayers might be offered at the same time and in the same place with his. The faint light of morning began to dawn, and Delphine looked up to catch the first glimpse of her Guyon's person ;—he was still at the window. The light increased—he arose, and his countenance was fully revealed ; it seemed more than usually brightened by health and expression as he looked up to the clear crimson sky. He appeared to linger there, as if unwilling to turn so soon away from his last enjoyment of the sweet fresh air and light of morning. Delphine was for a moment overjoyed, for he took from his bosom the little bouquet she had given him ; he pressed it to his lips, and, as he did so, tears streamed down his cheeks. Again he placed the fragrant flowers near his heart, and he turned from the window. Delphine had been concealed before by the trunk of one of the plane trees which grew near the spot. She now sprang up quickly, and, standing on the highest edge of the fountain, caught the last glimpse of his erect and stately figure ; she saw his bright hair dancing in the current of air as he threw open the wide doors ;—they closed upon him, and upon every hope below. How dreadful were the hours that followed to Delphine ! She sat with her eyes fixed on the window, where she had last seen him, till her senses nearly forsook her. She gazed so intently, that at last her very eyesight seemed to deceive her ; she thought that she could see the doors open and shut continually, and Guyon appear and disappear as often.

As the morning advanced, first one person and then another came to the fountain, to fill their pitchers with water : they had seen so much of misery that they scarcely noticed Del-

phine. At length, there came a man who stopped and gazed on her some time, and thinking, perhaps, from her appearance, that she was some friendless wretch who had crawled to the fountain, and was dying there, he bade her begone, and not poison the waters with her vile presence. She heeded him not, for she had not heard him. The monster did not cease to persecute her ; he even tried to thrust her away with violence, till, hardly knowing why, she rose up, and went and sat on the steps of the house which Guyon had entered. Some time after the wretch had left her, she tried to recollect where she was, and what had happened ; she felt like one waking from a heavy sleep—she walked a few paces from the house, and still she could recollect nothing—she turned and surveyed the building. Immediately that her eyes caught the windows of the antechamber, she uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards the house ; she knew not how long a time had passed since Guyon had commenced his fatal work ; she only knew that he had not returned, and nothing could now restrain her. The gate was not fastened—Delphine pushed it open, with ease. She entered the hall—the servant of Guyon was lying there fast asleep upon an old sofa, but her steps awoke him not ; as she ascended the broad staircase. A door was before her—she opened it, but instantly she thought she had mistaken the room ; a second glance convinced her she had not. In the midst of a magnificent saloon, hung with the finest pictures, and mirrors of an immense size, upon a table of rich marble, there lay, partly covered by a large linen cloth, the mangled and discolored corpse.—But where was Guyon ? Almost underneath the loathsome object, with the end of the cloth still grasped in his hand, as if he had fallen in the act of covering the polluted mass, lay the hapless Guyon, to all appearance dead. “ Oh God ! ” cried Delphine, aloud, raising the body of him whom she loved—“ help me—be with me now.” It seemed as if her prayer was heard ; for in the very crisis of her agony, she recovered her strength of mind. She lost not a moment in disengaging the hand of Guyon from the polluted sheet ; she dragged, nay almost carried him to the open window ; but in vain she endeavored to restore him. She looked around, and saw with delight, a vessel filled with vinegar on the table where he had been writing his remarks : into this vase he had thrown his

papers as he wrote them ; and Delphine, as she knelt on the ground bathing his face, and head, and hands, with vinegar, saw him gradually revive. But to remain in that saloon would be instant death to him, and with much difficulty Delphine removed him to the antechamber, the doors of which were very near the place where he was then lying. " I cannot go farther," said he, feebly, as she closed the door upon the horrid room where she had found him ; and when Delphine looked in his face, she saw that he could not indeed be moved farther. A sudden change had taken place within the last minute. " He does not even know me," said she, as he looked up in her face, and smiled vacantly. He closed his eyes, and remained for some minutes in a heavy sleep. He awoke, and with difficulty raising his hand, he drew forth from his bosom a small golden crucifix,—he kissed it fervently. The little nosegay of lavender and vervain had fallen to the ground. He fixed his eyes upon the withered flowers, and said, feebly, " Give it me—let me smell it,—she said it might refresh me. Tell her—tell my sweet sister, that my heart *was* refreshed even at this awful hour, when I thought of —— Who—who are you ?" he cried, lifting up his head ; but ere he could look at her again, his memory was gone. He now fell into a gentle doze, and Delphine felt a calmness steal over her as she hung gazing upon his still handsome but altered countenance ; altered it was indeed,—the last few hours had done the work of years. He spoke once as he slept, and Delphine thought she heard the words, " happy, how happy." He awoke, repeating them ; but he never spoke again.

The plague ceased soon after the death of Guyon : he had discovered and fully explained the mysterious character of the disease ; and the efforts of the medical men were blessed with complete success.

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### TO A MISER.

Is there a die so grossly black,  
 And amply adequate,  
 To paint the wretched miser's soul  
 In its disgraceful state ?  
 Has language-words so harsh that can  
 His guilt vociferate ?

A renegade to sympathy !  
A sordid slave to vice !  
A cypher to society !  
A dread to starving mice !  
A despot vile in his retreat !  
A potentate of ice !

His haggard eyes protect his wealth,  
With piercing looks of fear,  
The slightest sound of air that moves  
Affrights his watchful ear ;  
An emblem meet of holy writ,  
“ He flies when no one’s near.”

Mean to himself, and basely mean  
To every one beside,  
His iron chest, with hundred locks,  
Is his detested pride ;  
The starving wretch may sue in vain  
To him for help denied.

In a dark cave beneath the earth,  
He wastes his life away,  
In counting o’er his ill-got wealth,  
With scarcely sleep’s delay ;  
He knows no friends, himself unknown,  
He cares not, nor do they.

Open your inward eyes, thou fool,  
With speed pursue the way,  
Where riches uncorrupt do lie  
In everlasting day,  
For death is hov’ring at your heels,  
Whispering your decay.

Let charity, and pity mild,  
From your stern breast have birth,  
And let your coffers’ groaning sides  
Emit their real worth ;  
For know, t’attain at heav’nly wealth,  
You must be poor on earth.

He heeds not, no,—well be it so,  
 He'll find no angel near  
 To help, when comes his dreaded foe  
 To finish his career.  
 The destinies proclaim with woe  
 His iron chest a bier.

E. R. G.

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**.THEY ARE NOW IN HEAVEN.**

BY REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

Oh, they are now in heaven—the lips that laugh'd in holy  
 light,  
 The ringlets pure as vernal flow'rs, the eyes that witch'd our  
 sight.  
 The music of their streams is hush'd, their summer trees are  
 riven,  
 But a hope hath sanctified their graves—oh, they are now in  
 heaven !

Oh, they are now in heaven—but why should we thus lonely  
 be,  
 When golden clouds are hung like isles amid a crystal sea,  
 When butterflies, on rainbow wings, in song and sunshine  
 roam—  
 Why are their hearts thus far away from our forsaken home ?  
 Our sister spoke of other lands, more beauteous than we  
 tread ;  
 Where spirit lyres, with syren tone, their melody shall shed ;  
 And sweeter lips than childhood knew, shall unto us be  
 given !  
 Oh for the pinions of the dove, to find that glorious heaven !  
 We'll welcome the celestial hour, when death shall dim our  
 hair,  
 And make our widow'd hearts unite with our lov'd sisters  
 there :  
 And when our hearths are quench'd and lone—our tombs by  
 tempests riven,  
 The wanderer shall breathe o'er our dust—" Oh, they are  
 now in heaven !"



## FIRE-SIDE PLEASURES,

THROUGH THE PERIOD OF A DECEMBER DAY.

The first sensations of which you are conscious, on awaking, is, that it is "a bitter cold morning;" and with an anxious look at the frosted panes, and a glance at the empty grate, you flatter yourself, that by dressing very expeditiously indeed, you may yet indulge, for another half-hour, in the enjoyment of your comfortable dormitory! but time flies quickly with the happy; and when you are *really* risen, you find that a full hour of the day is passed, which no after exertion can absolutely recover. At length, quite dressed, and half frozen, you descend to the breakfast parlour, and with all the impatience of long-repressed desire, rush, shivering and open-handed, to the bright, sparkling, happy-looking fire-side. The first greeting of this loved object is not, however, quite so kind as might be wished; for, in a few moments, you begin to feel the effects of the sudden transition, in a tingling sensation about the extremities of your swelling fingers, till, as if by a torpedo shock, you find your power over them gone; while the exquisite pain, conquering all ideas of dignity, sends you dangling them, and dancing in agony round the room.

The meal, however, is at last got through, and you adjourn to the library; but the wind is due east, and, owing to an architectural obstacle, which no art or expense can remove, the smoke, at such seasons, always returns into the apartment with ten-fold vigor. By leaving the door or windows open, and sitting, to prevent absolute suffocation, with a handkerchief to the mouth and nostrils, you find yourself in a delightful disposition to rove into the regions of fancy or fiction; but suddenly, a gust of soot, enveloping the room in Stygian darkness, drives you from this blissful abode, to seek for comfort in a purer sphere.

But these are minor evils; it is at the dinner party—that rallying-point and brilliant focus of life—it is here only, that all the comforts of a fire-side are to be felt without alloy; and you, therefore, console yourself with anticipating, that the entertainment at your friend B——'s will amply compensate for the morning's little troubles. We pass over the routine of compliments usual on the assembling of such parties; the

several observations on the barometer, thermometer, and other accurate and useful instruments, from the comparison of whose appearances, it is at length about to be inferred, that it is really colder to-day than it was yesterday ; but, owing to the tenacity of our sceptical gentlemen, dinner is announced before the point is fully settled ; and you follow to the dining parlour. Here the servant has been particularly instructed to make the room *comfortable* ; and your fellow-guests, congratulating each other on being so well defended from the weather, pass along to their seats, exchanging reciprocal compliments. You prepare to follow the example, but are arrested by the soft voice of your fair hostess, who, observing, with a smile of considerable attention, “ she knows Mr. A—— is *fond of the fire*,” points to a chair, the back of which is just eighteen inches from the red hot bars. You eye the glowing station, which, to your alarmed imagination, appears scarcely ten degrees cooler than the mouth of a glass maker’s furnace, and intimate your wish to decline ; but your disinclination is imputed to modesty, your reluctance to amiable self-denial ; till, becoming conscious the negociation is extending beyond the bound politeness allows, you yield to the intended kindness, and make your way to the seat of sacrifice, with Roman resolution. For the first few minutes, the heat, however, is not disagreeable, nay, you even begin to chuckle with secret satisfaction, upon noticing at the farther end of the room some incipient tints of red, blue, indigo, &c. already overspreading, in prismatic regularity, the nasal feature of a pale-looking gentleman, seated nearest the door ; but scarcely are the covers removed, when a general suffusion of the whole frame, approaching to suffocation, violent throbbing of the temples, and a feeling down the back, as if the spinal marrow were really beginning to dissolve, at once overwhelms you ; and all your thoughts are henceforth devoted to the possibility of escape. At length, after sundry rueful looks over your shoulder, to mark the progress of the enemy, the cause of your distress is noticed ; and the only screen being already engrossed by a rheumatic dowager, the servant accommodates you, by bringing from the hall, and spreading over the back of your chair, a nice damp great coat. Here, sweltering in vapours, that rise on every side, you sit in foreboding apprehension, cursing your own affability, the kind considera-

tion of your hostess, and wondering what on earth could have induced you to accept such an invitation.

But the retirement of the ladies, by allowing a removal, prevents your utter carbonization ; and *cooled* into better humour by brisk conversation and the circulating glass, you endeavour to forget these troubles, and resolve to be *comfortable* for the rest of the evening. The summons to tea arrives, and, full of delightful anticipation, you enter the drawing room. Here, at least, you are determined the heat shall not *incom-*mode you ; and, dropping into the first vacant seat that offers, you hope, by exerting your very best colloquial talents, to efface the remembrance of former taciturnity. Ah ! luckless enterprise ! in the midst of a pathetic relation by your fair neighbour, to which there seems no end, you discover the seat you have taken to be in a direct line between the blazing fire-place and the ever-opening door, so that every time an exit or an entrance takes place, which appears to be at the rate of every fifty times in a minute, a strong current of air, temperature 25 Farenheit, rushes impetuously against you, penetrating every corner of your system, and working its way into you at every distended pore. It is in vain you twist and fidget—in vain you dart angry looks at the unconscious causers of your suffering : all are too much engrossed with their own important cares, to perceive your uncomfortable situation. Chained to the stake, from which you are ashamed to withdraw, relief at last arrives ; but the mischief is done. Cold has seized you, rheumatism is attacking you, corporeal pain, producing mental dissatisfaction, is shedding its jaundiced hues over every thing you feel and see. Sick, wearied, fevered, you at length reach home, where, cowering over the embers of the parlour fire the servant has neglected to replenish, you stand, endeavouring to gain resolution to ascend to your yet more comfortless chamber, and feelingly ask yourself, from the day's experience, “ *What are the boasted comforts of a fire-side ?* ”

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### AN ADIEU.

An aideu should in utterance die ;  
 If written, but faintly appear ;  
 Only heard in the burst of a sigh,  
 Only seen in the drop of a tear.

## THE NEWSMAN.

I, that do bring the news.—*Shakspeare.*

Our calling, however the vulgar may deem,  
Was of old, both on high and below, in esteem;  
E'en the gods were to much curiosity given,  
For *Hermes* was only the newsman of heaven.

Hence with wings to his cap, and his staff, and his heels,  
He depicted appears, which our myst'ry reveals,  
That *news* flies like wind, to raise sorrow or laughter,  
While, leaning on Time, *Truth* comes heavily after.  
*Newsman's Verses, 1747.*

The newsman is a "lone person." His business and he distinct from all other occupations and people. All the year round, and every day in the year, the newsman must rise soon after four o'clock, and be at the newspaper offices to procure a few of the first morning papers allotted to him, at extra charges, for particular orders, and catch them by the "early coaches." Afterwards he has wait for his share of the regular publication of each paper, he allots these as well as he can among some of the most important of his town orders. The next publication at a later hour is devoted to his remaining customers; and he sends off boys with different portions according to the supply he successively receives. Notices frequently and necessarily inserted in different papers, of the hour of final publication the evening day, guard the interests of the newspaper proprietors against the sluggishness of the indolent, and quicken the diligence, newsman. Yet, however skilful his arrangements may be they are subject to unlooked-for accidents. The late arrival of foreign journals, a parliamentary debate unexpectedly protracted, or an article of importance in one paper exclusively, retard the printing, and defer the newsman. His presence, well-worn before he gets his "last papers," must be continued during the whole period he is occupied in delivering them. The sheet is sometimes half snatched before he draw it from his wrapper; he is often chided for delay when he would have been praised for speed; his excuse, "All the papers were late this morning," is better heard than admitted, either giver nor receiver has time to parley; and before he gets home to dinner, he hears at one house that "Master

has waited for the paper these two hours;" at another,— "Master's gone out, and says if you can't bring the paper earlier, he won't have it at all;" and some ill-conditioned "master," perchance, leaves positive orders, "Don't take it in, but tell the man to bring the bill, and I'll pay it, and have done with him."

Besides buyers, every newsman has readers at so much each paper per hour. One class stipulates for a journal always at breakfast; another, that it is to be delivered exactly at such a time; a third, at any time, so that it is left the full hour; and among all of these there are malecontents, who permit nothing of "time or circumstance" to interfere with their personal convenience. Though the newsman delivers, and allows the use of his paper, and fetches it, for a stipend not half equal to the lowest paid porter's price for letter-carrying in London, yet he finds some, with whom he covenanted, objecting, when it is called for,— "I've not had my breakfast," — "The paper did not come at the proper time," — "I've not had leisure to look at it yet," — "It has not been left an hour," — or any other pretence equally futile or untrue, which, were he to allow, would prevent him serving his readers in rotation, or at all. If he can get all his morning papers from these customers by four o'clock, he is a happy man.

Soon after three in the afternoon, the newsman and some of his boys must be at the offices of the evening papers; but before he can obtain his requisite numbers, he must wait till the newsmen of the Royal Exchange have received theirs, for the use of the merchants on 'change. Some of the first he gets are hurried off to coffee-house and tavern-keepers. When he has procured his full quantity, he supplies the remainder of his town customers. These disposed of, then comes the hasty folding and directing of his reserves for the country, and the forwarding of them to the post-office, or in parcels for the mails, and to other coach-offices. The Gazette nights, every Tuesday and Friday, add to his labors.— the publication of second and third editions of the evening papers is a super-addition. On what he calls a "regular day," he is fortunate if he find himself settled within his own door by seven o'clock, after fifteen hours of running to and fro. It is now only that he can review the business of the day, enter his fresh orders, ascertain how many of each paper

will require on the morrow, arrange his accounts, provide the money he may have occasion for, eat the only quiet meal he could reckon upon since that of the evening before, "steal a few hours from the night" for needful rest, before he rises the next morning to a day of the like incessant agitation: and thus, from Monday to Saturday, he labors every day.

The newsman desires no work but his own to prove "Sun-day no Sabbath;" for on him and his brethren devolves the circulation of upwards of fifty thousand Sunday papers in the course of the forenoon. His Sunday dinner is the only meal he can ensure with his family, and the short remainder of the day the only time he can enjoy in their society with intimacy, or extract something from, for more serious duties, or social converse.

The newsman's is an out-of-doors business at all seasons, his life is measured out to unceasing toil. In all weather, hail, rain, wind, and snow, he is daily constrained to way and the fare of a way-faring man. He walks, or he runs, to distribute information concerning all sorts of circumstances and persons, except his own. He is unable to give himself, or others, time for intimacy, and therefore, unless he had formed friendships before he took to his servitude, has not the chance of cultivating them, save with persons of the same calling. He may be said to have been divorced, to live "separate and apart" from society in general; though he mixes with every body, it is only for a few hurried moments, and as strangers do in a crowd.

The paper's familiar description of a newspaper, with its uniform intelligence, and the pleasure of reading it in the study, never tires, and in this place is to the purpose.

This folio of four pages, happy work!  
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds  
Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
Fast bound in chains of silence which the fair,  
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break,  
What is it, but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
Births, deaths, and marriages—

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The grand debate,  
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
 And the loud laugh——  
 Cat'racts of declamation thunder here ;  
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,  
 In which all comprehension wanders lost ;  
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,  
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange  
 But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,  
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,  
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
 Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,  
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
 Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,  
 Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,  
 And Katerfelto, with his hair an end  
 At his own wonders, wand'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,  
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir  
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;  
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,  
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
 Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.  
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus, at ease,  
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced  
 To some secure and more than mortal height,  
 That lib'rates and exempts us from them all.

This is an agreeable and true picture ; and, with like  
 felicity, the poet paints the bearer of the newspaper.

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,  
 That with its wearisome but needful length  
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;—  
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
 With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks  
 News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.  
 True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
 Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn ;  
 And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.  
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
 Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;  
 To him indiff'rent, whether grief or joy.

Methinks, as I have always thought, that Cowper here missed the expression, of a kind feeling, and rather tends to raise an ungenerous sentiment towards this poor fellow. As the bearer of intelligence, of which he is ignorant, why should it be

“ To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy ? ”

If “ cold, and yet cheerful,” he has attained to the “ practical philosophy ” of bearing ills with patience. He is a frozen creature that “ whistles,” and therefore called “ light-hearted wretch.” The poet refrains to “ look with a gentle eye upon this wretch,” but, having obtained the newspaper, determines to enjoy himself, and cries

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
 And, while the bubbling, and loud-hissing urn  
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
 That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

This done, and the bard surrounded with means of enjoyment, he directs his sole attention to the newspaper, nor spares a thought in behalf of the way-worn messenger, nor bids him “ God speed ! ” on his further forlorn journey through the wintry blast.

In London scarcely any one knows the newsman but a newsman. His customers know him least of all. Some of them seem almost ignorant that he has like “ senses, affections, passions,” with themselves, or is “ subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer.” They are indifferent to him in

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exact ratio to their attachment to what he "serves" them with. Their regard is for the newspaper and not the newsman. Should he succeed in his occupation, they do not hear of it: if he fail, they do not care for it. If he dies, the servant receives the paper from his successor, and says, when she carries it up stairs, "If you please, the newsman's dead:" they scarcely ask where he lived, or his fall occasions a pun "We always said he *was*, and now we have proof that he *is*, the *late* newsman." They are almost as unconcerned as if he had been the postman.

Once a year, a printed "copy of verses" reminds every newspaper reader that the hand that bore it is open to a small boon. "The Newsman's Address to his Customers, 1826," deplorably adverts to the general distress, patriotically predicts better times, and seasonably intimates, that in the height of annual festivities he, too, has a heart capable of joy.

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"although the muse complains  
And sings of woes in melancholy strains,  
Yet Hope, at last, strikes up her trembling wires,  
And bids Despair forsake your glowing fires.  
While, as in olden time, Heav'n's gifts you share,  
And Englishmen enjoy their Christmas fare;  
While at the social board friend joins with friend,  
And smiles and jokes and salutations blend;  
Your Newsman wishes to be social too,  
And would enjoy the opening year with you:  
Grant him your annual gift, he will not fail  
To drink your health once more with Christmas ale:  
Long may you live to share your Christmas cheer,  
And he still wish you many a happy year!"

The losses and crosses to which newsmen are subject, and the minutiae of their laborious life, would form an instructive volume. As a class of able men of business, their importance is established by excellent regulations, adapted to their interests and well-being; and their numerous society includes many individuals of high intelligence, integrity and opulence.

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## ON THE FIRST EPOCH OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

The literature of Italy is now attracting a greater attention among civilized nations than at any former period, not even excepting that previous to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. Not only those who are guided by fashion are applying to it, but those who are animated with the true spirit of wisdom and philosophy, and disregard malicious or prejudiced critics. Why should it be otherwise? It offers to us a boundless field to exercise and improve our minds. An original, powerful, and unfettered, genius is before us: sublime poets, magnificent historians, philosophers, and writers of all kinds, have flourished in that country since the twelfth century. Their pages are rich with the spoils of time. They present us in particular the history of a people who first struggled and triumphed over ignorance and barbarism;—who favored and enjoyed freedom in the face of European oppression;—who have experienced, in short, all human vicissitudes. Surely no object can be more interesting to mankind.

There are very few instances where the superior genius of Italy has been better developed than in the formation of its language. While the nations of Europe scarcely knew the existence of a Tuscan dialect, the very same dialect in less than a century was cultivated, enriched, and refined to such a degree as to rival the best language known. Pietro dalle Vigne, Farinata, Buonagiunta da Lucca, Guittone d'Arezzo, Rinaldo d'Acquino, Lupo Gianni, Forese Donati, Ser Brunetto Notaio, Guido Giudice Messenesi, Lupo degli Uberti, Guido Cavalcanti, Giovan Villani, Cino, Pietro Crescenzo, and several others, wrote successfully both in verse and prose on a great variety of subjects. But the glory of fixing the first brilliant epoch of Italian literature was reserved to the mighty genius of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio.

Though the former writers were not destitute of talents, yet the great superiority of the latter, and their successors, have almost obscured them. However, the poetical compositions of Guido Cavalcanti, Farinata, Cino, Guittone d'Arezzo, as well as Villani's history of Florence, and the treaty on the Wants of the Farm, by Pietro Crescenzo, are worthy monu-

ments of genius, and have greater claims to our attention than many modern flatterers, whom, through ignorance, we are accustomed to extol.

Dante Alighieri was born at Florence in the year 1265.—After finishing his education under Brunetto Latini, he engaged in the business of public life, embraced the military profession, and distinguished himself on several occasions by his bravery and abilities. In 1300 he was appointed chief magistrate of the Florentine republic. But the only advantage that he derived from that station was the facility of examining, as if from an eminence, the troublesome times in which he lived. From political reasons, he was afterwards obliged to fly his country, and for a short period he found shelter at the court of Verona. Not being pleased with the treatment he received there, he resolved to go to France. Here his talents were appreciated, and he acquired great reputation, especially among learned divines. He returned afterwards to Italy with a view of again joining his relations and friends in his native land. But, as the party he then espoused, did not succeed in taking Florence, all his hopes were blasted ; and from the moment of its failure, till he obtained, through the interest of Guido Novello da Polenta, an honorable establishment at Ravenna, he is supposed to have wandered about Italy in the most helpless condition. After many vexations, he died on the fourteenth of September, 1321, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. A magnificent monument was raised to his memory in 1780, bearing the following inscription :—

Dante Alighiero poetæ sui temporis primo  
Restitutori politioris humanitatis.

Dante is the author of several Latin and Italian works, in prose and verse. But his fame rests chiefly on his Italian writings, *La Vita Nuova*, *Il Convito*, his *Songs*, and, more especially *La Divina Commedia*. For originality, vastness, and sublimity, he yields to none but Homer. With the acuteness of the most profound genius, he represents, in a learned manner, the active and contemplative life, not by means of fierce passions, bloody battles, cruel spectacles, vain fictions, and chimeras, but by viewing and describing men far from the worldly concerns, punished or rewarded in various ways,

according to their works, by a being all-powerful and just. Considering the novel manner by which he obtained his end, well might he sing—

L'acqua ch' io prendo, giammai non si corse,  
*Minerva* spira, e conducemi *Apollo*,  
 E nuove Muse mi dimostrar l' Orse.

Petrarca and Boccaccio were worthy successors of that creative genius. The former rivalled, if not surpassed, the best productions of the ancients in the purity of his style, the sweetness of his sonnets, the gravity of his songs, and the morality of his triumphs. The latter afforded every specimen of eloquence in prose.

The rapid progress of the Italian language on the outset, has always been a matter of surprise among the writers of different nations. But if we examine the philanthropic views, the learning of those and other great men of the time, the means they used to enlighten their countrymen, we shall find this progress less surprising.

Dante, in imitation of Homer, Virgil, and other ancient authors, might have chosen, as some writers observed, a hero for his subject, celebrated his actions, and acquired fame: but it would not have suited his vast designs. He chose a subject acceptable to the age; a subject that might offer him many opportunities of enriching and refining his native language, of examining human manners more minutely, censuring vice, and exalting virtue;—of being at once a great poet, philosopher, and instructor. Petrarca, aiming at the same object, wrote on love; but he treated the subject very differently from what was expected by an ignorant and degenerated people. Instead of lasciviousness, his works contained the most refined ideas of a virtuous and philosophic mind, conveyed in language unequalled for its precision, perspicuity, and elegance. Boccaccio, in his *Decamerone*, and other writings, left us the most lively picture of his age; but, as he treated principally on familiar subjects, he could not use very great freedom in censoring, from fear that his writings might not suit the general taste: however, he is seldom found without his lash. Other authors of the same age, though of inferior abilities, were eagerly read, as they wrote on different subjects; and if they

added little or nothing to the language, they at least promoted its study.

The journey of Dante and his companions through hell, purgatory, and paradise, not only formed a topic of conversation, as it was expected, but his expressive and powerful language became general every where in Italy. Young men, in imitation of Petrarca, wrote sonnets, songs, and other kinds of composition to their mistresses. The language of conversation was judged by that of Boccaccio. Adding to these causes, a people full of native genius, minds most ready to appreciate whatever is most amiable in nature, or worthy in art, we might easily account for such an astonishing progress of language under the most congenial sky of Italy.

Ever since the thirteenth century, Italian authors, notwithstanding many unfavorable circumstances, have been more numerous than those of any other country; and as they have found the language of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, admirably adapted to every style of composition, they have used it without material alterations. In this they differ from those of other nations, whose languages are continually changing, and will change so long as their orthography is so irregular and inconsistent with the actual pronunciation. An Italian, acquainted with his own language, will be able to read and relish every author from Dante to Alfieri, and Monti, without meeting great difficulties: whereas the English and French writers of the fifteenth century, and even some of the sixteenth, are scarcely legible.

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### AN OLD STORY VERSIFIED.

When Oliver Cromwell and some of his saints  
 Were over a bottle, quite free from restraints,  
 The corkscrew by accident fell from the table,  
 And to find it at first the drunk guests were unable;  
 When, as Noll got impatient, and went on his knees,  
 A messenger entered, and said, "If you please,  
 The kirk's deputation would wish to be heard."  
 "Not at present," cried Noll, "we are seeking the Lord."  
 Then observed to his friends, "They are not without merit,  
 Who seek the means humbly to get at the spirit!"

T. W.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF HORNE TOOKE.

Mr. Tooke was, in private company and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of "the king's old courtier, and an old courtier of the king's." He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable *nonchalance*, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good humour. In the spirit of opposition, or in the pride of logical superiority, he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference of equanimity. He said the most provoking things with a laughing gaiety, and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favorite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of deference for the opinions of others, nor of sympathy for their feelings; nor had he any obstinate convictions of his own to defend—

"Lord of himself, uncumber'd with a *creed*!"

he took up any topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side, and had rather an ill-natured delight in contradiction, and in perplexing the understanding of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the *onus probandi* on his adversary, and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. He used to plague Fuseli, by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects; and Dr. Parr, by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is*. Once, at Gray's, he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage, and endeavoured to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to show that it was monotonous; and he imitated him also,

to show that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain?) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas, in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. He argued on the same occasion, in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and that it was physically impossible for any one to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests and to the world. No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle—to foil, or bring them out.

Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory, and knowledge of his favorite subject, languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner, when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drank, with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamour and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to show it was still full. Mr. Holcroft, the author of the *Road to Ruin*, was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbleton. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr. Holcroft, when is it that I am to dine with you? shall it be next Thursday?" "If you please, Mr. Tooke;" answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again. It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists, to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recall the time of Wilkes and liberty, the conversation mellowing, like the wine, with the smack of age;—assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant traits, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came.

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## STANZAS.

BY JAMES KNOX.

I welcom'd the morning, and hail'd the sun-rise  
 Majestic from out of the sea,  
 But clouds quickly shaded the face of the skies,  
 And hid all his glories from me :  
 I saw, and I inwardly cried, " this is life !  
 How bright on its course we begin ;  
 We think it with chiefest of pleasures is rife,  
 But soon find it o'ershadow'd by sin."

I gaz'd on the rose, as she bloom'd in her pride  
 In the garden, the fairest of flowers !  
 I sought for her after, but found she had died  
 In the lapse of a few fleeting hours :  
 And, as by the side of the youthful and brave,  
 I stood, the tear rush'd to mine eye,  
 For I knew that one time we must sink to the grave,  
 Like the rose, we shall wither and die.

I wander'd, I carelessly wander'd till night,  
 Dark and misty, hung over the plain,  
 And I would have returned, but no star shed its light,  
 To guide my steps homeward again :  
 And I sigh'd, for in this, I, a likeness could trace  
 To the time when to sorrow we bend—  
 When prosperity ceases to show us her face,  
 How hard 'tis to find a true friend !

## RECEIPT FOR A MODERN DUEL.

Two fools, with each an empty head  
 Or, like their pistols, lined with lead ;  
 Two minor fools to measure distance ;  
 A surgeon to afford assistance ;  
 A paragraph to catch the fair,  
 And tell the world how brave they are !



## STANZAS.

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

Henry I. (after the loss of Prince William,) entertained hopes, for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never afterwards was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.—*Hume*.

The bark that held a prince went down,  
 The sweeping waves roll'd on;  
 And what was England's glorious crown  
 To him that wept a son?  
 He lived—for life may long be borne,  
 Ere sorrow break its chain;  
 Why comes not death to those that mourn?—  
 He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
 The stately and the brave;  
 But which could fill the place of one,  
 That one beneath the wave?  
 Before him pass'd the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's restless train;  
 But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair,—  
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,  
 He heard the minstrel sing;  
 He saw the tourney's victor crown'd  
 Amidst the knightly ring.  
 A murmur of the restless deep  
 Seem'd blent with every strain,  
 A voice of winds that would not sleep,—  
 He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace  
 Of vows once fondly pour'd,  
 And strangers took the kinsman's place  
 At many a joyous board.  
 Graves, which true love had wash'd with tears,  
 Were left to heaven's bright train;  
 Fresh hopes were born for other years,—  
 He never smiled again!



### CARDINAL WOLSEY'S COLLEGE.

In Ipswich, on the south side of the passage leading from St. Nicholas-street to the church-yard, stands the house in which tradition reports that Cardinal Wolsey was born, in 1471. It has been generally believed that his father was a butcher, but there appears no grounds for such a supposition; he rather seems to have descended from a respectable family. Be this as it may, he received his education at the grammar-school of his native town, and at Magdalen-college, Oxford. Having embraced the ecclesiastical profession, he was pre-

sented, in 1500, to the rectory of Lymington, by Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, whose three sons were under his tuition.

Probably through the recommendation of this nobleman, he was sent by Henry VII. on a mission to the Emperor Maximilian, and acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the king, that, on his return, he was rewarded with the deanery of Lincoln, and a prebend in that cathedral. His introduction to the court of Henry VIII. he owed to Fox, bishop of Winchester, whom he soon supplanted in his master's favor, by which he rapidly rose to the station of sole and absolute minister. He successively became bishop of Tournay, in Flanders, which city the king had just taken, a cardinal, bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and lord high chancellor of England. The revenues derived from all his places are said to have equalled those of the sovereign; and he expended them in a manner not less magnificent. Among his retinue, composed of 800 persons, were many gentlemen, knights, and even individuals of noble birth. He built the palace of Hampton Court, and York Place, in London, which afterwards received the name of Whitehall. Naturally ambitious, Wolsey was not satisfied with the honors which he had obtained, but aspired to the papal tiara. Disappointed in his hopes by the Emperor Charles V., who had promised to support him, Wolsey revenged himself by promoting the divorce of his master from Catherine of Arragon, aunt to his imperial majesty. This affair, however, proved the occasion of the cardinal's downfall. The obstacle to the accomplishment of Henry's wishes being too powerful for even Wolsey to remove so speedily as the king desired, he incurred Henry's displeasure, and being at the same time undermined by his enemies, he was suddenly stripped of all his employments, banished from the court, and apprehended for high treason. Having reached Leicester, on his way from Cawood, in Yorkshire, to London, death interposed on the thirtieth of November, 1530, and saved him from farther humiliations.

Wolsey was a zealous promoter of learning, as the foundation of Christ Church-college, Oxford, and of his college at Ipswich, sufficiently attest. The latter was situated in the parish of St. Peter, which, as appears from Doomsday book, had large possessions in the time of Edward the Confessor. It was afterwards appropriated to the priory of St. Peter and

St. Paul, which stood contiguous to the church-yard, and was founded in the reign of Henry II., by Thomas Lacy and Alice his wife, for Black Canons, of the order of St. Augustine. This house was suppressed in 1527, by Cardinal Wolsey, who, willing to bestow some marks of regard on the place of his nativity, as well as desirous of erecting there a lasting monument of his greatness, resolved to build and endow a college and grammar-school, to serve as a nursery for his new college at Oxford. For this purpose, being then in the meridian of his prosperity, he obtained bulls from the pope for the suppression, and letters patent from the king for the site of the estate, of the priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, where, in the twentieth of Henry VIII., he founded a college, dedicated to the honor of the blessed virgin, consisting of a dean, twelve secular canons, eight clerks, and eight choristers, together with a grammar-school; and for its farther endowment he procured part of the possessions of ten monasteries. The first stone was laid with great solemnity by the Bishop of Lincoln, on which occasion a grand procession was made through the town from the college to the church of our lady. But this noble foundation was scarcely completed before the cardinal was disgraced.

No part of this college now remains except the gate, which stands adjoining to the east side of St. Peter's church-yard, the rest having been long demolished to the very foundations. About the year 1764, the first stone was found in two pieces, worked up in a common wall in Woulform's-lane, with a Latin inscription to this effect:—"In the year of Christ 1528, and the twentieth of Henry VIII., King of England, on the fifteenth of June, by John, bishop of Lincoln." This was John Longland, who likewise laid the first stone of Wolsey's college at Oxford.

This gate, with the exception of a square stone tablet, on which are carved the arms of King Henry VIII., is entirely of brick, worked into niches, and decorated according to the fashion of the time. It is supposed to have been the great, or chief, gate; for as the cardinal, by setting the king's arms over a college of his own foundation, meant to flatter that monarch, it is not probable that he would put them over any other than the principal entrance. This gate now leads to a private house.

## BLIGHTED HOPES.

How soon our fairest hopes are gone !  
 Well I remember, 'twas last year,  
 A woman, wretched and forlorn,  
 Was weeping o'er her young child's bier :  
 She wept—but 'twas in vain to weep ;  
 Its spirit had ascended where  
 Felicity is constant—deep ;  
 “ Yes ! all is sweet and joyous there,”  
 She said, as down her pale cheek fell  
 The fast, the sad, unheeded tear,  
 “ I shall not on this earth long dwell—  
 I shall not see another year.”  
 'Twas true—she's join'd her little boy  
 In heavenly regions blest above,  
 Where all is pleasure and fond joy,—  
 Where all is heaven's own offspring—love.

ALAN.

## THE BEGGAR BOY'S TALE.

I was a child when my father fell,  
 And a child when I saw my mother die ;  
 But though years have gone I remember well,  
 My father's last look—my mother's last sigh.  
 She sought the red field where the war had been,  
 And she bore me where mangled bodies lay ;  
 But I knew not the horrors of such a scene,  
 And 'mid all, my young heart smiled, and was gay.

On the ground I saw my sire reclined,  
 But I knew not then he was dying there ;  
 And still I prattled, and smiled, and turned  
 My fingers round his bloody hair.  
 Though so faintly he breathed “ my son, my son,”  
 Blessing me there with his parting breath ;  
 Ah ! little I deem'd that his days were done !  
 The look he gave was the look of death.

And there was my mother sitting by  
And her watch beside my sire she kept,  
But no gathering tear had dull'd her eye ;  
I thought her happy who had not wept.  
How I wondered when the night came on,  
They had made the cold green earth their bed ;  
But at morning my mother, too, was gone,  
And I was an orphan—both were dead !

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### THE FRETWELLS.

“ It’s very strange,” said Mrs. Fretwell to her husband, “ that you will always keep the snuffers on your side of the table. Do you think I am to poke my eyes out with such a long wick as this ?” Mr. Fretwell was reading over a provisional assignment of some hundred lines ; but, dropping one side of the parchment, he complied so far with the wishes of his wife as to push the instrument of decapitation near her, at the same time keeping his eye on the paper in question. To reach the instrument, however, required some exertion. Mrs. Fretwell seemed determined to quarrel before she sat down, and her husband, duly and from habit apprised of her intention, bore the gathering storm with calmness : it continued to rumble at a distance unheeded ; but meeting with no impediment, was about to subside, when Mr. Fretwell endeavoured to raise a flame, in order that he might dry his feet, which a drizzling rain had wetted. He seized the poker for the purpose, but replaced it so carelessly, that it rolled against the grate, communicated its slippery propensity to the shovel, and, with the natural but provoking sympathy of fire-irons, they all fell with a tremendous clatter over a cut steel fender. This was more than the now becalmed, but late perturbed spirit of Mrs. Fretwell could bear ; she inundated her deary with all the terms of feminine abuse and lady-like eloquence, taking care to mix in her rhapsodies a few bitter ingredients, and one or two *strong* asseverations, the which, had any one else been present, she would have bit her tongue in two rather than have uttered. Availing herself of the privilege of a matrimonial tête-à-tête, she was, on the contrary, only scrupulous to employ those epithets which might lay hold with the greatest

strength on the feelings of her helpmate, and make him feel his dependence on her for happiness, or rather misery, in its fullest force.

Mr. Fretwell had for many years been entertained with his wife's fulminatory excesses, and he had endeavoured to bear them with Christian patience. He was too indolent frequently to put himself in a passion, and he had found, that to procure any thing that even assimilated to peace was impossible. In the war of tongues, however, he had no chance; what he had learned at Westminster Hall, at home stood him in no stead: the enemy, he knew, might capitulate for a time, but as quickly infringe any treaty. "There is nothing to be gained, sir," said he one day to his friend Sneak, "in a quarrel with a woman; all your reasoning powers here avail you nothing; nor does passion at all assist you: if you can come to a good battle, well and good. One party being subdued, all would be quiet; but women, sir, in these squabbles, are light troops, a sort of rifle corps,—they hang on your rear; like a cossack, they distress and rake your flank; they carry their point, not by an occasional skirmish, but by a continual warfare." Mr. Fretwell was, however, at this moment in a less placable humour than usual—he had been out all day: the worthy judge had cast some reflections on him in the matter of *Playfair versus Ferrett*: some *impertinent* creditors had also called to press for their right; he had four times been obliged to take his eyes off the *skin* of vellum he was perusing, and had begun once more—"And the said Peter Tomlinson doth hereby promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators"—when the storm of *Poker versus Shovel and Tongs*, gave rise to a revival of female expostulation. He then started, and unable to conceal his pain, exclaimed, striking his fist upon the table, "Zounds, madam! is it not enough that I must be *bored* for everlasting with your *unlimited* tongue, at bed, at board, but that my hours of privacy—of business, must be intruded on by your confounded clatter? Would to heaven, madam, they were at the devil who brought you and me together! would"—but it would be really too great an insult to our readers to repeat the strain of invective which followed: suffice it to say, discord waved her sooty wings; but as the lady's lungs were more powerful than the gentleman's, and as her cause grew worse she grew louder, his only resource

was in a skilful retreat. He locked up his papers from felon hands, and snatching up his hat, strode to the door, and, in a whirl of passion, forgot the provisional assignment, and pondered on a deed of separation. He stalked unconsciously to the Pewter Platter, and entered the parlor, rarified with clouds of real Virginia, and which, as the door opened, wafted a breeze, discovering the exciseman's red nose, and the churchwarden's glum visage. Dick fetched him a chair;—the common compliments passed; he answered the company's inquiries, by informing them, that the night was very boisterous. He then lit his pipe in silence; his whiffs were observed to be more rapid than usual, and the fume which he emitted incorporated with the cloud raised by the vicar, the apothecary, and the overseer.

It is said, that the old gentleman with the cloven foot is always at our elbow; and that he is ever free to volunteer his services for precious mischief that may begin to be engendering in our hearts. Wearied with the continued ill temper of his wife, whom no pains of his had endeavoured to sooth, he congratulated himself in finding some excuse for the depravity of a plan he was about to execute. Many of our young readers will no doubt be surprised when we inform them that Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell were bound in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony, from what they called love. They were once in love with each other; we will tell our readers in what manner; they will then see that many parents like the couple before us, are just as wise as their children, who have only lived half the time they have.

Their parents then were friends; they often talked of their darlings, and long before the latter could possibly, even in this forward age, know the meaning of husband and wife, the children, who were yet at school and had not yet beheld each other, were not called by their proper appellations, but Master Henry, if he behaved well, was to see his pretty wife; and Susan was as often encouraged in the like manner, by the hope of seeing her husband. The time arrived, and the young people met, and those fair anticipations to which they had looked forward, as is often the case, mocked reality. They were, it is true, at first pleased with each other; the second week they quarrelled, the third they hated each other, and, with this mutual feeling, returned to school. The parents



were silly enough to be disappointed in this, and declared to the children if they would not agree, force should compel them. But, they returned sulkily to school, and their fathers were too much taken up with the political events and party squabbles of the day, to remember more of their childrens' preconceived welfare. Many years after, they met at the house of a mutual friend. At the age of seventeen, the same dispositions remained, but education and dissimulation had taught them, what as children they had deemed unnecessary, to disguise their feelings. The little sulky greedy boy of nine years old was still the same; and the young lady, had she allowed herself to show her real propensity, would have convinced him, that all the school discipline she had undergone, had not driven a spice of the virago out of her. It was so ordered, that the young gentleman was to see the young lady home to her father's house: they talked, as they proceeded homeward, of old times; each related their foibles as things that were gone, as the faults of all during infancy; but well has the satarist declared, that

Men are but children of a larger growth.

The young gentleman, on taking leave, was invited by the lady's father to his house; he was a man of politeness, and could therefore do no less, though of late much coolness had subsisted between the two heads of the houses. They had opposed each other at a vestry, and it was hinted, that old Mr. Fretwell had somewhat injured his fortune by a mercantile speculation. As there were few of their own age residing near the Fretwell estate, the young people became really necessary to each other; they mutually contributed to each other's pleasure, and relieved the tedium of a country village life. Frequently were they now together. Matrimony had not yet entered their heads; but their parents again continued to engender this idea for them. The young lady's mamma cautioned her daughter how to behave to her friend;—told her how much, she had no doubt, she had crept into his heart; and reminded her how jealous Mr. Henry Fretwell was of the tall apothecary, and vowed she would never give her consent to the match.

Mr. Henry Fretwell was so pleased with some verses de-

scribing a despairing lover, that he verily believed they described himself : he longed himself to be a poet, and actually attempted once to put his wishes into execution ; and hearing his father once say, he hated the whole family into which he was formerly so anxious that his son should enter, he immediately sat down and wrote to a friend something about fathers having flinty hearts ; concluding, that he must marry his dear Cleora, or die in despair. Now was the mother to assist by her ridiculous conduct, which she designed as a preventive : she inquired of Mr. Henry why he came to see her daughter so often, and declared that she would never consent that her child should marry a man whose father brought him up to no business. This at once bore down every obstacle ; the murder was now out : the young people cogitated together, and by dint of opposition, novels, sonnets, and confidential servants and friends, at the joint ages of five-and-thirty, they were married. The parents were at first vociferous in their indignation, but family pride obliged them to assist their children, and after some little squabbling, the fathers came forward, and their ingrates were settled. Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell had no children, on whose education contradiction and opposition of plans were to be employed : they had, indeed, often quarrelled about their offspring, in case they should have any ; finding it, however, entirely useless, as they were disappointed of these blessings, their bickerings subsided on this score after a few years of matrimony, and they left the topic for the discussion of others equally futile or violent.

It is now high time to return to the Pewter Platter, where Mr. Fretwell, after many puffs, became himself again. He now determined to set about a plan which he had long cherished, which some few whisperings of conscience had as yet prevented, but which this last *fracas* with his wife unfortunately accelerated. He had for some time cast an evil eye on Dorothy Wright, his wife's maid of all work. Some hints of mutual inclination had already passed between them ; and his now *grand* scheme of happiness was, to persuade her to leave her mistress, for private lodgings, with him. Thus, while he thought of changing his situation for the better, he little dreamt of the trite adage of " Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Dolly had a point to gain ; no wonder, then, that she was more submissive than his wife. She had provoked a

warning from her mistress, and was discharged without the smallest suspicion of the real reason. A small house was taken, a servant hired to wait on her, a garden stocked, the window-shutters painted green, and every thing was ready for the faithless swain about to prove untrue to the wife of his bosom. He was now the luckiest dog imaginable ; he had found out the philosopher's stone of contentment, and, poor silly man ! hugged himself in his iniquity, and forgot that pleasure could never long accompany vice. He now bore the vocal abilities of his wife with the most provoking sang froid ; but, under pretence of professional avocations, seldom slept under the same roof with her, when at length arrived the long vacation. Hitherto he had seen his Dolly not so frequently as he had wished.

Mrs. Fretwell, who never interested herself in her husband's concerns, knew not that the long vacation was a cessation from business ; and he, under the pretence of attending the western circuit, in the causes long pending of Mumford against Bumford, took his departure for his dear cottage. If youth may find excuse for want of rectitude, this could not Mr. Fretwell claim ; he was near the age of fifty,—had always been a good liver, I mean, a *bon vivant*. He had already proceeded half his journey, his heart beating high with joy, when a sudden and violent paralytic seized his frame. From his address found in a pocket-book, some passers-by removed him to the house of his injured wife. Mrs. Fretwell, who always attended to the decencies of grief, went immediately into hysterics ;—she would have done better to have sent for a doctor. One, however, came ; he was bled, or rather attempted to be bled ; at this he barely opened his eyes, shut them, and breathed his last ! On opening his will, it was found he had left nothing to her he had sworn never to desert ; for he had spent much in search of that comfort which he ought to have found at home ; and the sagacious Dorothy had contrived, in their moments of gallantry, to get made over to her what little did remain ; and when his wife found that she was left destitute, she too late began to repent of her error.

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**FISHMONGER.** Google

## FISHMONGERS AND ANGLERS.

Of all vocations commend me to that of a fishmonger, for his must be the happiest life of any in the whole range of created human beings. No trade, no profession, no not even nobility itself, can compare with him. His majesty and his ministers are looked to for favors and places far beyond their possibility of granting: not so the fishmonger;—there are times and seasons when he never disappoints his friends with either the one or the other; for if you are in want of a beautiful *maid*, he is sure to favor you with one at a very moderate charge; and if again you are in want of a good *place*, he is still your constant friend in complying with your wishes. Even the clergy must give way in importance to him, for they can only take care of your *soul*, whilst he can supply you with as many fresh *soles* as you may desire. The fishmonger is, or at least ought to be, a disciple of Job; for he has many strange whims and tempers to deal with. A negro, about to purchase some fish, once visited a fishmonger's, but suspecting that the one which he had intended to buy was not altogether so fresh as he could wish, he presumed to satisfy his doubts by putting it to his nose. The fishmonger, conscious that it would not bear much examination, and, fearing that other customers might catch the scent, exclaimed, in a surly tone, "How dare you smell my fish?" "Me no smell it," replied the black man. "What then were you doing?" "Me only talking to it, massa." "And what were you talking about?" "Me ask him, massa, what the best news at sea." "And what reply did he give you?" "Oh, massa, he says he know no news, as he have not been there these three weeks."

The fishmonger is also often a fellow of infinite humour. The story current in Italy, of a fishmonger of that country is a pleasing illustration of this:—The Marquis della Scala once invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided.

Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their early respects to his excellency, when the major-domo, all in a hurry, came into the dining-room.

"My lord, (said he,) here is a most wonderful fishmonger below, who has brought one of the finest fish, I believe, in all

Italy ; but then he demands such a price for it !” “ Regard not the price, (cried the marquis,) pay it down directly.” “ So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take money.” “ Why, what would the fellow have ?” “ A hundred strokes of the strapado on his shoulders, my lord ; he says he will not bate one single blow.”

Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fishmonger. “ A fish—a most exquisite fish ! (cried the marquis,) what is your demand, my friend ? you shall be instantly paid.” “ Not a quartrine, my lord ; I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strapado upon my naked back ; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere.” “ Rather than lose our fish, (said his highness,) let the fellow have his humour. Here, (added he, speaking to one of his grooms,) discharge this honest man’s demand ; but do not lay it on very hard,—do not hurt the poor fellow a great deal.”

The fishmonger then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord’s order in execution. “ Now, my friend, (cried he,) keep good account, for I am not desirous to have a single blow beyond my due.”

The marquis and his friends all stood amazed while this operation was carrying on. At length, when the fiftieth lash was given, the fishmonger exclaimed, “ Hold—hold ! I have received my full share of the price.” “ Your share, (replied the marquis,) what can you mean by that ?”

“ Why, my lord, you must know that I have a partner in this business. My honor is engaged to let him have the half of whatever I should get ; and I imagine that your highness will, in a short time, acknowledge that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.” “ And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of yours ?” “ It is the porter, my lord, who guards the entrance to your highness’s palace. He refused me admittance, except on condition of promising him the half of what I should get for my fish.”

“ Oh, oh ! (exclaimed the marquis, breaking out into a laugh,) by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale.”

Here the porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin, when two grooms laid upon him with might and main, till he almost became a second Bartholomew.

The marquis then ordered the fishmonger to be paid twenty sequins, and allowed him the same sum annually as a reward for the service he had rendered him.

The fishmonger and the angler are both of the same piscatory genus, although Dean Swift's description of the latter will in no way apply to the former. The Dean of St. Patrick defined him thus:—"a stick and a string, a worm at one end, and a fool at the other." That this was dictated rather by a spirit of universal ridicule than by sound judgment, is the opinion of many; and certainly, if it be applied to particular instances, we shall find it neither charitable nor correct. Isaac Walton was no fool, although he frequently held a worm (and a fish too, by the bye,) at the end of his line, and spent a considerable part of his life at his favorite amusement. At all events, it is certain there can be no greater folly in the practice of angling, than in that of hunting, shooting, or a thousand other things, by which men wile away their leisure hours, and renovate at once the body and the mind.

Anglers of the present day are divided into three classes, each of which is easily distinguishable from the others, and when, by the side of a river, from the rest of the world: the first we shall treat of is the young amateur of about the age of twelve.

This juvenile lover of the pastime may be seen, during summer evenings, in any of the green lanes which are yet remaining within four miles of St. Paul's, with a long willow switch over his shoulder, and an earthen jar, with a string handle. in his hand, he is hastening to the usual spot. With what quick steps does he turn the corner round which it is situated! how joyfully he whistles as it meets his view! and with what pleasurable sensations does he place on the ground the box of unfortunate gentles, who are doomed most unwillingly to seduce to their ruin the finny tribe.

Take a walk by the side of the New River at Islington, and you will see its banks lined with these aspirants to piscatorial fame; there you may behold the glee with which the two-penny line is unwound, and fastened securely at the end of the 'rod,' lest some 'large fish' should pull it off; and view the malicious grins of the urchins as they fix on their hooks the writhing gentles, whose unlucky fates have consigned them to the torturing death. Every time that some concealed weed stops the progress of 'the float,' the cry of 'a bite' is re-



sounded 'from shore to shore,' and when one of the more fortunate or more skilful among them has the honor to secure some hungry minnow, with what joy is it taken from the hook and placed in the vessel brought for its reception! Darkness begins to overshadow them, and they reluctantly return to their home; and those who have no fish, tell of the number of 'nibbles' they have had, and hope for better luck 'next time.'

There is another sort of 'angler,' who has an abundance of all kinds of 'tackle,' and whose knowledge of the art has been increased by the experience of years; it is the gentleman of quiet disposition, who loves to pass away his time in this his favorite amusement: he belongs to some famous 'subscription water,' which is generally the scene of his fishing exploits: he 'trolls for jack,' with amazing perseverance, and considers himself as well paid for his patience by the capture of one in a season. At times he makes a journey up the Thames, and carries destruction into the families of its scaly inhabitants; after his day's pastime, he returns to his habitation, and, with feelings of pride, exhibits the trophies of his prowess; or should he be disappointed in his expectations, and the wily objects of his search refuse every seducing bait, he purchases some smelts at a fishmonger's shop, and, as he pulls them out of his basket, talks of the 'fine sport' he met with, that he may escape the ridicule always attendant upon ill success. He angles merely to kill time, and to pass away a part of his half-occupied days.

But not so the real lover of the sport, who devotes to it every hour he can call his own. Every succeeding Sunday does the metropolis send forth its hundreds of these aquatic connoisseurs, who, laden with basket and ground-bait, fishing-rod, and worm-bag, to say nothing of divers lines and floats, and bread and cheese sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, seem to be starting on some perilous enterprize, or proceeding on some distant journey; but the Lea river is their destination, and to take fish their intent: arrived at the desired spot, they scatter along its banks, and seat themselves in readiness for action. Who can tell the anxiety with which they watch each lingering nibble, or the patience with which they wait each enlivening bite? None but those who have in like manner watched and waited, or who have waited to watch





LAST DYING SPEECH MAN.

them in their morning's walk. Each one keeps in solitary silence within ten yards of his neighbour, and breaks not by his discourse the stillness, which is only disturbed by the struggles of some fated captive, who has been lured into jeopardy by the arts, and whose life is in imminent danger from the strong tackle of 'the angler.' The half-secured prisoner, by sudden endeavour, snaps the line which would have dragged him from his native element, and the disappointed captor loses not only his prize, but also that which he considers of nearly as much consequence, the hook which held it. Discontented, but no ways enraged, he ties on another, and continues at his voluntary employment till evening warns him to retire, or an unceremonious shower drives him from his station. He packs up his 'traps,' and enters the nearest public-house, where he drinks his customary pint of porter, and again greases his thick boots, that they may withstand the soaking which is threatened by the lowering clouds. Cold and tired, he returns to his dwelling, and reaps the fruit of his toil; for he has his fish cooked for his supper, and then retires to bed to dream of roach and dace, and the unlucky accidents which the past day has brought.

Such is 'the angler,' and such the manner in which angling is prosecuted: it is a recreation which must have its charms, or there would not be so many ranked among its admirers. If there is nothing very elevated in the employment in watching the descent of a float, there is, at the same time, nothing calculated to infringe, in the slightest degree, on the happiness of any human being. 'The angler' may contribute little towards the benefit of mankind; but let those who are most disposed to censure, reflect whether they have stopped there, or whether they have not at times contributed to the sum of human misery.

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## LAST DYING SPEECHES.

Times are not as they were: even beggars and ballad-singers have felt the changes effected by Mr. Peel and modern law-givers—the Solons and Lycurguses of the nineteenth century. Some few years since, any great political event was blown through the town to the sound of the newsman's horn;

not so now, the horn has gone to repose with the barrow of the apple women of bye-gone days. The last dying-speech crier, too, has almost disappeared : the few of this class that remain seem more like candidates for the same " honorable distinction " as the subjects of their " last dying speech and confession, life character and behaviour, birth parentage and education." But there are two reasons for the degeneracy of the race :—first, the interference of the police, who make them " move on : " second, the badness of trade, chiefly owing to the want of those characters who formerly graced the *Newgate Calendar*, that elegant compilation of the lives and actions of men of daring spirit. I beg pardon of the fair sex for having omitted their gender,—I should have said " men and women of daring spirit ; " for who could put forth greater claims to this distinction than Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Brownrigg.

Mrs Hayes was a woman of uncommon mind ! her equal is not to be found in the whole catalogue of the human race, and it is no wonder that her " last dying speech " should have been a lucrative speculation to both printer and seller. Had she been an actor, certainly she must have shone as a " star " in the profession ; for, according to the account given by the historians of *Newgate*, Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin, in their " *Calendar*," her acting throughout the whole affair of her husband's murder was inimitable ! There is one passage so illustrative of this, that it is well worth preservation here. After the apprehension of Catherine and her accomplices, on suspicion, the biographers say :—" When the peace officers went the next day to fetch up Catherine to her examination, she earnestly desired to see the head ; and it being thought prudent to grant her request, she was carried to the surgeon's, and no sooner was the head shown to her than she exclaimed —" Oh, it is my dear husband's head ! it is my dear husband's head ! " She now took the glass in her arms and shed many tears, while she embraced it. Mr. Westbrook, the surgeon, told her that he would take the head out of the glass, that she might have a more perfect view of it, and be certain that it was the same. The surgeon doing as he had said, she seemed to be greatly affected, and, having kissed it several times, she begged to be indulged with a lock of the hair, and, on Mr. Westbrook expressing his apprehension that she had

too much of his blood already, she fell into a fit, and, on her recovery, was conducted to take her examination with the other parties." And yet this woman held the pail to receive her husband's head as her accomplices cut it off!

Then there has been Jack Shepherd, with his daring and ingenious breaks out of prison; and Jerry Avershaw, who went to execution with a flower in his mouth, and kicked his shoes off, under the gallows tree; and Turpin, who rode his horse from York to London with such swiftness, that he was able to prove an *alibi*; and Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker, and prince of robbers. These are the men who would make a "last dying speech" sell: we have not such men now, and consequently public curiosity is not raised sufficiently to render the speech cryer's avocation an enviable calling.

## THE EXILE TO THE FLOWERS. A SONNET.

BY JAMES KNOX.

Heureuse la rose des champs  
 Qui loin des vents jaloux, s'élève, se colore,  
 Et meurt une nuit du printemps  
 Aux bords des mêmes eaux qui la virent éclore !  
*La Jeune Exilée.*

Beautiful flowers! sweet children of the spring,  
 Beside your native streamlet blossoming!  
 How happy are ye, for the same blue rill,  
 The same calm morning that beheld ye first,  
 When from earth's teeming womb ye brightly burst,  
 Do, when your leaves decay, behold you still.  
 But I, an outcast from my native land,—  
 From parents—children—all that would have made  
 Life like a day undim'd by twilight shade,  
 Am doom'd to wander on a foreign strand,  
 Without an eye to pity, lips to breathe  
 A prayer to heaven for my parting soul,  
 But bowing down beneath his stern control,  
 Resign myself, all desolate, to death.

## APPLE PIE.

" And when the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing,  
And wasn't that a dainty dish  
To lay before the king !"

" Dainty" as the dish may have seemed to the uncivilized natives of the olden time, its daintiness is far surpassed by the refined delicacies of the present. Among the improvements which modern science has caused, and modern civilization has promoted, there is one subject on which the *taste* of the present day has been admirably displayed, and on which several of the first musicians have exerted their powers of *execution*.—Something which fixes the attention of the painter on his *pal-ate*, and hushes for a time the clamor of the demagogue,—Something which all admire. In short, an *Apple Pie*. AN APPLE PIE ! What music in the very name ! It must have been this the poet meant, by "concord of *sweet* sounds." Delicious pie ! the very thoughts of thee bring (in the delicate phraseology of Dr. Kitchener,) "tears upon my lips." But I must endeavor to moderate my enthusiasm, and discuss my subject with the importance it deserves.

Philosophers have agreed that the design manifested in the works of man, is the best proof of the superiority of reason over instinct. The powerful steam engine does not display more manifest proofs of *désign*, than a well compounded apple pie. Water in a certain state, acting upon *iron*, constitutes the one : how superior is the composition of the other ! I will, in pity to the ignorant, explain the long operations necessary to form an apple pie. First, shall

— gentle spring, ethereal mildness come,

wakening the respectable inhabitants of the orchard from their winter naps, and decking with white the upper part of their bodies. Sometimes only scattered particles of white appear—like a snow ball broken on the cap of a chimney sweeper.—Sometimes the whiteness appears in patches—as a slovenly servant girl surmounts a black stuff petticoat, with a dimity bedgown. Next, "child of the sun, refulgent summer comes."

He comes attended by the sultry hours,

and soon, as if overcome with the heat, the trees throw off the aforesaid white bedgown, and display their *arms*—not covered like those of the aforesaid servant girl, with unblushing redness ; but with “ gay green.”

——— where the sight dwells  
With growing strength, and ever new delight.

Another season approaches, and we now see what nature has been about for so long a period : she has been getting ready the *apples* for the *pie* ;—ripe, rosy-cheeked apples, as ready to drop into the arms of their lover, as a boarding-school girl from a two-story window.

Nature does not, however, confine herself to the cultivation of one ingredient, however necessary,—“ her labors serve to second too some other use.” While she has been preparing the apples for the pie, she has not neglected the flour for the paste. Winter, spring, and summer, have succeeded each other for its formation ; until at length autumn “ crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,” brings all their labors to perfection. While the reaping, the threshing, and the grinding of the wheat, are going on at home, Africa sends her tawny sons to raise the sugar, our merchantmen are busily employed in bringing it home, and our noblest ships are pursuing their “ foamy track” through the Indian ocean, to procure the cloves. The apples and the flour are the productions of Europe, the cloves the offspring of Asia, the sugar raised by the labor of Africa from the soil of America. How wonderful ! The four quarters of the “ great globe itself” must unite their labors to form an apple pie ! How gratifying to the philanthropist must be the consideration, that while he is enjoying the closest possible connexion with some charming apple pie, he is at the same time giving employment to thousands of his fellow creatures. If he, who promotes the industry of a few individuals, does well, how great a benefactor of the human race is the devourer of an *apple pie* !

Having considered the materials of an apple pie, the next topic, naturally, is the manner in which those materials are compounded. Our grandmothers gave this subject a proper degree of attention, and studied, as an art, the composition of pies. But alas ! “ *tempora mutantur*,” in plain English,



the times are sadly changed. Many a young lady, now a days, can caricature in her drawings, annoy us with her piano, or glide listlessly through a quadrille, who neglects the study of the pie, and, what is still worse, wishes to pass for a person of *taste*. Wonderful perversion of terms ! when even the very phrase she employs, demonstrates the importance of that sense to which the mouth is subservient, and which the pie is formed to gratify ! To such, I speak not. Falstaff says, "had I a thousand sons, I would teach them to abjure all their potations, and addict themselves to sack." Had I a thousand daughters, I would teach them to abjure all such frivolities, and addict themselves to pie : it is a study peculiarly becoming to young females. "Sweets to the sweet !" Oh ! that the gentle sex may benefit by these lucubrations !

Mrs. Glass's directions to dress a hare commence with "first catch a hare,"—my first precept in pie-making is,—collect your materials. This is not easily done, for it is absolutely necessary they should be of the choicest kind. You choose a necklace with care. Your admirers overlook the ornament in contemplating where it reposes. You should be doubly careful in choosing the ingredients of a pie : from it, attention cannot be diverted ; each person forms his opinion of its merits, and, if he finds it "curtailed of its fair proportions," transfers his dislike to the unfortunate maker of it. Here, therefore, you "have need all circumspection."—Should any lady not wish to undertake a task so replete with difficulty, without receiving more minute instructions, let her but call on my daughters, and they will elucidate my theory, by their practice.

There is a philosophical inquiry connected with this part of the subject, which it would be improper to pass over. Why does all the syrup in the pie collect under the cup ? "The why is plain as way to parish church." When the heat of the oven acts upon the bottom of the dish in which the apples are deposited, it gradually communicates through them to the air above. The air enclosed in the cup comes into direct contact with the bottom of the dish, and the edges of the cup receive a considerable degree of warmth from the same source. From both these causes the air in the cup soon becomes heated, expands, and forces itself out under the edges. Hence so great a degree of rarefaction is produced, that the interior of the cup

may be regarded as a vacuum. The other air undergoes less change, both because it does not come into *direct* contact with the heated bottom of the dish, and because it keeps up some imperfect communication with the external air, by the edges of the dish and the pores of the paste. While the syrup forms, it is forced by the superincumbent air, to that part where there is least pressure, that is, into the cup. While the syrup enters, it must raise slightly the edges of the cup ; but as it is a heavier fluid than air, the air still remains excluded, and the cup fills with syrup.

Of the composition of the paste I shall say nothing. In a town which boasts of a Linden,\* I must pause till this topic " is touched by some hand less unworthy than mine." The experience he has had, and the excellence he has consequently acquired, shall make me, without regret, yield the laurels to him. " He won them nobly ; may he wear them long !"

As the eye passes instantaneous judgment on every object, the appearance of the pie is of no small importance : some are perfectly plain in their covering ; others embellished with a frost work, which surpasses in attraction the beauty of a hoar frost on the windows of a bedchamber. The former reminds me of some charming girl in a morning undress ; the latter, of the same lady armed for ball-room conquest. The one seems to disregard admiration ; the other, to demand universal homage as her right. Each have their admirers, and I shall be generous enough to allow them to retain their respective merits. I pass on, " to metal more attractive."—How do I reverence an apple pie ! with what dignity it advances to the post of honor at the supper table ! how conscious it seems of its own importance, remaining apart from the common tribe of puffs and pastry ! It has been said, " if women be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it." Now the apple pie may well say with Shylock, " If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that also : " hence the undisturbed serenity with which it bears the glances of a longing circle of admirers. How different from the trembling bashfulness of the jelly ! how like to some reigning star in the dress circle of a theatre ! But alas !

\* The confectioner of Belfast.

“ All that's fair must fade,  
 The fairest still the fleetest ;  
 All that's *sweet* was made,  
 But to be lost when *sweetest*.”

The moment in which its charms are most attractive, is the very moment in which they are destroyed for ever. “ Frailty! thy name is *Pie*.” But

“ Hence loathed melancholy.”

Far different are the ideas of him, who, armed with a knife and fork, and supported by a massive silver spoon, advances to the attack : what delight sparkles in his eyes !—what animation beams on his countenance ! He applies the point of the knife to the paste—it resists his entrance—his ardor increases—his strength is applied, and his purpose is effected. Thus, in my youthful days, I have seen a blooming milkmaid resist a kiss at first, to enhance the value of the dozen she gave afterwards. But suppose a puncture made ; now is the time for a well-bred man to evince his politeness. Let him not, as Hotspur says “ come cranking in and cut me here a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.” No, let him direct the knife from the point of incision, which should be the centre of the paste, towards his right shoulder, and urge it forward until it encounters the dish : then let him return to the same place, and aim the next cut towards his left shoulder, taking care that those two cuts are of equal length, or, as a mathematician would express it, that they form two sides of an isosceles triangle. Let him now place the knife at one of the angles of the base, and draw it horizontally towards the opposite angle :—remove the triangle thus formed :—all is dark within :—“ no light, but rather darkness visible.” Let the carver raise the cup, and all is overflowed with a most delicious liquid. If the pie be hot, its “ breath is balm,” and its “ ocean spreads” not over “ coral rocks and amber beds,” but over sweets, to which the nectar of the gods was but as wormwood : “ Theirs was a fiction, but this is reality.” Its fragrance is, however, too blissful to last,—“ 'tis odor fled, as soon as shed.” Never

can I forget the delicious sensations my first carved pie produced : its perfume is still fresh in my imagination :

“ Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot on memory's waste.”

Let no person envy the carver. Look at him one moment after the first spoonful of apples is removed ; examine him narrowly, and you will perceive, amid the affected hilarity with which he “ does the honors” of the table, that his apparently hospitable inquiries are merely “ lip-honor-breath which the poor wretch would fain deny, but dare not.” Read the expression of his eyes, and observe the tears on his lips, and you will be convinced there is some “ perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.” Why does his joy vanish, like “ morning's winged dream ?” Why does he so soon become, “ like patience on a monument, smiling at grief ?” The stomach becomes at that moment the seat of thought ; he yearns towards the dainties he is obliged to distribute, and “ discontent sits heavy on his heart.”

It is said “ where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,” and none will confess themselves so ignorant as not to know how to eat an apple pie : yet by how few is the proper method understood ! Observe the child—he loads the apples with sugar, shovels them with every possible exertion into his mouth, and then attacks the paste. “ Men are but children of a larger growth.” The pie should be made, as all in my house are, so as not to require at table any addition of sugar. Let some rich cream be poured over the quantity on the plate ; do not hash all together into one heterogenous mass,—yet take care, at the same time, that every spoonful contains apples, syrup, cream, and paste. By thus judiciously intermixing the several ingredients, you will increase wonderfully your own enjoyment, and give to the uninitiated the best proof of your refinement. As the cream may vie in color with the fair necks of many who encircle it, and the fragrance of the pie emulate their sweet breathings, I hope all my young lovely friends will treasure up these instructions, and “ place them in their bosom's core ;” yea, “ in their heart of hearts.”

The love which I bear to pies is no sudden whim—no transient affection ; it was planted with my childhood ; it grew with my growth, and my constancy may show, that

“ The heart that has truly loved, never forgets.”

Yet this passion caused the greatest misfortune my schoolboy recollections display, My grand-papa gave me a pie—a diminutive pie, indeed ! but then it was the first I could call mine. I was enchanted with its beauties, and when I returned to my boarding-school, placed it on the highest shelf of my cupboard, with the same care that might be lavished on an idol. I thought of it, going to bed—I dreamt of it during the night,—my fancy presented it in a thousand alluring forms.—I regaled my eyes with it the moment I awoke. That very evening I resolved to enjoy it :—my imagination feasted on it during the tedious hours of school. At length the bell rung, and I flew on wings of rapture to my hidden treasure. How shall I describe the horror which froze my “ young blood !”—the pie was gone ! I was struck powerless ; then became, “ like Niebe, all tears.” I was not apt to give way to misfortune.—My top was stolen—I bore the loss with patience : my ball was lost, and I repined not ; my marbles disappeared, and I was unmoved. “ But there, where I had treasured up my heart,”

“ I could not but remember such things were and are most dear to me.”

As the lover is unwilling to cease the praises of his mistress but dwells both on the pleasures and the sorrows she has excited, so I still love to linger upon thoughts of thee, oh pie ! You ravish with delight the smell, the touch, the taste, and the sight ; and even the work of thy destruction causes sounds which are gratifying to the ear of *taste* ! What other object can delight the five senses at the one moment ?—can please the child and the man, the clown and the sage ? But the dinner bell rings, and I am to have an apple pie at dinner.

*Belfast.*

P.

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### MEMORY.

Fond memory, like a mocking bird,  
Within the widowed heart is heard,  
Repeating every touching tone  
Of voices that from earth have gone.

*Friendship's Offering.*

## SETTING OUT FOR MARGATE.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE. BY J. J. LEATHWICK.

It was on the morning of the second of September, that I accompanied a literary friend to the Tower stairs, whence he was repairing for the purpose of embarking on board the 'Favorite' steam-packet. On my arrival there, I was struck with astonishment at the busy scene before me; the morning was a very fine one, and the rays of the sun gilded the innumerable masts, that rose as in forests, with full and intense light. The arrival and departure of the numerous steam-packets; the merry 'notes of preparation;' the joyous strains preluding each vessel's departure; the sparkling waves, disturbed by the dipping of oars; the boats laden with revellers, wearing on each lip and cheek a smile of heart-felt pleasure; formed to me a most beautiful and diversified sight. But, above all, I was interested in the conduct of the company on shore. It was truly entertaining, and, I may add, ludicrously so, to observe the progress of the intended passengers to the beach; and their exclamations, as their eyes caught their destined vessel, sounded as confusedly, and as incongruously, as those of the celebrated babblers at the building of the famous tower. These ejaculatory sentences were uttered by all ages, and in all voices.—"La! mamma," said a pretty-faced girl of six years' old, "is that the ship that is to take us?" pointing to the black old hulk, the tender. "No, my dear," exclaimed the mother, "that is the place where naughty sailors are put." "I say, Jack, is that our steamer?" thundered forth a stentorian pair of lungs. "No, you fool," his comrade rejoined, "it's *that ere* where the red flag is flying." This question and answer were asked, and replied to, by a couple of 'rough diamonds,' who made their way down the stairs to the utter discomfiture of man, woman, and child. "I presume, my dear friend, that yonder is *our bark*;" "I cannot positively say, Theodosius, but you are usually right." The former of the two dandies, by whom these exclamations were uttered, again broke silence: "What a vulgar place this is, Charles! if there *is* no fine women on board, it will be quite a bore!" Oh, ye one-thoughted fools—ye foplings of nature! ye were

surely made of the refuse of that which, even in its greatest excellence, must be ignoble.

Is it a 'bore' to inhale the life-giving breeze, or to view the magnificent ocean, which God, in the exercise of his multitudinous power, has commanded to roll its waves of might? The above were only a few of the observations which fell from many lips; but the dresses of the decked-out ladies met my eyes in party-colored devices, and, of course, claimed my most immediate attention. On one portion of the stairs might be seen a red-faced landlady, hot from the bar of some wine vaults, not far distant from the purlieus of Wapping, with an extra yard or two of vulgar colored ribbon, accompanied and displayed with an everlasting toss of her head, as if she were within the precinct of her magisterial bar, and in the act of serving some half-drunken wretch with an extra portion of poison, commonly termed liquor. Her flaming garments are made of good silk, but spoiled in the making up; yet they formed a due union with the ruby bloom upon her cheek, which brandy and pride had painted in the most glowing colors; at her side might be observed an awkward-made gawky girl, looking on all around with complacency, but with *more* than complacency upon herself, no doubt considering that she is in an elegant *parterre*, 'herself the fairest flower.' Her spencer is as gaudy as her mother's gown, and is arranged, with due wrinkles, to her pinched up waist, which appears as if environed with stays of steel. Behind them is 'our servant'—alias the pot-boy, who is laden with a hamper of 'good things'—in which are numbered sundry bottles, ham and beef (traveller's everlasting fare,) and 'a werry nice chicken, which my sister, who is retired from business, fatted for us, at her farm.' The smile, or rather grin, on the countenance of the pot-boy betokens much: either he is aware of the honor he is receiving in attending upon such high folks, or else he is rejoicing that he will miss, for a time, the pride-paced sentences of the mother, and the pert and consequential commands of the daughter. If it were possible to take a peep into the house from whence this worthy couple has just emerged, I should indeed find a great fund of amusement; but, as I have not the honor of knowing them, I will, for the reader's pleasure, imagine 'the honest man keeping at his post at home, expressing on his rosy face, the half-concealed joy, that his wife and

'darter' are gone to 'Margit;' for he, in common with his servant, rejoices that he has, for a brief time, escaped from the overweening consequence of his dear, and the rebellion of his lovely and accomplished child. I think I now see him serving a glass to some diurnal customer, who is inquiring after 'missus and miss;' and I can almost hear his reply, the 'she is gone with Clorinda over the sea, and that he hopes as how they will enjoy themselves.' But I am neglecting the other characters in this drama of life: on the top of the stairs you might behold a gouty pursy citizen, upon the point of hobbling down as fast as his diseased legs will carry him. Pain is depicted on his countenance; but even that is subservient to the expression of conscious purse-fed pride, which beams from every feature in his face, and is thoroughly manifested in the scornful look he casts on all around, as if the stairs were made for him alone, and the steam-packets appointed to sail only for his pleasure. I observed the couple of fops which I had the honor of introducing to the reader's notice, with their eternally used furniture in their hands, viz. eye-glasses, with which they quizzed all the females that strode, jumped, walked, or ran down the steps; but they proved mere nonentities (as indeed they always are,) and were unnoticed in the bustle of wrangling boatmen, the crashing of the boats at the landing-place, and the crowding of the company; these were objects of greater notice to the females than the vacant smiles of these empty-headed beings. I believe I may class these votaries of pleasure thus:—there were the respectable couple escaping from the noisy cares of this overgrown metropolis; there was the rich and vulgar dame, gratifying her annual will, that she may give the usual important intelligence on her return, to her listening and obsequious friends, that she had been 'at Margate this year;' there was the valetudinarian, eaten up by the gratification of his epicureanism, taking a voyage, with the forlorn hope that it may restore his appetite, and, with it, all his pleasure; and, to finish this division of character, you might observe the quaintly-cut coat of the liberated apprentice, who accompanies his 'lover' for the purpose of seeing 'the salt sea.'



## THE HERO AND HIS SWORD.

["A cannon-shot struck Sir John Moore, and carried away his left shoulder, and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. . . From the size of the wound it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood; and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and appeared to increase his uneasiness; Captain Hardinge began to unbuckle it; but the general said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a distinct voice, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' Six soldiers of the 42nd and the Guards bore him."]

"Nay, take not my sword from my wounded side,  
Though 'tis drench'd with its owner's gore;  
Its blade hath been often with life-blood dyed,  
But ne'er left on the field before:

"It hath served me well in perils past,  
Although now it hath fail'd to save;  
Of our battles we both have fought the last,—  
It shall lie with me in the grave!"

He said, and the words drew forth many a tear  
From the hardy warrior band  
Who bore that chief and his sword to the rear;—  
They were sons of his native land.

And they wept when they thought of his bright career,  
And his early, though glorious, doom,  
But most that the relics of one so dear  
Should repose in a stranger's tomb.

O might he but near to his birth-place sleep,  
By his own majestic Clyde,  
Where they and their children could vigils keep,  
His place of sepulchre beside!

But it may not be; see the gushing blood,  
And the brow so deadly pale,  
No balsam may staunch that sanguine flood,  
Nor skill nor affection avail.

A few brief hours, and that beautiful head  
Shall in foreign dust lie low,  
And streams of sorrow, how vainly shed!  
From a thousand eyes shall flow.

He sleeps with his sword on the battle plain  
Where his noble spirit fled,

And his dirge hath been sung in a requiem strain,\*  
That honor'd the virtuous dead.

He was well beloved,—and the fact proclaims  
That he well deserved that lot ;  
And his name shall be cherish'd when prouder names  
Have been blighted or long forgot.

May his ashes rest sweetly, beyond the waves,  
Where many a Briton's be ;  
A leaven entomb'd in a land of slaves,  
That might quicken it yet to be free !

Glasgow.

M. M.

## THE DEVIL'S MILL.

A GERMAN TRADITION.

In a district of the Harz, belonging to the principality of Bemburg, there is a high hill called the Ramberg, about three hours' distance from Ballenstedt. Its conical top is covered with granite blocks of enormous size, piled up here and there in the most singular groups, and on every side, for thousand paces downwards, the surface of the mountain appears sewn with stones of various shapes and dimensions. These fragments formed probably, at some remote period, a rocky needle terminating the summit of the Ramberg, which, by an earthquake or some other violent concussion, was overthrown, and shattered into a thousand fragments. The group of detached rocks is called the *Devil's Mill*, of which name popular tradition gives the explanation.

At the foot of the Ramberg once stood a mill : it had existed there from time immemorial, and had been successively inherited by father and son for several centuries. The mill had till then afforded a comfortable support for its proprietors, and had always been in the hands of sober and industrious people. But no sooner had the last miller entered on the inheritance of his forefathers, than he began to find fault with every thing about it,—he complained especially of the little wind he had, and presently conceived a design of building a new mill on the highest point of the Ramberg : but how

\* "Death and Burial of Sir John Moore," by the Rev. Charles Wolfe.

to do this puzzled him,—for how could he secure it against the violent storms in such an exalted region? And where was the builder to be found?

This dilemma, and the conviction that his wish could never be attained, put the miller in very bad humour. At night he would roll about impatiently in his bed: when he wrought any, he did so with disgust; and was weak enough besides not to perceive that he would certainly not be more happy after the attainment of his wish than before.

The horned Sootie—who in these times meddled much more with the trivial details of human life than he does now a days—no sooner smelled the thoughts of the miller, than he presented himself to him one night, and made offer of his humble services.

The proposal, to be sure, came quite *à propos* to the miller; but the condition, which the evil one stipulated for, did not please him at all. However glad he would have been to have seen the new mill raised, he could not think of making his soul the price of its execution; and, therefore he demanded some days to reflect on the proposal.

If the discontented miller had but little rest before, he had still less now. He cast his eyes round his present dwelling,—examined it every where,—and asked himself whether he ought not rather to content himself with it as it was. Already he was about to resolve on abiding by the lot which Providence had assigned him, when a dead calm of two days occurred, which rendered it impossible for the miller to grind a single grain of wheat. This circumstance determined him to employ the devil in building a new mill on the highest point of the Ramberg, even at the fearful stipulation proposed by the infernal architect.

The evil one returned at the appointed period. The miller signed the compact with his blood, and received the assurance that he would still live thirty years; while Satan engaged on his part to build a complete and perfect mill on the spot pointed out, in the course of the following night, and to accomplish the whole work before the first crowing of the cock.

Scarcely had the shadows of night descended upon the earth, when the devil began his labor by piling rocks upon rocks, which his companions tossed over to him from the Blocksberg. And lo, in a very brief space, a magnificent mill

stood completed upon the summit of the Ramberg ! The devil then went to the miller, and desired him to step up and examine his work. Trembling, and full of anxiety, the poor wretch obeyed. It was a dark summer night,—the wind howled through the tops of the tall oaks and pines,—black rainy clouds covered the sky,—lightnings ever and anon shot athwart the gloomy masses,—doubly and trebly re-echoed, the thunder bellowed through the deep vallies,—the earth trembled, and so did the heart of the infatuated miller. Gladly would he now have returned,—gladly contented himself with the despised inheritance of his father ; but repentance came too late for this, and one single solitary hope was all that yet remained to him, and that was the chance of discovering some defect in the building.

But aghast stood the miller when he beheld a faultless wind-mill, with its mighty vane turning slowly round, before him.

Then the evil one grinned in mockery of the miller's distress, and tauntingly inquired whether he had any fault to find with his handiwork.

"None—none at all," stammered the wretched man, about to accept the work as fulfilling the compact on one side, when suddenly he called out, "Stop !" and pointed to a spot where a material stone was yet wanting in the structure.

The cloven-foot stoutly denied the necessity for such a stone ; but when the miller insisted on its being supplied, he at last agreed to do so.

Already the devil was returning through the air with the stone, when lo, the cock crowed in the mill beneath ! "Stop," cried the miller, once more ; "we are quits !" And away he ran to his old dwelling.

—Furious at this unexpected event, the devil tore the vane, wheels, and shell of his work to pieces, and scattered the huge fragments about till they covered the whole Ramberg. A small part of the foundation only was all that remained, and to this day stands an eternal monument of the unhallowed compact. But this was not the only revenge the devil took. For scarcely had the miller with the lightened heart touched the threshold of his own dwelling, when the evil one hurled a rock down upon the frail hut, which, in a single moment, destroyed it with all its inmates.

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## MR. T. P. COOKE.

The professions of a player and a sailor are each so pregnant with every species of vicissitude, that we could never have contemplated that any individual could have been named to us who had dared the calamities of both. The gentleman, whose name stands at the head of this memoir is an exception to our opinion ; and if our readers will but be courteous enough to peruse what we have written concerning him, we have no doubt, while we add to their information, we shall contribute to their amusement.

T. P. Cooke was born on the 23d of April, 1786, in Titchfield-street, Mary-le-bone, where his father practised as a surgeon of considerable respectability. His parent died before the sixth year of his age was attained by our hero, who, about four years after that event, in consequence of seeing a nautical spectacle at one of the theatres, imbibed a predilection for the sea which his kind fate very speedily gratified. In the year 1796 he embarked on board his majesty's ship *Raven*, and sailed immediately, *via* Gibraltar, for the blockade of Toulon. Being ordered to the Mediterranean, he was with the *Earl St. Vincent* in that great and distinguished victory which gave the gallant admiral his title, and partook of many minor actions, among which the bravery he displayed in boarding an Algerine corsair, procured him the thanks of his captain for his coolness and intrepidity. Accident alone prevented him from being present at the battle of Camperdown, for, having sprung her mainmast in a violent gale, the *Raven* bore away towards Cuxhaven, and upon the coast adjacent underwent the horrors of being wrecked in a season of peculiar inclemency. For two days and nights the crew of this ill-fated vessel were subject to incredible misery ; the cold was intense, and while clinging to the fragments of their shattered ship, many brave seamen, wasted with toil, dropped in the chillness of death to a dark and stormy grave. A merciful Providence, however, preserved Mr. Cooke ; he contrived by dint of great exertions to reach the shore alive, when, being carried to a barn adjacent, he was recovered, and soon after sent home. The fatigue he underwent during the calamity had impaired his health, and he became severely afflicted with a rheumatic fever, which, from its long duration, had



MR T. P. COOLE,

AS

RODERICK DUU.

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nearly proved fatal. When recovered, he listened to the wishes of his friends, was invalided, and left the royal navy.

Yet, notwithstanding this misfortune, such was his passion for following a pursuit so dangerous, that he again

“ Tempted the billowy surge,”

and sailed with Captain Prowze, on board the *Prince of Wales*, bearing the flag of rear-admiral Sir Robert Calder. He was employed in the blockade of Brest harbour, from which, upon the escape of a squadron commanded by Gantheume, he proceeded upon that celebrated but unsuccessful pursuit, during which an almost incredible distance was ran with unparalleled celerity. In a hurricane, off Cape Ortegal, Mr. Cooke once more had cause to acknowledge the protecting hand of Providence,—as a fine brig, within hail, foundered while all hands were on board, and was buried in an instant beneath the whelming billows. In the *Prince of Wales* and other vessels he continued until the peace of Amiens, when he was paid off, and left the navy.

Whether it was owing to a natural taste that he had for calamity, and being fearful that his fate would not indulge him with a sufficiency of it, or whether it arose from the ardor of a histrionic flame long suppressed, that induced him to select the stage as the next element whereon to display his prowess, we can only conjecture. In January, 1804, he made a very successful *debut* at the Royalty Theatre in some trivial character; but such was the opinion even then entertained of his talents, that the late Mr. Astley engaged him for his amphitheatre upon liberal terms. With this gentleman he continued for two years, till Laurent, the late celebrated clown, opened the Lyceum with a company of actors, of which Mr. Cooke formed a part. Here he was so favorably received, that Mr. Astley again secured him upon a rising salary for two successive seasons. After this he joined H. Johnston's company, who had just opened a new amphitheatre in Peter-street, Dublin. On his return to England he was engaged by Mr. Elliston, in 1809, to undertake the arduous duties of stage manager of the Surrey theatre, where he elicited considerable applause by his judicious and correct acting.

On the nineteenth of October, 1816, he made his first ap-



pearance, under the auspices of those *Solons* in theatrical affairs—the amateur sub-committee of Drury Lane, in a wretched melo-drama, called, “The Watchword, or the Quito Gate.” This piece has long since reached oblivion, therefore we will not disturb the slumbers of the dead, even to say how Mr. Cooke acted. He soon after performed a character more legitimate,—*Bagatelle* in the “Poor Soldier,” in which he was very successful.

After this he performed successively at the English Opera-house, Covent Garden, the Adelphi, Coburg and Surrey theatres; at the latter of which he is now engaged. We have no fear of contradiction in asserting that in the character of a sailor Mr. Cooke stands unequalled; in proof of which we need only call to the mind of our readers his *Long Tom Coffin*;—*Fid*;—and *William*, in “Black Eyed Susan;” in which character he has been delighting overflowing audiences for *above one hundred and twenty successive nights*. The *Literary Gazette*, in speaking of this almost unprecedented occurrence, says,—“Having seen it, we do not wonder at the extraordinary popularity of this piece; for if admirable acting, and a well-constructed drama, can insure success, the requisites are here. T. P. Cooke is the best sailor that ever trod the boards; in frolic, and affliction, he is always true to nature, and to the peculiarities of seamen: his hitch, his swing, his back-handed wipe, his roll—in short, his every look, gesture, and motion, are redolent of the blue water, and the lower deck; and all this is qualified by great ability, and a degree of feeling that is far more like truth than acting. Can we wonder that such a man should draw and delight crowds for hundreds of nights?”

In melo-drama he is also excellent;—his fine muscular figure, combined with the grace of his attitudes, tend to qualify him eminently for these “creatures of the imagination.”—His personation of the *Vampyre* is exquisite,—poetic and romantic in the extreme; and his enactment of the frightful, nameless and speechless creature of *Frankenstein*, is truly awful. Our illustration represents him in a very favorite character—*Roderick Dhu*, in “The Lady of the Lake.”

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## THE HACKNEY COACH.

I was lately passing through one of the principal streets of this city about the witching hour of night, with nothing of the spirit of adventure about me, when I encountered an overturned coach. The "*membra disjecta*," as Ovid would say, lay all around; a wheel, escaped from the axle-tree, had rolled to a little distance, as if to establish its own independence; the dicky had taken the same road, but, from greater ponderosity, was less prepared for flight, and had fallen something short of its more lively companion, and was pulled on this side and on that by the horses, who, in this second chaos, had been released from the harness, and were picking out a little hay which yet remained of the morning's store. In the midst of the general wreck, where desolation might have fixed her seat, stood Coachee, like Hannibal amid the ruins of Carthage, scratching his head, which is well known to be the appropriate gesticulation of despair. The vehicle itself lay quiet enough; black and huge as it looked in the darkness of the night, but every now and then there burst from it an angry storm of words, which threatened, like a volcano, any nearer approach, and awed Jehu into deference, and distance, as effectually as if it had been a Congreve rocket.

The unhappy charioteer came up to me, and with a very embarrassed air, said, "Here's a pretty business for a poor fellow! my axle-tree broken, my fare lost, and scolded to boot;" which of all these calamities he rated highest I do not mean to say. I offered my assistance to the inmates of the prostrate carriage, and instantly there was a storm of thanks hung at me from the interior by an old lady, who I learned was returning from the theatre, with a cortege of misses under her charge.

By the assistance of the driver, she was hauled out by the door on the upper side of the coach, to relieve the poor girls of her weight; for, contrary to all the natural propensities of gravity, she had unaccountably remained on the high quarter of her prison. I stood below, to receive this goodly piece of merchandize in my arms; and, while she made a thousand apologies, had leisure to survey this windfall, which, as far as I could judge, had no one quality that we could expect from *above*, except, that like the moon stones, she would come to the

ground by her own specific gravity, as the chemists call weight. "O, sir!" she wined out, in the most piano style imaginable, "you are too good!" but the pathos was arrested by the approach of the coachman, to render his assistance, whom she instantly attacked with all the good-will that flame seizes gunpowder. "Ah, you nasty rogue, do you think to coax me, after committing murder, with your vile crokery shay? but I an't done with you yet, if there's justice to be had. I entreated she would make no further excuses; for my benevolence was now agog, and eager for employment, and, to say truth, a little curious to have a peep at the remainder of the cargo. Down she dropped into my arms, with an affected giggle that was quite provoking,—it was like the swan's death-song; it was the last note I heard; for in the next minute I found myself in the mire, bruised, mortified, and unable to extricate myself from beneath this mature Venus, who, like another incubus, lay before me, quite as much ashamed, though not at all as much injured, as myself. Compliments are very good things—fair weather accompaniments, well enough in their own place; but they won't cleanse clothes, nor heal aching bones. The coachman now undertook to relieve the other ladies; and nothing loath, I took my leave, praying heartily I might never again be called to any lady in confinement.

This accident a little discouraged my general philanthropy. When kindness becomes troublesome, it grows cautious. In passing the same place at night, I often fancy that I see a party of tumbledowns, when it is only the deep shade produced by an overhanging tree, and creep as closely to the opposite side, as if pursued by the importunities of an impudent beggar.

R.

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### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

We spoke no word; we uttered not a sigh;  
 We only gazed upon the evening sky,  
 Whose glories on our transient vision grew,  
 Till heaven's own gates seemed opening to our view.  
 Oh! 'twas an hour of pure intense delight!  
 Life has but *one* so exquisitely bright!  
 In vain—in vain!—no *after* years may bring  
 Aught like the bloom of Love's delicious spring!

Digitized by *Friendship's Offering.*



### TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

The above represents an American stage coach, and a view of the Waterloo inn, the first inn from Baltimore to Washington. Of the "comforts" of an American inn, Mr. De Roos gives the following picture in his travels.

We lodged at the City Hotel, which is the principal inn at New York. The house is immense, and was full of company: but what a wretched place! the floors were without carpets—the beds without curtains; there was neither glass, mug, nor cup, and a miserable little rag was dignified with the name of towel. The entrance to the house is constantly obstructed by crowds of people passing to and from the bar-room, where a person presides at a buffet, formed upon the plan of a cage. This individual is engaged, "from morn to dewy eve," in preparing and issuing forth punch and spirits to strange-looking men, who come to the house to read the newspapers and talk politics. In this place, may be seen in turn, most of the respectable inhabitants of the town. There is a public breakfast at half past seven o'clock, and a dinner at 29.

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two o'clock ; but to get any thing in one's own room is impossible.

Of the state of society in New York, Mr. De Roos gives a tolerably perfect idea in the following :—

Our time at New York passed very agreeably ; we had letters to persons composing the best society of the town, and, such is the kindness and hospitality that prevail, that one introduction is sufficient to secure to an Englishman a general and cordial reception. Most unfortunately, we had arrived at an unpropitious season, when the heats of the summer had driven many of the inhabitants to the north. As there was no time to be lost, we delivered our letters ; and our first introduction to a New York family was, on our parts, impudent enough.

We inquired for the lady who presided over the house :—she was not at home. What was to be done ? Our time was too precious to be wasted in ceremony. We heard music. Was the young lady at home ? Yes ! the impulse was irresistible, and in we walked. We found an extremely fine and interesting-looking girl, who was uncommonly pleasing and communicative. She said that nearly every body was out of town ; but that her family would do all in their power to render our stay at New York agreeable, and would immediately set about to arrange some parties for our amusement. We afterwards discovered that she had not the slightest conception who we were, having forwarded our letter of introduction to her sister. At New York, the character of an Englishman is a passport, and it was to this circumstance that we owed the facility of our entrance, and the kindness of our reception.

We went that evening to see Richard the Third. The heat of the house was suffocating, and the excellent performance of Kean hardly compensated for the inconvenience.

The next day we repeated our visit, and were introduced to the rest of the family, who received us with the greatest kindness, and invited us to return in the evening. We dined with an English merchant at his country-house, about four miles from the town. The environs are thickly interspersed with villas, the generality of which are constructed upon a very paltry scale. Both houses and gardens are arranged without taste or neatness ; indeed, horticulture seems to be a science utterly unknown in America.

Returning in the evening to our kind friends, we set out to see the museum, where we arrived after refreshing ourselves frequently by the way at the shops where soda-water is the only article for sale. These shops, in the great heats, are places of general resort; and, during our visits to them, we had constant opportunities of extending the sphere of our acquaintance.

The streets were brilliantly lighted, and crowds of well-dressed people paraded the avenues which line them, to enjoy the cool breezes of the evening. The museum, which is one of the principal sights in New York, contains nothing remarkable. The natural curiosities appeared to be of a paltry description; and the pictures, chiefly of naval engagements, were wretchedly executed, and utterly regardless of historical truth.

At ten we returned to our inn, delighted with the cordiality we had experienced from the gentleman to whom we had been introduced and fascinated by the charms of the ladies.

In American society, there is far less formality and restraint than is found in that of Europe; but I must observe, that, notwithstanding the freedom of intercourse which is allowed, the strictest propriety prevails both in conversation and demeanour. It is not only permitted to young women, both married and single, to walk out in the morning without a servant, but to be accompanied by a gentleman. Walking arm-in-arm is not customary, so that the pleasure of the excursion is frequently *damped*, when the streets are crowded, by being compelled to walk in the gutter.

I had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of the cordial and unreserved communication which exists among the upper classes of this delightful city. During the course of a walk which I had the honour to take with a young lady, I happened to express a wish to see a celebrated beauty, whose charms I had heard frequently quoted. My companion immediately conducted me to her residence, and introduced me to her, although it was evident their acquaintance was very slight.

The hour of dinner at New York is two o'clock, which is convenient to mercantile habits, and suitable to the heat of their climate. The tea-parties form the principal and most social meal; great importance is attached to them.

I cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning another singular deviation from European habits. Having received a formal invitation to dinner from a "citizen of credit and renown," we repaired to his abode at the appointed hour, and sat down to dinner with a number of persons, amongst whom were some ladies. We were unacquainted with any of the party except our entertainer, and we were beginning to make some internal reflections upon the strange appearance of things in general, when the unceremonious manner of some of the guests withdrew the veil of mystery, and informed us that we were dining at a *table d'hôte*. We were, however, treated with the greatest civility by the promiscuous party, who drank the king's health out of compliment to our nation.

The manners of the men, though they may appear rough and coarse to a fastidious observer, are cordial, frank, and open. It has been the fashion among travellers to accuse the Americans of an habitual violation of veracity in conversation; but, as far as my observation went, this accusation is without foundation. Their thirst for information might be construed, by a person disposed to criticise, into an inquisitiveness bordering upon impertinence.

The manners of the women are so easy and natural, that they soon dissipate the unpleasing impression which is generally excited at first by the drawl of their pronunciation and the peculiarities of their idiom. Some of their expressions and metaphors are so singular as to be nearly unintelligible, and lead to strange misconceptions.

Upon one occasion, the conversation turned upon a lady who was described as being "quite prostrated." On inquiring what had happened to her, I learned that being "quite prostrated," was being very ill in bed.

Many of their expressions are derived from their mercantile habits. A young lady, talking of the most eligible class of life from which to choose a husband, declared that, for her part, she was "all for the commissions." This elicited from my companion, the major, one of his best bows, in the fond presumption that she alluded to the military profession—not at all; the sequel of her conversation explained, but too clearly, that commission merchants were the fortunate objects of her preference.







MR MACCREADY,  
AS  
ORESTES.

## MR. MACREADY.

This celebrated tragedian, whose performances have excited the admiration of every cultivated mind, was born March 3, 1793, in Charles-street, Fitzroy-square, where his father, at that time a member of the Covent Garden company, then resided. After having been the usual time at a private academy, he was removed to Rugby School, where his talents and industry were so beneficially exerted, that few students have left that seminary with a higher reputation for classical acquirement.

Having been disappointed in his intended destination—the Bar, he directed his views to the Drama, and, before he had attained the age of 17, made his debut as *Romeo* at Birmingham: the applause he received decided him in his choice, and from that instant he determined

“ To wake the soul by gentle strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.”

After leaving Birmingham, our hero performed with undiminished success at Liverpool, Dublin, Bath, and Newcastle; after which he was solicited by the proprietors of Covent Garden to accept of a temporary engagement, but he declined their offer, and soon after entered into a negociation with the rival establishment, which negociation, like many others, was never concluded. At Covent Garden he was finally engaged, and appeared on the boards of that house for the first time September 16, 1816, in *Orestes* in *The Distress Mother*, and was well received. He repeated the character several times, after which he performed *Mentevoli* in *The Italian Lover*. By a vivid delineation of *Gambia*, in *The Slave*, he confirmed the most sanguine presages of improving talent; and in the character of *Pescara*, in Shiel's Tragedy of *The Apostate*, he shone forth a great original genius. His *Richard* has many beauties, and his *Rob Roy* is the conception of a mind both vigorous and poetic. When the *Spectacle* of the Coronation was revived, he personated the aged and dying monarch, *Henry IV.* and rendered it most impressive. But the greatest triumphs he has achieved, have been in *Virginius* and *Caius Gracchus*: in either of these characters, the actor attains the highest pinnacle of his art: the union of intellect, of boldness,

of beauty of delivery, and grace, renders every scene in which he is concerned most effective.

When Mr. Macready was performing at the Birmingham Theatre, in August, 1823, he had left the house after the tragedy of *Hamlet*, in which he had delineated, with his accustomed ability, the philosophic prince, and was proceeding on foot to his lodgings, when he approached a small cottage in flames, surrounded by a concourse of people, eager to look on, but loth to assist: he instantly threw off his coat and waistcoat, and with the agility of a harlequin, sprung into the parlour window, from whence he soon issued with an infant in his grasp, and was received by the speechless mother in an agony no words can describe. The hat, coat, and waistcoat of the adventurous hero were gone; and he darted through the crowd as he was, towards his lodgings: no one could tell the name of him who had so gallantly ventured his life; and a pecuniary reward of considerable amount was offered to the unknown by a committee of gentlemen. A circumstance occurred which brought him forward against himself: a poor fellow was apprehended selling a handsome coat, in the sleeve of which was written Mr. Macready's name: he was sent for by the magistrates, and identified the coat stolen from him at the fire. The papers now lauded his modesty more than his intrepidity, and the thunders of applause that greeted him on his re-appearance at the theatre, must have been the most grateful to a feeling heart. Mr. Macready's goodness did not stop here: his benefit took place shortly after, and it was a complete *bumper*. He received in an anonymous letter a bank-note for ten pounds, as a tribute to his humanity and courage in rescuing the cottager's child from the flames. Mr. Macready instantly called upon the unfortunate couple, who had lost their all in the flames, and presented them with that sum, saying he had been only the mean instrument in the hand of God in procuring it for them: he also promised to assist the infant as it advanced in years, and we have no doubt he will fulfil his word.

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## BELL RINGING.

To hope to draw merry sounds out of church bells, appears to me about as absurd as to expect a bear to sing or an elephant to caper. They are the very antidotes to mirth; and when I hear them clubbing their clumsy clappers together, in an attempt to produce such tunes as "Away with melancholy," or "Life let us cherish," their unwieldy movements, instead of exciting pleasure, fill me with the vapours. But do not imagine I am for exploding bells altogether: I only wish them to be applied to proper purposes. They are appropriately used in summoning people to solemn worship; and when they toll for funerals, or the execution of a criminal, they are also completely in character, and suit the sound to the idea with admirable precision. It appears to me as natural to have gloomy thoughts when we hear the sound of bells, (whether tolling or ringing is of no consequence) as to think of the sprightly dance when we hear the scraping of a fiddle; and I admire the idea of our ancestors who tolled the passing-bell to frighten fiends away from the dying man's soul; the devil, it seems, had very little relish for this sort of harmony, and scampered out of hearing as fast as he could. A similar effect was produced in the army of one of the early kings of France, who were frightened from the siege of Sens, by the besieged ringing the bells of their church; and it was a very natural result. There is no one, who is not proof against the horrors of discord, but would prefer, on such an occasion, the use of his heels to that of his ears.

It seems bells were frequently inscribed with this doggrel couplet, composed in the true style of a rhyming Latinist:

Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,  
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos,

I shall not attempt to versify it. Here is the literal translation: "I toll for funerals; I scatter the lightnings; I fix the sabbath; rouse the slothful; I disperse the tempest; I appease the ruthless;" all very sober, melancholy offices; but not a syllable about births, or weddings, or merry makings. It was reserved for the addle pates of modern times, to attempt the fruitless task of squeezing mirthful sounds out of such unpropitious instruments. Our wiser forefathers never dreamt of

such a thing. The Romans applied them to the most ignominious purposes. They hung them round the necks of criminals when they went to execution, to warn folks to get out of the way of so ill an omen ; and suspended them with whips on the triumphal chariots of their conquering heroes, to remind them of their being amenable to the laws of their country.

That bells were heretofore considered as bearing no affinity to mirth, I need only point out the opposite uses to which they have been and continue to be applied. They are hung in the yards of manufactories, to call the workmen to labour ; in gentlemen's houses, to rouse the servants to attendance or duty ; and as alarums to awaken the sleepers, in case of thieves or fire. They burst the sweet bands of slumber, and say to the drowsy menial, or tired mechanic, " Arise ! renew your daily toil ! " and are types of slavery. They denote the approach of an invading enemy, a rebellion or a tumult. " Awake ! Awake ! " says Macbeth, after he had murdered Duncan ;—" ring the alarum bell ! murder and treason ! " The very idea strikes terror into the heart ; and who can forget the celebrated curfew-bell, that tolled away the liberties of Englishmen ?

With all these facts before us, it is amazing to me, how we can attach any idea of joy to the sound of bells. That they seem to have that effect on some persons, is however not to be disputed ; but we should first ascertain how far the connexion of the act with the occasion has contributed to produce this effect ; whether, because it is usual to ring the bells for public rejoicings, &c. the cause has not been confounded with the act itself ; and begot an ideal association, when none intrinsically exists. It is usual, for instance, on the celebration of a victory, or any other event of a generally interesting nature, to fire off pieces of ordinance, as a demonstration of joy, and when we hear the roaring of the cannon on such occasions, the sensations of pleasure we receive arise, not from there being anything joyful in the sound, but from its connexion with the event that it celebrates. Remove these hoarse-mouthed engines from the park to the field ; place them on the plains of battle, and charge them with devastation and slaughter, and the sound strikes terror instead of joy. The same reasoning will apply to bells : or why is it that in





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all minds they excite the opposite emotions of mirth and sorrow, according as the event which they celebrate partakes of one of these characters? It is the occasion only that forms the distinction.

I shall pursue the subject no further.—Perhaps some of my readers are ringers; and if I *clapper-claw* their favorite science any more, I may expect a peal about my ears. Let me then act the part of a prudent general.—Gentlemen of the belfry, your most obedient.  
G.

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## HIGHBURY COLLEGE.

At the north end of Islington is situated Highbury Park, in which are some handsome residences commanding a beautiful prospect of the hills of Hampstead and Highgate. In the park has been erected a handsome structure called Highbury College, for the purpose of educating students intended for the dissenting ministry. It was opened on the fifth of September, 1826, and does great credit to the taste and abilities of the architect, John Davies, Esq.

Early in the fourteenth century the prior of the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem erected a handsome structure at Highbury, surrounded by a moat. This splendid edifice was entirely demolished by the mob headed by Jack Straw, during the insurrection under Wat Tyler, in the year 1381. Hollinshed says, the band of insurgents amounted to twenty thousand.

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## NIGHT.

When the calm and peaceful night  
Sheds o'er all her mellow'd light,  
And above, the silvery moon,  
With her radiance cheers the gloom :  
Oh 'tis then I love to rove  
Through the cool and mossy grove ;  
And an hour such as this  
Is worth the whole of daylight's bliss.

F. A.



## THE HEIRESS OF FALKENSTEIN.

Pile above pile arose the snow-crowned Alps ; the desert waste, in sublime but appalling grandeur, presented one unvaried hue. A dazzling whiteness overspread the surface of the earth, an image of beauty and of desolation. The brilliant colouring of the glacier was buried beneath a fleece of newly-fallen snow, the mountain torrent was hushed into silence, and where of late the stream had gurgled, lay a sullen column of ice. The very air was frozen, and not a passing breath indicated that nature was awake : her operations seemed for awhile suspended, as though she had yielded her dominion to the chilling hand of death. It appeared as if no living thing could exist in a wilderness so dreary, a region so cold and cheerless : the bear lay close in his den far below this deserted eminence ; it was high above the haunt of the wolf, and even the chamois had withdrawn to a distant lair ; but the horrid stillness was broken by the hoarse screams of a vulture, which, perched on a rock in the scent of blood, anticipated her foul repast, and, toiling up the winding path, her keen eye tracked a knight on horseback. The jaded charger stumbled at every step, whilst the rider looked round in search of some human habitation, and ever and anon cast his eyes on the earth, despairing that the exhausted strength of the animal he rode would bear him to the haunts of men. Paralyzed by cold, and overcome by fatigue, the wearied creature paused ; its feet seemed rooted to the spot, and, incapable of further effort, it remained immovable. The knight dismounted. " Faithful companion of my exile ! " he exclaimed, " my last and truest friend, I must leave thee here to perish.—Thou art unequal longer to wrestle with the death that awaits thee, and perchance at a few yards distant from thy lifeless corse I also shall meet the destruction that threatens to be inevitable. Ill-omened wretch ! " he continued, " in vain dost thou whet thy beak, and snuff with grim delight the tainted air ; I will deprive thee of thy promised prey.—At least, my gallant steed, this hand, which has so often curbed thy generous pride, shall preserve thy body from pollution until the fast-approaching storm shall cover thee from the devouring fiends of this lone wilderness." Then, darting a javelin at the

vulture, she fell, shrieking, from the rock, and dyed the snowy surface on which she rested with her blood.

The knight speeded onwards, and, armed with courage and resolution, he for some time manfully surmounted the difficulties which opposed his progress; but the density of the gathering clouds increased, and a heavy fall of snow added to the perils which surrounded him. Still he persevered, but he began to feel sensible that his strength was flagging fast; a few more efforts, another struggle, and he must sink overpowered on the frozen earth. "Holy St. Francis!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee, that since my death is decreed, thou has not permitted me to fall by the hand of my enemies. Oh, I had dreamed of triumphs and of victory over yon false and faithless crew. Visions of glory, ye are fading fast! Another and more fortunate competitor shall—but away with earthly hopes and mundane expectations; my hour is come, the saints whom I have served receive my soul!"—Again he strove to advance, but he was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and in another moment his wearied limbs lay stretched on the snow. For a short time he retained a consciousness of his situation, but oblivion rapidly approached—his senses and his breath failed him, and he became inanimate as the rocks of the surrounding wilderness. Life, however, was not yet extinct; the lambent flame still played about his heart, like the last faint flickering of a decaying lamp, and the dog of the desert, that most affectionate and intelligent friend of the human race, guided by the exquisite sense with which the lavish bounty of nature has provided him, made his way through the drifting snow to the spot where the stiffening body reposed. This canine preserver was followed by an aged but athletic man; the dog scraped away the snow from the traveller, and his companion chafed the cold forehead, and applied a strong cordial to the lips. This timely aid aroused the fainting spirits of the knight: revived by the draught, and reanimated by the warmth imparted by his welcome visitors, his was soon enabled to proceed to the friendly shelter which they offered. Leaning on the arm of the hermit, for such he seemed, and following the sagacious brute who could alone discern the proper path, he soon arrived at a romantic dwelling, wherein the ingenuity and labour of man had combated

successfully with the hostility of the clime, and where comfort smiled in despite of the devastation which reigned without.

It was not, however, until the succeeding day that the tempest-beaten wanderer discovered all the charms of his asylum. The hermitage was spacious, furnished with many of the luxuries of a splendid though rude age, and well supplied with food and fuel. A stout female peasant of the mountains, the dog, the old man, and a fair young girl, delicate and tender as the zephyr which wantons over an eastern vale, were the sole inhabitants. Carloman, the rescued knight, beheld this lovely vision with amazement: though clad in a simple dress, and sequestered in the wildest and most unfrequented haunt of the snow-crowned Alps, she wore the impress of nobility on her brow, and her language and demeanour forcibly assured the admiring stranger that in her he saw no obscure or low-bred personage.—The accomplishments of knighthood were evident in him, and there needed no question to convince his hosts that he came of honourable lineage. It was seldom that so distinguished a pair had met in such an humble residence, and Carloman felt an anxious desire to learn the cause which had deprived the glittering circle of a court of the noble maiden so well calculated to adorn the splendid scene.

When the occupations of Michael were over for the day, and he was at liberty to attend on his guest, he invited the knight to take a seat beside the blazing hearth.—Adelheid had already drawn towards the fire, and Carloman wanted no other inducement to accept the offered chair which was placed opposite to so much beauty. “Sir Knight,” said the hermit, “though living in this lone spot, and encountering the fury of the elements rather than the tyranny of man, we are not uninterested in the passing events of the world below us. You appear to be late from Germany, our native land; what tidings do you bear concerning the state of the empire?” “The friend of peace,” returned Carloman, “as I infer from your habit, you will grieve to learn that the wildest anarchy prevails in the distracted country I have left.” “Then,” said Michael, sighing, “Lodowic, the tyrant of Bavaria, has effected his ambitious purpose.” “By treachery and force,” responded the knight, “by secret machinations

and open rebellion, he has forced the Emperor Wenceslaus to fly: usurping the supreme authority, the electors who refuse to lend their sanction to his elevation, are kept in close confinement, and threatened with death." "And where," cried Adelheid, "is the noble and good Wenceslaus? the liege lord of Germany, in what country has he found an asylum?" "Gentle lady," replied Carloman, "an outcast and a fugitive, the few friends whom his misfortunes have left him, know not at this moment whether he be alive or dead."—"Alas, father!" said Adelheid, "although I might well disregard my own sorrows in sympathy for the deeper calamities which have befallen our illustrious monarch, yet will a selfish anxiety intrude. Shall I be safe, even amid these rocks and everlasting snows, from the now widely extended power of the inhuman Lodowic?" "Our retreat," returned Michael, "is, I trust, a secret, nor can the ambitious tyrant of the hour be so securely seated on a throne as not to find sufficient employment for his time and thoughts in his own immediate affairs. We are in all probability forgotten amid higher cares." "Thou too then," said Carloman, "art a sufferer from this bold abandoned man?" "His ward," replied the hermit; "her trusting father left her an orphan to his care; he abused the trust, and would have forced her to wed a menial whilst he secured her wealth. Though young and almost friendless, she disdained the sacrifice. Resentment at her disobedience to his commands determined him to effect her ruin; and to rob her of her life, he preferred a malicious charge against her, absurdly accusing her of a design to poison him: though it would have been easy, before an unprejudiced tribunal, to vindicate her innocence, yet, surrounded by creatures devoted to her guardian's will, her only chance of safety rested in immediate flight. An old, an humble, yet a faithful servant of her father, I became the happy instrument to effect her deliverance from persecution. The jewels which decorated her person sufficed to purchase the comforts of life, and here we hope to remain unmolested until the fall of the villain Lodowic shall enable the heiress of Count Falkenstein to assert and recover her rights."

It was many days ere the inclemency of the season would permit the knight to depart. Deeply interested in the fate of

the charming Adelheid, he entreated to be allowed to wear her colours; and never had the hours speeded so rapidly with the fair exile, as when Carloman, seated by her side, related the dangers he had passed, the scenes he had witnessed, and the deeds of martial valour which he had seen accomplished. He sang to her the songs of Italy: in that chill region of eternal frost she felt the influence of its sunny skies and laughing valleys; and, though her lips refused to give utterance to the wish, her heart whispered the exquisite felicity which might be found in some vine-sheltered cottage, deeply embowered 'mid the clustering Appenines, where, remote from grandeur and from wealth, love should rear an altar and a throne. She knew not, she inquired not the prospects of Carloman; but her own inheritance, the wide and rich domain of Falkenstein, she would gladly relinquish for so sweet a home, if his bright smile and tender glance were beaming there. At length came the hour of parting: a thousand promises of a quick return were breathed by the stranger knight, a thousand vows of eternal constancy were returned by the weeping maiden. Carloman pursued his journey, and Adelheid was left to experience all the miseries of solitude. For the first month she was absorbed in pleasing recollections of past delights, every word that he had spoken was treasured in her memory, and fancy brought him again to her side: the next was filled with joyful expectations of his speedy arrival; but as week after week wore away, and he came not, the sickening pang of hope deferred subdued the buoyancy of her spirits, and she became a prey to gnawing grief. No longer able to divert her mind by her wonted occupations, she wandered about like a spirit of the mountains, as fair and as fragile as the frozen mist which a breath might dissolve. The agonies of disregarded and unrequited love were not, however, the only miseries she was destined to endure. The hermitage was invaded by a hostile crew; her faithful attendant, Michael, was slain at her feet; and the shrinking and defenceless victim was borne by armed men from her Alpine retreat, and hurried to the banks of the Rhine, where a vessel was stationed, destined for the city of Worms, in which she was compelled to embark. It was here that the usurper, Lodowic, held his court: and within its gloomy towers the hapless orphan committed

to his care anticipated perpetual imprisonment. She had, however, too highly exasperated the savage heart of the tyrant by her flight, for him to rest satisfied with what he deemed so light a punishment.—Without comprehending the extent of his designs, she had evaded them by withdrawing from his castle: his brutal soul had felt the power of her charms, and the possession of her lands contended him not. Unskilled in the softer arts, he resolved to force her to purchase her forfeited life by compliance with his wishes: and to apprise her of the extent of his power and the extremity of her danger, he determined to convict her in an open court.

The great hall of the palace, misnamed of justice, was thronged when the gentle Adelheid was led to the judgment-seat of Lodowic of Bavaria. Friendless and forlorn, her fair hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, and mingling its silken tresses with the white folds of her flowing veil, she stood alone in the midst of a crowd of armed men, and listened in fearful amazement to the charges which were brought against her. The mockery of a trial was soon concluded. Accused of a conspiracy and attempt to murder, of leaguings with traitors and rebels, the imputation was sufficient when the sovereign will was known. Adelheid was found guilty, but, ere the passing of her sentence, her judges inquired of her whether she had aught to say in her defence. Adelheid looked anxiously round the assembly; the love of life, the apprehension of personal violence, swelled her heart with an earnest desire of preservation; her eyes glanced wildly from stranger to stranger, and just as she was withdrawing them in despair from that cold and heartless multitude, they caught the azure-tinted scarf which she had wound round the arm of Carloman. It streamed from the shoulder of a knight, and, clasping her hands, she advanced a step, exclaiming, "I demand a champion!" In an instant the armed warrior who bore the silken token darted into the centre of the floor, and, flinging his gauntlet on the ground, offered battle in the cause of Adelheid de Falkenstein, to any and to all who dared accept his gage. Lodowic gazed on this unexpected defender with a gloomy eye, and giving a sign to one of his hardiest retainers, Philip Swartzberg, of the crimson plume, commanded his esquire to take up the glove. The heralds prepared the lists for the encounter,

and, hushed into deep silence, the numerous spectators awaited the termination. The struggle was deadly, and its event for some time doubtful. The most intense and eager interest prevailed, for many were touched by the youth and beauty of the fair Adelheid, whilst Lodowic and his infuriated partizan were devoured by inward rage, since they had deemed not that any present would venture to espouse the quarrel of one who, it was evident, had incurred the resentment of the powerful. Alarmed lest this bold example should be followed by others, in defiance of his acknowledged will, Lodowic resolved at any risk to crush the unknown champion.—He watched for some manifest advantage on the part of Philip to put an end to the battle; but the knight of the blue amulet allowed not his adversary to gain the ascendant; and at the moment that he himself had nearly wrested the sword from the hand of his antagonists, the tyrant suddenly commanded the heralds to interfere and adjudge the victory to the crimson warrior. A low murmur of indignation ran through the hall at this infringement of the laws of chivalry. “Treason!” cried Lodowic: “What ho! my guards! secure the leader of yon factious crew.” The ready instruments of the usurper’s will, advanced, but the knight, planting himself in an attitude of defence, and raising the vizor of his helmet, so that the noble lineaments of his countenance were exposed to view, exclaimed, “On your allegiance, hold! My friends! my subjects! ’tis Wenceslaus, your sovereign, commands. Now, now is the fitting time to drag the enslaver of Germany from his ensanguined throne, and wrest the sceptre of its ancient kings from his unrighteous hand. He tramples on your rights, wreaks his accursed will on helpless woman, and denies the warrior the privileges of knighthood. Come on, all ye who love your suffering country, and I will break its chain!” The cries of “Long live Wenceslaus! Long live the rightful emperor! the elected of the nobles!” resounded through the hall. Swords were drawn and weapons clashed; a brief and murderous combat ensued; the blood of Lodowic dyed the floor, and his ermined mantle was soiled by the trampling feet of an exasperated multitude. But Adelheid heard not the shouts or the loud acclaims of victory; she saw not the fall of her prostrate foe, and the triumph of virtue and Wences-

laus ; for the moment that her listening ear drank in the fatal words which, in her lover, had revealed the emperor of princely Germany, her heart sank ; she saw at one glance the immeasurable distance which had suddenly arisen between them ; and, unable to bear the idea of losing the beloved object who even now had testified the purity and the fidelity of his affection, she fell insensible to the ground.

The newly-restored monarch pursued his triumphant course to Ratisbon. Adelheid, by his tender assiduities, recovered her health, and to all appearance her happiness. She made one of the brilliant procession which ushered in the sovereign to this renowned city, and, conducted by her royal lover to a mimic Eden, she lived surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth could purchase or fancy invent. Smiles sat on her lips, but weight oppressed her soul. She could not but feel and express joy at the happy fortune of one so dear, and who so well deserved the throne which he had reascended : yet anxiety concerning her own fate destroyed her heart's repose—for, what was she to hope ? and could she dare aspire to share the crown of an anointed king ?

Thoughts and anxieties of a similar nature frequently passed across the mind of Wenceslaus. The time had been when perchance he might have bound the fair brow of the woman of his choice with an imperial diadem ; but now that his authority was not firmly established, even if he should refuse to be guided by the advice of his counsellors, who urged him to strengthen his power by a foreign alliance, ought he to hazard the effusion of blood for the gratification of his own wishes, offend his people, and raise up enemies by a match unequal and perilous in the present situation of affairs ? He knew the disinterestedness of Adelheid's attachment, and he hoped that she would be satisfied with the impassioned devotion of his heart, nor wish to involve him in the horrors and the crimes of a civil war occasioned by a selfish determination to consult private feelings rather than the welfare of the state committed to his care.

Adelheid's suspense was not of long continuance. Depending on a woman's weakness and a woman's love, Wenceslaus ventured to propose a union sanctioned only by the heart. More grieved than offended, she could not but see the impossibility of surmounting the obstacles which



opposed her lover's wish to share his empire with her, yet was she not for one instant tempted to accept the offered alternative. The mildness of her rejection inspired him with hope that time would overcome her scruples, whilst the generosity and fervour of his affection might have given an ambitious mind a strong expectation of securing its object. Adelheid was not quite proof against this feeling, but she too soon became aware of the inevitable ruin she should heap on one so fondly beloved she should succeed in persuading him to adopt a measure that would irritate the whole of Germany against him, and she ceased even to wish to become his wife. Seated in the marble halls of the palace, where the ten thousand perfumed tapers poured their blazing effulgence on richly-wrought tapestry and columns of burnished gold; listening to the choral swells and dying falls of instruments and voices exquisitely mingled and harmonized, the thrilling harpings of the silver-stringed lute, and the winding melody of the oboe; surrounded by glittering cavaliers and lovely ladies moving lightly and gracefully in the dance, herself the object of an emperor's warm devotion, Adelheid felt the difficulty of denial and the danger of her situation. But, if amid the splendours of a brilliant and crowded court the task were hard, how much more fortitude did it require to resist the pleadings of Wenceslaus, when wandering together through the pleached alleys of her stately garden, where the moonbeams played coldly over the flushing blossoms, and only the murmur of a distant waterfall broke the delicious stillness of the night, he besought her to sacrifice the opinion of a rigid world to one who was ready to hazard his throne if she required so dangerous a proof of his affection; She wanted strength to resist the temptation, and she determined to fly from it for ever. Adelheid quitted the enchantments which threatened to enslave her, and sought an asylum in a convent.

This precipitate step deeply offended her lover. Stung with resentment, yet convinced that the tender creature, whose whole soul was centred in him alone, would soon repent her abandonment of his society, and pine for a renewal of that sweet intercourse which had formed their mutual happiness, he resolved to leave her to the solitude she had chosen, until her own weariness should induce her to comply with his soli-

citations. Neither was he alarmed at the intention she expressed to take the veil, though his anger was kindled at what he deemed to be a threat, and with the pride of man he trusted to the year's probation. Adelheid was not unconscious of the danger of delay. Her struggles had been painful, threatening even the destruction of a life so little adapted to the endurance of tumultuous conflicts; and lest she should have striven in vain to obtain the victory over the secret wishes of her soul, she privately solicited a dispensation from the Pope. There were many of the princes of the empire, who, dreading the power of her charms on their sovereign, encouraged her in her determination, and aided her in her plans; and so well were their measures taken, that the awful ceremony which was to separate her for ever from the world, commenced as Wenceslaus was apprised of the intended sacrifice. Crowned with flowers, decorated with jewels, and clad in a glittering robe, the self-immolated victim appeared before an admiring yet pitying multitude. Nothing of external pomp was omitted by the members of the church to give effect to the scene. Long processions of veiled nuns trod the vaulted aisles; the officiating priests were decked in splendid vestments; clouds of incense were wafted from golden censers: and the solemn peal of the organ came mixed with seraphic voices hyming songs of praise. Yet, though the influence of these powerful stimulants was felt, the votary alone enchained the attention of the gazing crowd. She was pale even to the paleness of Parian marble, but the tint of the rose was not required to perfect her beauty, so dazzling and so delicate. Her eyes had lost their radiance; yet in their melting loveliness they seemed softer, sweeter far, than when they darted beams like the stars of heaven.

Firmly adhering to her high-wrought purpose, though her quivering lip betrayed the emotions of her heart, she performed her allotted part with dignity, until the sudden arrival of the emperor disturbed the serenity of her brow. He had hastened to the church, and, forcing his eager way to the steps of the altar, he stood aghast at the near completion of her vows to heaven.—Shorn of her bright tresses, her costly ornaments and roseate wreaths scattered beneath her feet, she gave to him and to the world a last fond look; then raised her eyes to heaven, and, falling prostrate on the floor, the attendant priests

spread a pall on her recumbent form. After the lapse of a few minutes they removed the sable and ominous covering; but Adelheid stirred not, breathed not, and a wild cry from the surrounding ecclesiastics announced to the gasping multitude—that she was dead.

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### THE MARKET WOMAN.

Mr. Robert Cruikshank in this portraiture, has most correctly delineated one of a numerous class of women who are to be found at all times in the markets of the metropolis plying for a job. Their usual salutation is: “D’ye want a basket your honour;” and for a few pence they will carry an immense load of fruit and vegetables to any part of the town. They are really patterns of patient industry. In winter, many hours before daylight, and in summer, with the earliest dawn they are at their posts anxiously waiting the most trivial employment. Their principal resort is Covent Garden market, the garden of gardens, the part of London which is never out of season; where the produce of summer is to be had in winter, and where those of winter are found in summer. Here the market woman has her harvest, here at all seasons her basket finds employment.

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### OLD FURNITURE.

I love old furniture. It revives a thousand agreeable associations, and reminds us of days of ease, comfort, and competence. When I see the comely chair, with its tall twisted back, so conveniently constructed to give repose to the human frame, and its extended arms, forming an ample resting place to the tired elbows, I mourn the capriciousness of taste, which has deprived us of so convenient an article of domestic economy. We sit upon chairs ’tis true; but how unlike the chairs of our forefathers! No comfortable cushions; no tall capacious backs; no ample seats, with room to spare. He who should venture a nap on a modern chair would risk the dislocation of his neck. Good reader; if you are six feet high, (which thank my stars, I am not) often must you have been vexed with these unsocial inconveniences. If you are an old man, perhaps you remember the time when after a hard bout at riding or walking, you have kicked off your travelling



MARKET WOMAN.

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boots, snugly invested your feet in your warm slippers, and throwing yourself in your capacious arm-chair, have reclined your head upon its accommodating back ; then bringing your thumbs in comfortable juxta-position, you have sunk into a dose with as much facility and satisfaction, as if you had been reposing on your pillow. Those hours of enjoyment are passed. You have no chance of such a thing now-a-days. You may indeed manage an apology for a nap, supposing you are a short man, by hitching the hinder part of your head, hook-fashion, upon the back of your chair, protruding your heels, and reclining *in vacuo*, supported only by the edge of the seat ; but this is a perilous situation, and the odds are twenty to one, that your worship and the floor become near acquaintance.

The vanity of self-contemplation has alone preserved the mirror as an article of furniture for the drawing room. But modern innovation has done its best to strip it of all its ancient splendour. It is no longer inclosed in the curiously curved oaken frame, or the perforated gold one. A barbarous taste has on many occasions even displaced the glass from its old tenure, to invest it a gew-gaw enclosure of modern invention, while its former companion has either been thrown in the lumber room, or doomed to the ignominious office of lighting the fire.

There is one article of old fashioned furniture, whose dismissal I sincerely deplore. I mean the screen. To say nothing of its convenience, for hiding a pretty girl, or concealing you from a dun, it was a vastly comfortable appendage on cold winter nights, to keep the wind from your shoulders. You could collect your snug family party round the fire, and throw an air of social comfort over the circle, truly delightful. Then were the times for " quips and quirks and wreathed smiles ; " then the enigma, the rebus, and the conundrum puzzled the young, and amused the old ; the tale and joke, and spiced wine went round, and winter, stripped of all his terrors, laughed merrily, and enjoyed the scene. The screen was also a pleasing vehicle for taste and ingenuity. Its decorations were often of the most splendid and fanciful description :—classical painting, wreaths and boquets of flowers, or beautiful japanned gold work ; impressing the eye with a sense of elegance and grandeur, as well as convenience.

I venerate the collectors of china. They remind one of the searches after the organic remains of a former world ; and I love the careful spirit which prompts them to secure from the vain touch of the vulgar, and to shield from the handling of careless fingers, these relics of the infancy of tea-drinking. A complete antique tea equipage, is a rare sight. It is absolutely refreshing to the eyes of a connoisseur to behold one in an undiminished state of preservation. The queer-shaped tea-pot ; the Lilliputian cups and saucers, scarcely one-half the modern size, and whose diminutive appearance, marked the sense of luxury which was formerly attached to the infusion of the Chinese herb ; the tall beaker, the canister, and the delightful et-ceteras which made up the ancient complement of the tea-table ;—to behold, I say, in its pristine perfection, without crack or blemish, such a coup-d'œil of oriental elegance, is worth all the exertions of the moderns in this way, with their correct taste, and the classical *a-la-Grecque* porcelain of the French, into the bargain. There is beauty in the very eccentricity of old china, which modern ingenuity cannot attain. The droll figures, unlike anything “in heaven above or earth beneath ;” the sprawling dragons, infinitely shaped, and with no anatomical marks of distinction, by which to discern the head from the tail ; the uncouth ornaments, like the no-meaning pattern of a Turkey carpet ; the brilliant colours,—red, blue, and gold ;—all present a striking combination, which a purer taste in vain attempts to emulate.

When I cast my eyes towards the ceiling of an antique habitation, and to observe the rich stucco ornaments, or the paintings *al fresco*, that adorn it, and carry them down to the inconsequential articles of furniture that occupy the floor.—the cabinet piano, with its profusion of silk curtains and gilt-work, the petite chairs, the squab couches, the window hangings, with their varnished rods and tasselled finery, all in the pretty taste of gew-gaw and glitter, the contrast between the sober dignity of the room itself, and the pettiness of its ornaments, strikes forcibly on my mind. There is an incongruity that even habit cannot reconcile. I insensibly revert to the days, when damask curtains of splendid hue and intrinsic worth adorned those windows that are now decked out with the valueless gaudery of the linen-drapeer ; when those







**CHELSEA PENSIONER.**

deserted walls were covered with the paintings ; when the place of those slightly fashioned tables that stand between the lofty windows were occupied by slabs of beautifully veined marble, supported by satyrs' thighs, finely wrought in bronze or gilded brass ; when the chimney glass was surrounded by a frame of tortoiseshell, beautifully inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and cut glass lustres glittered from gilded scenes, reflecting in the mirrors the fair forms of ladies, rustling in silks and satins, sipping their coffee in antique porcelain, and waited on by an ebony-faced juvenile from Africa, whose sable hue threw an air of romantic enchantment round the circle, as it contrasted with the lovely faces that smiled and prattled as they quaffed the refreshing beverage. Ye lovers of good taste ! revive the fashions of our forefathers, or pull down the memorials of their enjoyments,—their habitations.

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### THE CHELSEA PENSIONER'S SONG.

I've heard a complaint, when we've bled in the wars,  
That the world always frowns on our fate ;  
That neglect is the meed of our honoured scars,  
And indifference stands at each gate.

It is true that I something of this kind have seen,  
Towards my brethren return'd from the wars ;  
And I set me to think what such conduct could mean,  
Why they slighted such honoured scars.

It is not the scar nor the soldier that's scorn'd,  
For I many have seen most rever'd ;  
But he who should be by fair virtue adorn'd,  
For his vices, too often, is feared.

If in innocence bred, from his parish he hies,  
And for virtue the army's no school ;  
He learns there to drink, to blaspheme, and tell lies,  
And returns but to kick at all rule.

Instead of protecting the fearful and good,  
By the good, he alas ! is but feared ;  
And mischief has oft to his neighbours accru'd,  
When, by virtue, he'd been most endear'd.

It was my happy lot in a village to dwell,  
 Where true goodness was ever esteem'd ;  
 I was taught in my youth to discern good from ill,  
 And my soul my most precious part deem'd.  
 At the call of my king, I repair'd to the wars,  
 To chastise the presumptuous foe ;  
 And with victory crown'd, but all cover'd with scars,  
 Pleas'd I bore them my friends for to shew.  
 Now to Chelsea retired, and respected by all,  
 In peace wears the eve of my days ;  
 And I trust that when Providence hence me shall call,  
 To breathe out the last in his praise.

J. PLUMTREE.

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## THE TIGRIDIA PAVONICA ;

OR, MEXICAN TIGER FLOWER

Is a beautiful flower, composed of three outer leaves of the most brilliant crimson color, with three other smaller leaves of crimson and yellow, which, with the centre of the flower, are spotted in the richest manner ; *it blossoms in the morning, and fades at night.* It much resembles in flower, root, and leaf, the Spanish Iris, but very much surpasses that elegant flower.

Let Beauty's daughters, whilst their favors choose  
 The gems of Flora's wreath, smile at the art  
 That she display'd in lab'ring to impart,  
 To Mexico's bright flower, the brightest hues  
 Of beauty's grace : how tastefully she laid  
 Her tints upon its leaves with every lively shade,  
 But like the fam'd Ephemeron that springs  
 From sedgy brink to hail the rising sun,  
 Yet, e'er half his daily race is run,  
 It droops ; death clips its beauteous wings.—  
 So hails the tiger-flow'r the orient morn :  
 So droops, e'er western rays illumine the lawn.  
 Ye fair ! let virtue in the bosom bloom,  
 For that will shine when beauty's in the tomb.

J. S.









C.  
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